Sept. 19, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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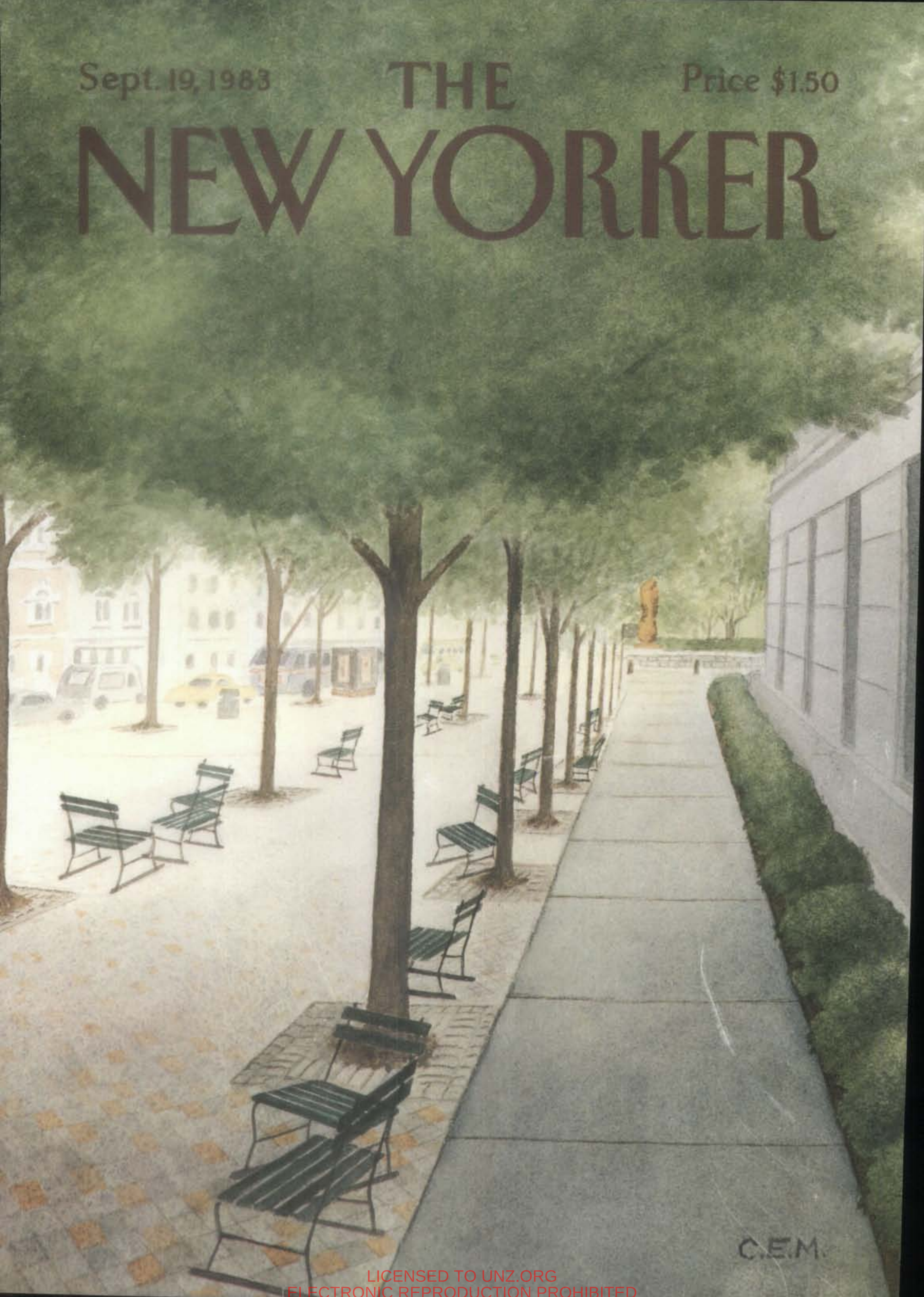

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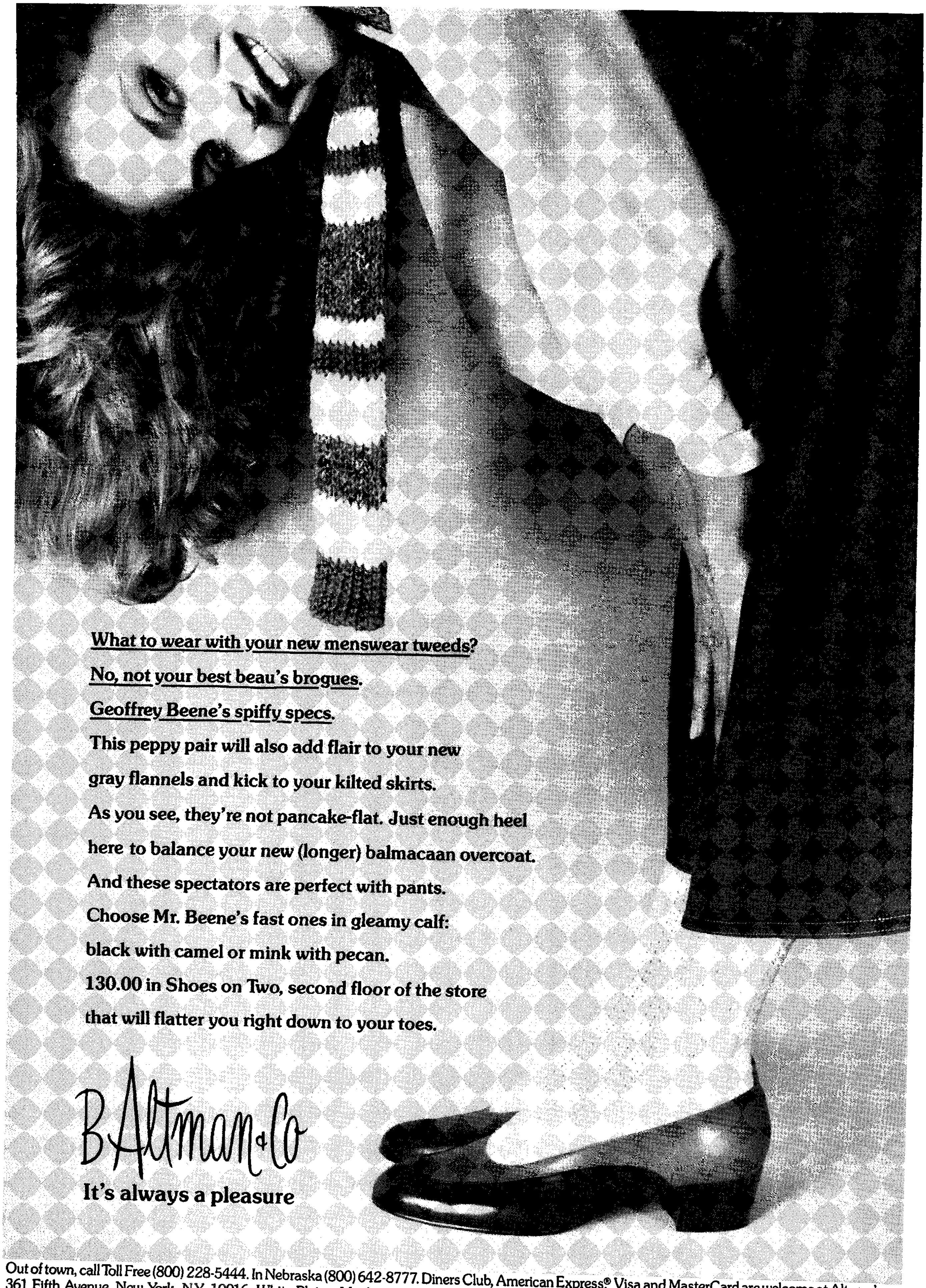

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Basement Tapes—A comedy by Erik Brogger, with Michael Laskin, Bill Schoppert, and David Wohl. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 14. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Opening-night curtain at 7; Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, Sept. 18, at 7. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2 and 7:30.)

Basin Street: The Storyville Musical—As the title states, with a book by G. William Oakley and Michael Hulett, music by Turk Murphy, and lyrics by Mr. Hulett. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 25.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. No performance on Friday, Sept. 16.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. No performance Friday, Sept. 16.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—An excellent revival of Herman Wouk's courtroom thriller about a dotty Navy captain in the Second World War. With Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, and half a dozen other admirable actors. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Corn Is Green—An unfortunate revival of the Emlyn Williams play about his coming of age in a Welsh mining town and his eventual offstage translation into the grand world of Oxford and the West End. Cicely Tyson plays a very singular version of the dragonish teacher, Miss Moffat; Peter Gallagher is excellent as her favorite student. (9/5/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 18.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 25: Gilbert and Sullivan's **The Mikado**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo—Estelle Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame. The plays are being presented in two parts. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Part I: Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Selections from both parts: Tuesdays at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Preppies—A foolish, harmless musical spoof. (Promenade, Broadway and 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubblebrained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **Galas**. (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife and **Superstitions**—Two new offerings by Sam Shepard, the first a comic operetta, and the second a play with music. Opens Wednes-

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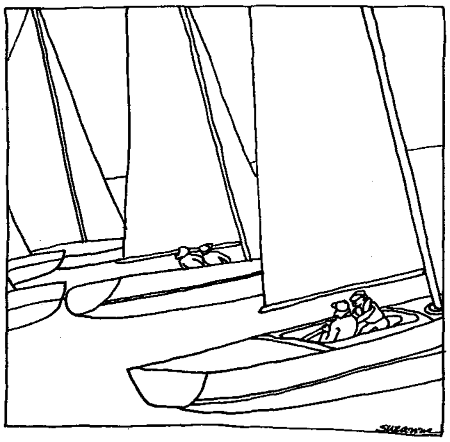
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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day, Sept. 14, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 2. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Uncle Vanya—Joseph Chaikin and F. Murray Abraham in the Chekhov play, translated by Jean-Claude van Itallie. Staged by Andrei Serban. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

A Weekend Near Madison—A play by Kathleen Tolan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi was the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Eddie Albert. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Birney plays the villainous Salieri, and John Thomas Waite plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EXTREMITIES:** Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,728 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays —humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct 9. Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 7:30; Wednesday. Sept. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2 and 8: "Eros Thanatos" (American première) . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22-23, at 8 "Wien, Wien, Nur du Allein" (American première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St 246-8989.)

Bat Dor Dance Company of Israel—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 2. Monday Sept. 19, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 595-4795): "Khamsin," "Eve of Death," "Alto Rhapsody," and "And After." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8, and Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 2: "Cloven Kingdom," "Games They Play," "Rhapsody," and "Prophetic Visions." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept 24, at 8: "Blue Skin," "Women Song," "Othello," and "Journey." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—Final performances of the engagement. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St 864-2929. Wednesday through Friday, Sept 14-16, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept 17-18, at 2 and 8.)

National Dance Theatre Company of Jamaica—A six-performance engagement. (City Center 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 14-16, at 8; Saturday Sept. 17, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 18, at 7:30.)

Glenn-Lund-Dance—Appearing for two performances. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, pianist **HAL GALPER** will be aboard with his trio, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, hard-bopping tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** wil drop by with his quartet. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths, a curvy bar, and a September schedule of mostly Latin and Brazilian jazz: Wednesday, Sept. 14, **DON SALVADOR;** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 15-16 **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18 **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Monday, Sept. 19, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 20-21, **DAVE VALENTIN** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22-23, **RAY BARRETTO;** and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** Sets begin at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Thursday, Sept. 15, ex-Byrd **ROGER MC GUINN** and the bluegrass band **SKYLINE,** with **TONY TRISCHKA;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, singer **JON LUCIEN;** Sunday and Monday, Sept. 18-19, R. & B. honker **JUNIOR WALKER** & the All-Stars and the Marvelettes; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 20-21, Adrian Belew; and Friday and Saturday Sept. 23-24, Tower of Power. Shows Sunday through Thursdays at eight-thirty and

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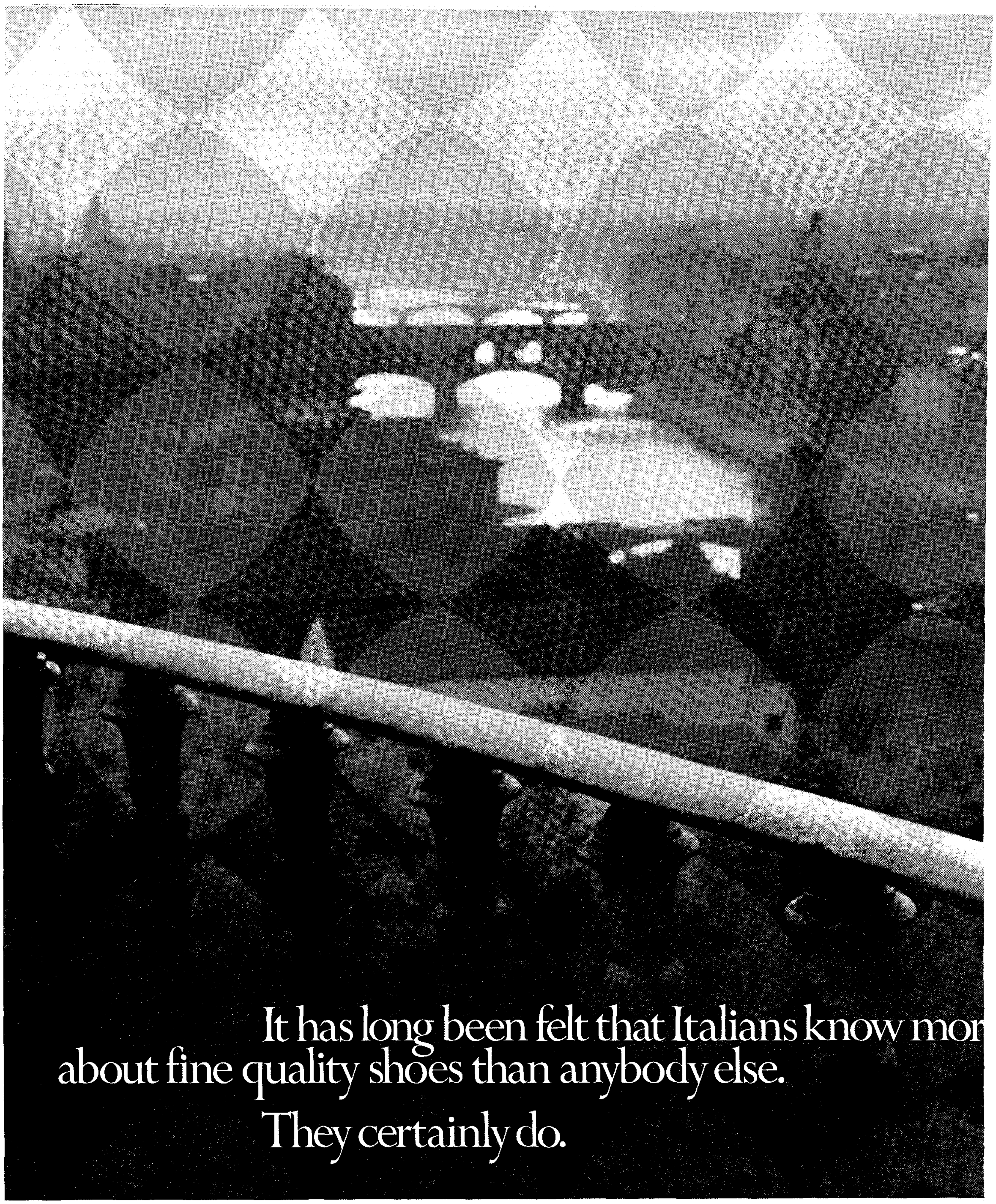

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The roster: pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Sept. 17; pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** on Sunday, Sept. 18; and **RED MITCHELL** with pianist Joyce Collins starting Monday, Sept. 19. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio from eleven to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Peter Nero is at the piano in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** a delicate, elegantly swinging piano soloist given to playing short, abbreviated sets, works here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Sept. 14, Sonic Youth, Ut, and Rat at Rat R; Thursday, Sept. 15, the Lustres, Clairvoyant, and the Action Faction; Friday, Sept. 16, the Swans, Deep Six, and Bad Posture; Saturday, Sept. 17, Helen Wheels and Dee Slade; and Tuesday, Sept. 20, the Whirling Dervishes and Second Youth. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings with her trio at nine-thirty through Saturday, Sept. 17. On Monday, Sept. 19, pianist Bobby Enriquez will take charge; shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven during the non-summer months; it's T-shirt time now. Saturday, Sept. 17, the Critton Hollow String Band; Saturday, Sept. 24, Kenny Kosek, Alan Feldman, and Rick Epping. Music from nine Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Sept. 18, the **DICK SUDHALTER** quintet will perform from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's quintet has the floor, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Right now, a jazz singer's room: **HELEN MERRILL, SHEILA JORDAN,** and **SHIRLEY HORN** are all onstage through Sunday, Sept. 18; on Tuesday, Sept. 20, **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** will come in. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Sept. 14, Big Boys, Hose, and Jazzy Jay; Thursday, Sept. 15, C'est What!; Friday, Sept. 16, the Microscopic Septet; Sunday, Sept. 18, Jane Brucker; Monday, Sept. 19, comedienne Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Sept. 20, the Shadows; Wednesday, Sept. 21, True West, the Cyclones, and Never Never; Thursday, Sept. 22, Helen Hooke & Cindy Scalfi and Linda Webb; and Saturday, Sept. 24, singers **TERRY GARTHWAITE, BOBBIE LOUISE HAWKINS,** and **ROSALIE SORRELS.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

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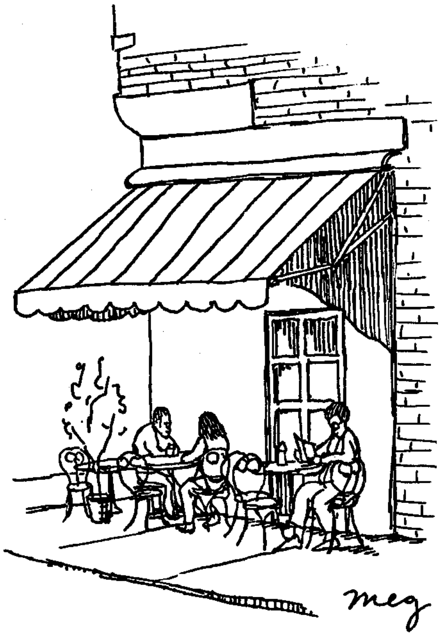
Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in: Wednesday, Sept. 14, pianist **RAHN BURTON;** Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 15-17, pop-soul pianist and singer Kenny Brawner; Sunday, Sept. 18, Karen Edwards; Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 19-21, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and pianist **STANLEY COWELL;** and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 22-24, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**ATTILA ZOLLER,** a beautiful and swinging guitar soloist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, works here Wednesdays through Sundays with a trio that features pianist **DON FRIEDMAN;** Mondays, Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** and fellow jazz-piano historian **ART HODES** trade solos on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15; Wellstood will be here on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 18-19, **DILL JONES** will drop in; and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 20-24, **ART HODES** will move in for five nights by himself. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** leads a Brazilian-jazz band on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, **SUN RA** will land with his intergalactic band. Live music from ten. Dancing.



Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, Sept. 17; **DR. BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN** beginning Tuesday, Sept. 20; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** who show up every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Róckabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Sept. 14, the Pousette-Dart Band; Thursday, Sept. 15, **MC COY TYNER;** and Tuesday, Sept. 20, Kinky Friedman and Topper Lilien. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. The roster: Rare Silk, through Sunday, Sept. 18; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 20-21, pianist Jessica Williams; and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 22-24, **SPHERE.** Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer-pianist Buddy Barnes, who was once Mabel Mercer's accompanist, performs a program called "To Mabel Mercer, with Love" through Saturday, Sept. 17. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

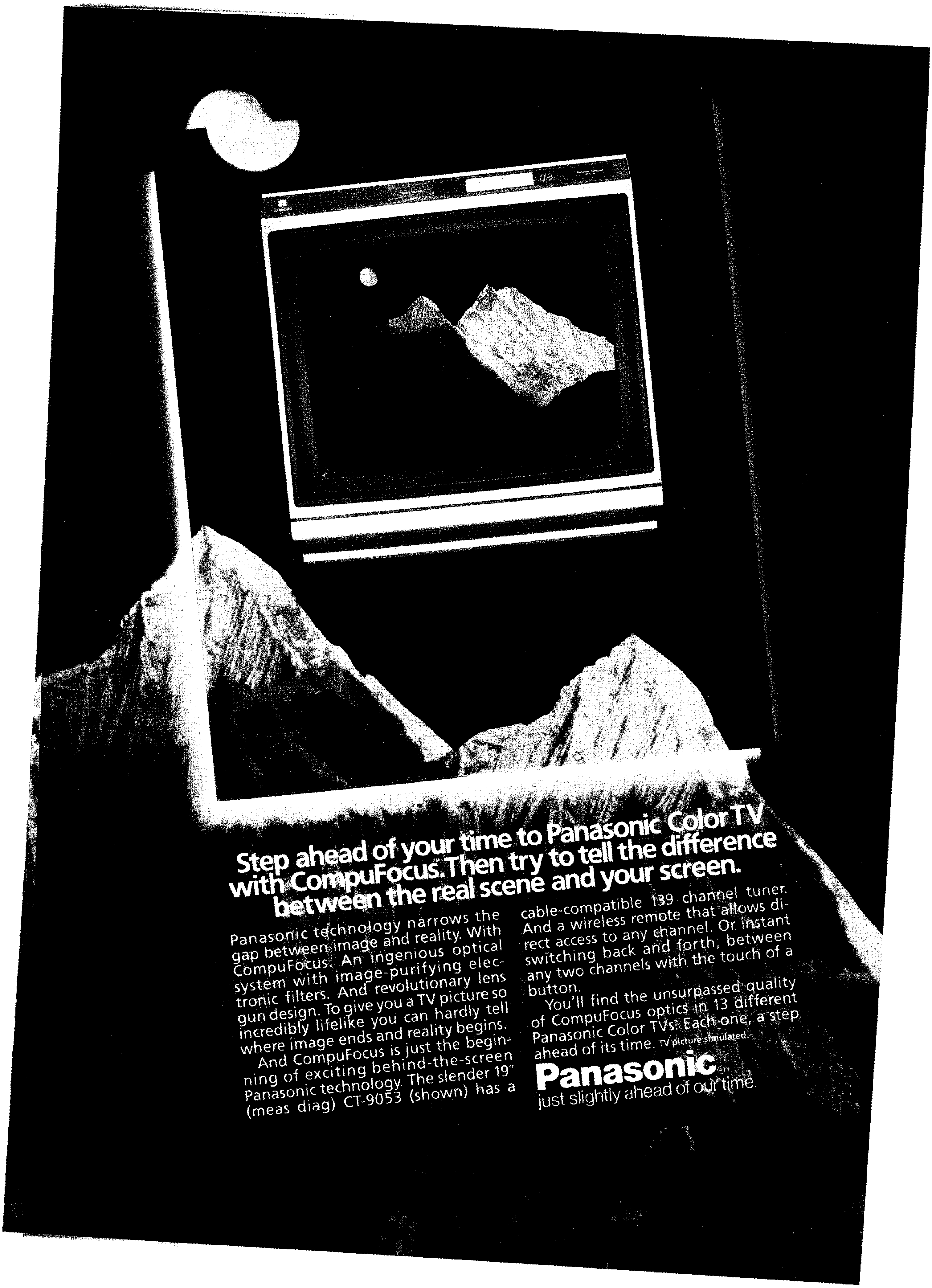
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Sept. 14, Keith Loving; Thursday, Sept. 15, Alvin Fields; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, Noel Pointer. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear increasing amounts of jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Sept. 14, Pep in the Cat, the Cliff Eberhardt band, and the Zoots; Thursday, Sept. 15, Line Drive, Toxic Waste, and Chris Bond; Friday, Sept. 16, Badfinger and Greg Trooper; Saturday, Sept. 17, Badfinger and Falgares; Sunday, Sept. 18, Mark Suozzo; Monday, Sept. 19, French TV, the Dogs and the Night Brigade; Tuesday, Sept. 20, comedienne Nancy Parker, the Chicago City Limits, Otto & George, and the Gross National Product; Wednesday, Sept. 21, the Adults, L4, and the Mystery Girls; Thursday, Sept. 22, Squeaky Clean, the Strate A's, and the Sharps; Friday, Sept. 23, the **PERSUASIONS** and **BRIGIT ST. JOHN;** and Saturday, Sept. 24, the **PERSUASIONS** and Julie Gold. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night: Friday, Sept. 16, the **BUSH TETRAS;** Saturday, Sept. 17, Our Daughter's Wedding; and Friday, Sept. 23, the Teddy Boys. Music from after eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-



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LOOKIN' LIKE

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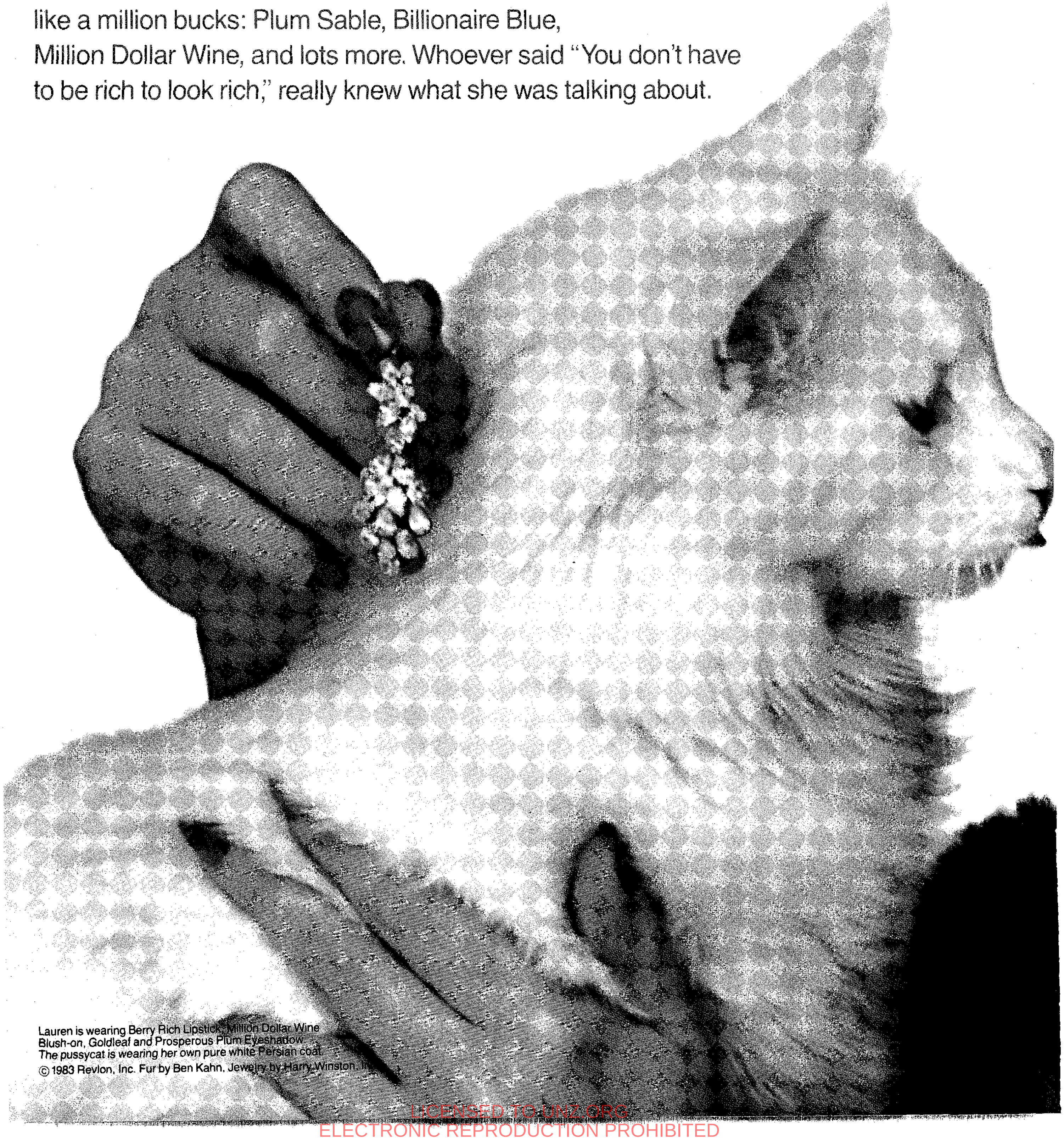
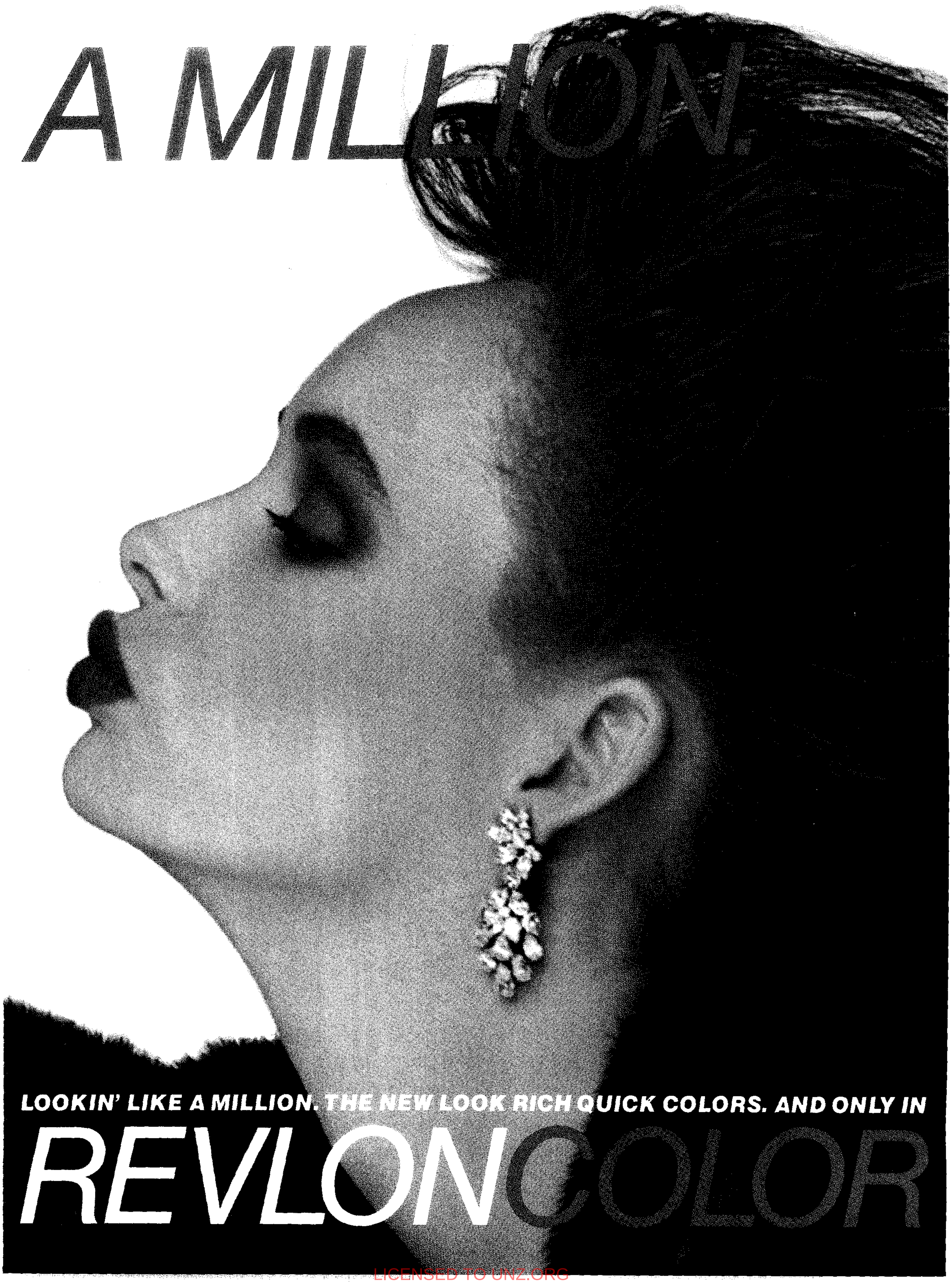


Lauren is wearing Berry Rich Lipstick, Million Dollar Wine Blush-on, Goldleaf and Prosperous Plum Eyeshadow.
The pussycat is wearing her own pure white Persian coat.
© 1983 Revlon, Inc. Fur by Ben Kahn, Jewelry by Harry Winston, Inc.


A MILLION.
LOOKIN' LIKE A MILLION. THE NEW LOOK RICH QUICK COLORS. AND ONLY IN
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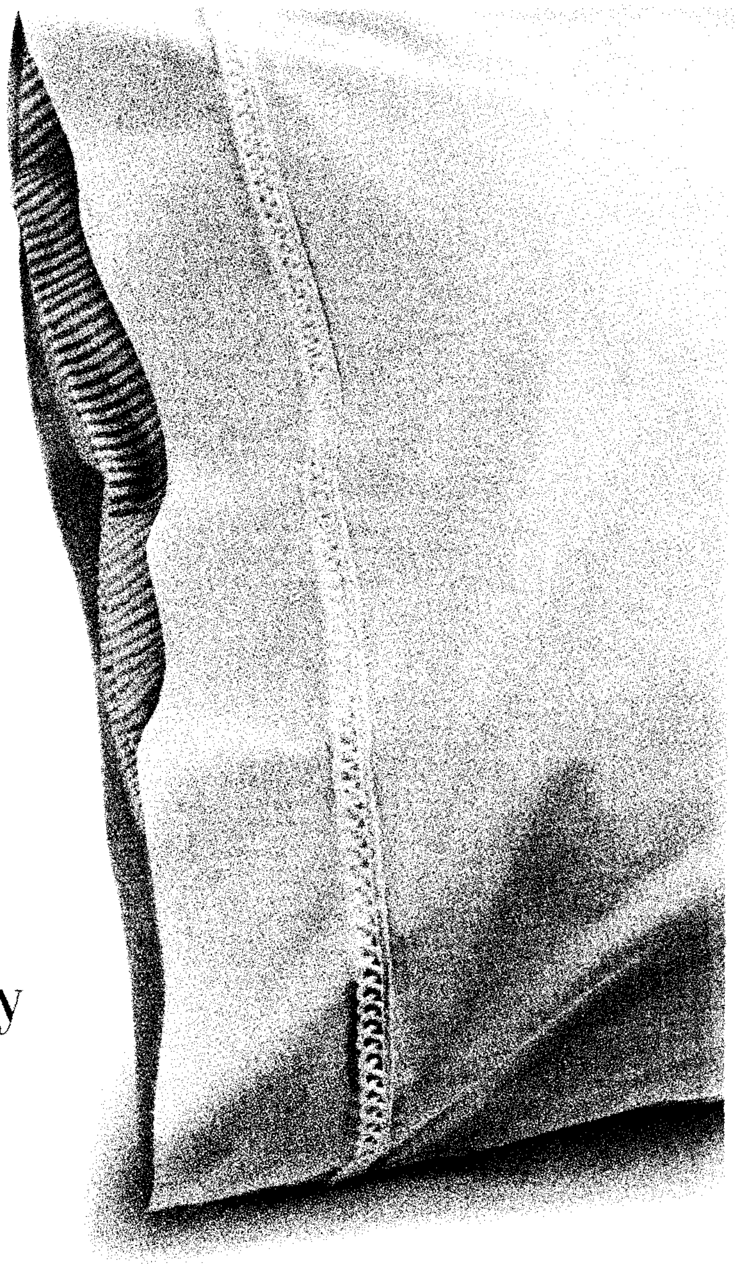

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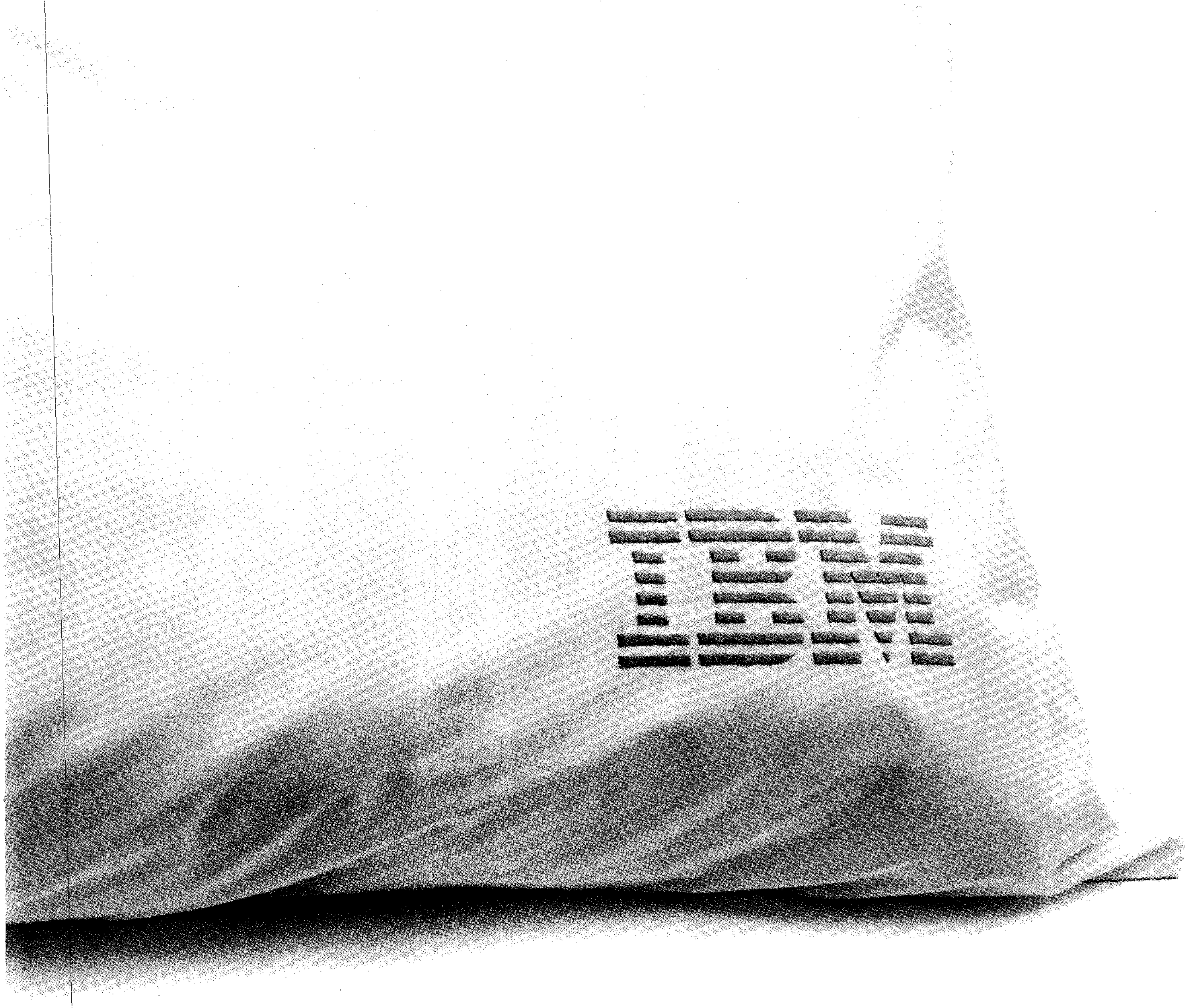

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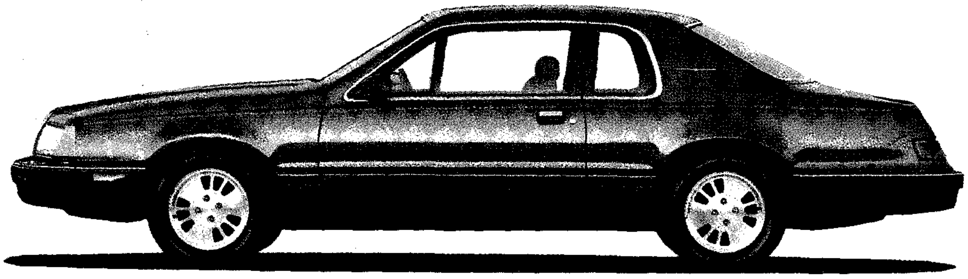
Thunderbird. The way it looks...



improves the way it drives.

Thunderbird's design has much to do with the way it holds the road. Thunderbird's fluid lines were tested over 500 hours in a wind tunnel to make the shape of the car contribute to cornering and handling stability.

The design of the front.

Underneath the integrated front bumper is an air dam. It works with the wind to keep the weight of the car pressing down on the front tires. And the more a tire presses to the road, the better it holds the road.

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Thunderbird's doors curve into the roof. This smooths and quiets the airflow, improving aerodynamic efficiency.

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Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Get it together—Buckle up.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play for listening, dancing, and gawking out the windows through Sunday, Sept. 18. Then, on Tuesday, Sept. 20, drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** will arrive with his **SAVOY SULTANS** to play music to Lindy to. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. Wednesday, Sept. 14, Red Rockers; Thursday, Sept. 15, Dennis Brown; Friday, Sept. 16, Mitch Ryder; Saturday, Sept. 17, Mari Wilson, with the Wilsations; Monday, Sept. 19, Urban Blight; Wednesday, Sept. 21, reggaeist **YELLOWMAN**; Thursday, Sept. 22, **JOHNNY WINTER**; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, the Alarm. Shows usually begin after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Sept. 14, singer **CLARICE TAYLOR**, pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND**, bassist **CAMERON BROWN**, guitarist **KELVYN BELL**, and drummer **RONNIE BURRAGE**; Thursday, Sept. 15, Jocelyn Brown; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON**; Sunday, Sept. 18, Paulo Jobim's quintet, which will feature vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD**; and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 23-25, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and a quintet. Mondays are devoted to the music of **GIL EVANS** and his young vivacious big band. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. Wednesday, Sept. 14, Avant-Clave; Thursday, Sept. 15, Bungo's African-American Hilife; Friday, Sept. 16, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Saturday, Sept. 17, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, Sept. 20, Frank Ferrucci; Wednesday, Sept. 21, **DANIEL PONCÉ**; Thursday, Sept. 22, Gumbe Sounds; Friday, Sept. 23, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; and Saturday, Sept. 24, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. It's currently tenor-sax time: the **CHICO FREEMAN** quintet winds up their week on Saturday, Sept. 17, and the **DEWEY REDMAN** quartet will move in on Tuesday, Sept. 20. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM**, the South African pianist known for years as Dollar Brand, is here Mondays, playing his lilting, rolling music with saxophonist **CARLOS WARD.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Memphis R. & B. blues shouter and piano thumper **ROSCO GORDON** is here with his band on Fridays and Saturdays. They go on at nine, eleven, and one approximately.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays are salsa nights: on Sept. 19, Oscar D'Leon and José Mangual, Jr., share the stage, along with guest jazz soloist violinist John Blake, Jr. Music from about nine. Guitarist **JOE PASS,** who regularly wows jazz and rock guitarists alike as well as a good portion of the nonplaying laity, is here until Saturday, Sept. 17. Tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS**—he's no slouch, either—will also be on hand on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17. Music from about ten. . . . ¶ Music on the Terrace is handled by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15, from nine-thirty to one, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, from ten to three; starting Tuesday, Sept. 20, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will take over the music duties.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Pianist **MAL WALDRON'S** quintet—trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL** (what a quintet!)—finishes its gig on Sunday, Sept. 18. On Tuesday, Sept. 20, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will bring in his quartet. Music from ten.

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Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here until Sunday, Sept. 18; and on Tuesday, Sept. 20, guitarist **JIM HALL** and bassist **RON CARTER** will begin playing sublime duets. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Hank Johnson can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Esther Blue has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. The schedule: Django's Music, a hot-jazz outfit, works through Saturday, Sept. 17; Sunday, Sept. 18, the **LEE KONITZ–DICK KATZ** quartet can be heard; and starting Monday, Sept. 19, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** will settle in with his group. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, the current identity of this ground-floor, town-house space is a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** performs in it through Saturday, Sept. 17; pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **STAFFORD JAMES** will claim it starting Monday, Sept. 19; and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist, **PHIL FLANIGAN,** occupy it on Sundays. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty. Dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Earl Coleman—With his trio. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

El Caribe en Nueva York—Daniel Poncé, Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees, Yomo Toro y Su Conjunto, and Manny Oquendo's Libre. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Sept. 18, at 5.)

d.ehrenberg

Rush—With Marillion. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 18-19, and Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 21-23, at 8.)

Conjure—A jazz program that will include music set to the texts of Ishmael Reed, written and performed by Taj Mahal, David Murray, Steve Swallow, and Allen Toussaint. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Sept. 19, at 8:30.)

Highlights in Jazz—Joe Bushkin and Friends, with Bucky Pizzarelli and John Pizzarelli, Jr. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La Guardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

Frank Foster and His Non-Electric Company—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Linda Ronstadt—With Nelson Riddle and his orchestra. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, at 8.)

Hamiet Bluiett—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Oscar de Mejo—Naïve paintings depicting scenes of the American Revolution. Through Sept. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Judith Dolnick—Abstract paintings on paper and on linen, some of them mounted on free-standing screens. Through Oct. 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Morris Graves—New paintings in a show that will coincide with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through Oct. 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Anthony Toney—Recent oils, abstract for the most part, but with recognizable elements (a face, a tree) appearing here and there. Through Oct. 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Abbie Zabar—Panoramic slices of landscapes (views of the Grand Canyon, of the French countryside), all done in colored-paper collage. Through Oct. 8. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Oct. 8. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Realist works on paper, from 1913 to the present, done primarily by Americans; most are either landscapes (Alexander Calder, Barbara Cushing) or figurative (George Grosz, William Bailey). Through Sept. 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Avigdor Arikha—Paintings, drawings, and pastels—most of them either portraits or studio still-lifes. Through Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Juan Hamilton / Paul Outerbridge, Jr. (1896-1959)—New abstract bronze and clay sculptures. / Carbro-color photographs of nudes from the thirties and early forties. Through Oct. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings from the fifties and sixties, when this artist's commitment to Abstract Expressionism predominated in his work. Through Oct. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Paintings. Through Oct. 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sean Scully—Recent abstract paintings. Through Oct. 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ernesto Tatafiore—New figurative paintings by this Italian, a number of them with themes drawn from the French Revolution. Through Oct. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—Recent sculptures (some steel, some aluminum, and some a mixture of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

both) ranging in height from eighteen inches to eight feet, plus watercolors that served as studies. Through Oct. 13. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Troels Wörsel—Paintings by an artist from Cologne; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 1. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bodies & Souls—The title for a group show of group shows, sponsored by the Artists' Choice Museum, in which eleven Fifty-seventh Street galleries are displaying the figurative and narrative works (one apiece) of a hundred and fifty-six painters and sculptors. Moving from east to west along the thoroughfare, those galleries (and an arbitrary mention of some of the artists within) are: **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St. (Roger Brown, Valerio Adamio.) . . . **DAVID FINDLAY, JR.,** 41 E. 57th St. (Phillip Sherrod, Nicholas Sperakis.) Open Mondays. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. (Ida Applebroog, George Segal.) . . . **KORNBLEE,** 20 W. 57th St. (Alex Katz, Helen Miranda Wilson.) . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. (Peter Dean, Mimi Gross.) Open Mondays. . . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St. (Archie Rand, Charles Garabedian.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St. (Janet Fish, David Humphrey.) . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St. (Red Grooms, Howard Kalish.) Open Mondays. . . . **MARLBOROUGH,** 40 W. 57th St. (Jane Freilicher, Reuben Nakian.) Open Mondays. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St. (Gregory Gillespie, Robert Birmelin.) Open Mondays. . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 50 W. 57th St. (Isabel Bishop, Paul Resika.) All of the shows through Saturday, Sept. 24.

Group Shows—At the **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Bryan Hunt, sculptures by Mel Kendrick, and photographs by Jan Groover. Through Oct. 8. . . . **GETLER-PALL,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists; two of them, Squeak Carnwath and Lance Kiland, are new members. Through Oct. 1. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists who have shown work here in the past ten years, among them Elaine de Kooning, Milton Resnick, and Giorgio Cavallon. Through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **MARKEL,** 50 W. 57th St.: A theme show centering on light as a factor in contemporary paintings and sculptures, running all the way from lamp constructions (by R. M. Fischer) to cityscapes with street lights (by Yvonne Jacquette). Through Oct. 8. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St.: New sculptures by Bård Breivik; new paintings by Phil Sims and Thornton Willis. Through Oct. 8. . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Roughly thirty-five paintings and works on paper made in New York by such artists as William Glackens, Milton Avery, Howardina Pindell, and Saul Steinberg frame an exhibit that shows how the availability of work and living space has affected artists in Manhattan since the turn of the century. Background documents include maps and models. Through Saturday, Sept. 17.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Berg—A large, painted abstract sculpture and twenty large-scale related drawings.

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Through Oct. 15. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Ronald Bovard—One continuous landscape painting that travels around the four walls of the Westbroadway Gallery. Through Thursday, Sept. 22. (431 West Broadway.)

Cham Hendon—New paintings. Through Oct. 12. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Guy Johnson / Alan Wolfson—Recent paintings. / Dioramas (mounted on stands at eye level) depicting scenes from around New York. Through Oct. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Carolee Schneemann—Recent drawings, paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through Oct. 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Todd Siler—A large installation using constructions, drawings, photomontages, and collages. Through Oct. 8. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Group Show—Recent portraits by Leon Golub, Frank Young, and others. Through Oct. 8. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

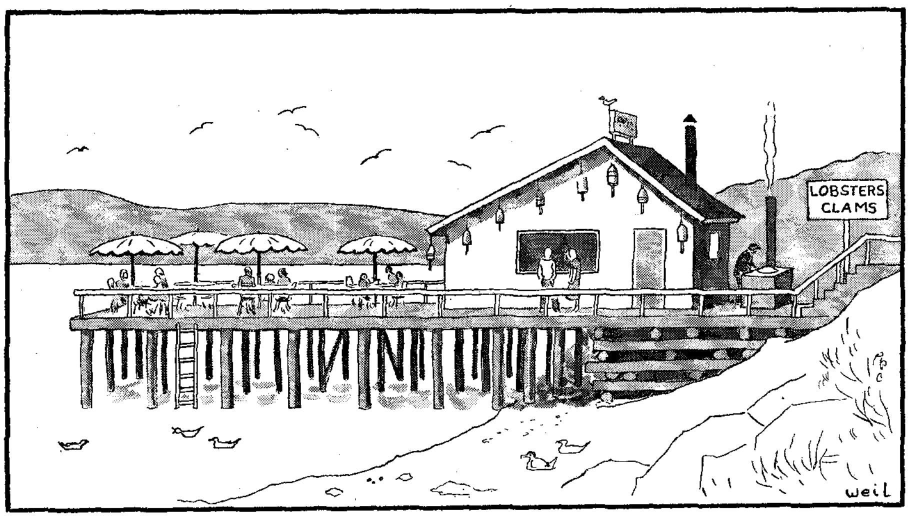
PHOTOGRAPHY

Eikoh Hosoe—More than sixty prints are included in a retrospective of the works of this Japanese photographer. Through Oct. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred and fifty photographs from the National Archives catalogue people and events in American history from 1860 to 1960—Clara Barton, for instance, or the San Francisco earthquake. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ About forty prints, by O. Winston Link, of the old Norfolk & Western steam-powered locomotives in action. Most of them were taken at night. Through Thursday, Sept. 22. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: About thirty vintage photographs, mostly from the twenties, taken by artists whose names are associated with Surrealism (Magritte, Man Ray, and Hans Bellmer, among them). Through Oct. 29. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Edouard Manet retrospective has nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, pastels, and prints (a good number of them on loan), including "The Fifer" and "A Bar at the Folies-Bergère." Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A survey of Henry Moore's career contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; included among the seventy-five works are a newly acquired O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ A display of the color lithograph that Jim Dine made for the Metropolitan Opera's hundredth-anniversary poster. Also, nine trial proofs. Through Oct. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Starts Thursday, Sept. 15. A complementary show is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St. . . . ¶ "The Sculptor as Draftsman;" a show of about forty twentieth-century drawings by nearly as many artists, including Elie Nadelman, Isamu Noguchi, and H. C. Westermann. Starts Thursday, Sept. 15. . . . "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965;" some of the artists include Agnes Martin, Nam June Paik, and Frank Stella. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

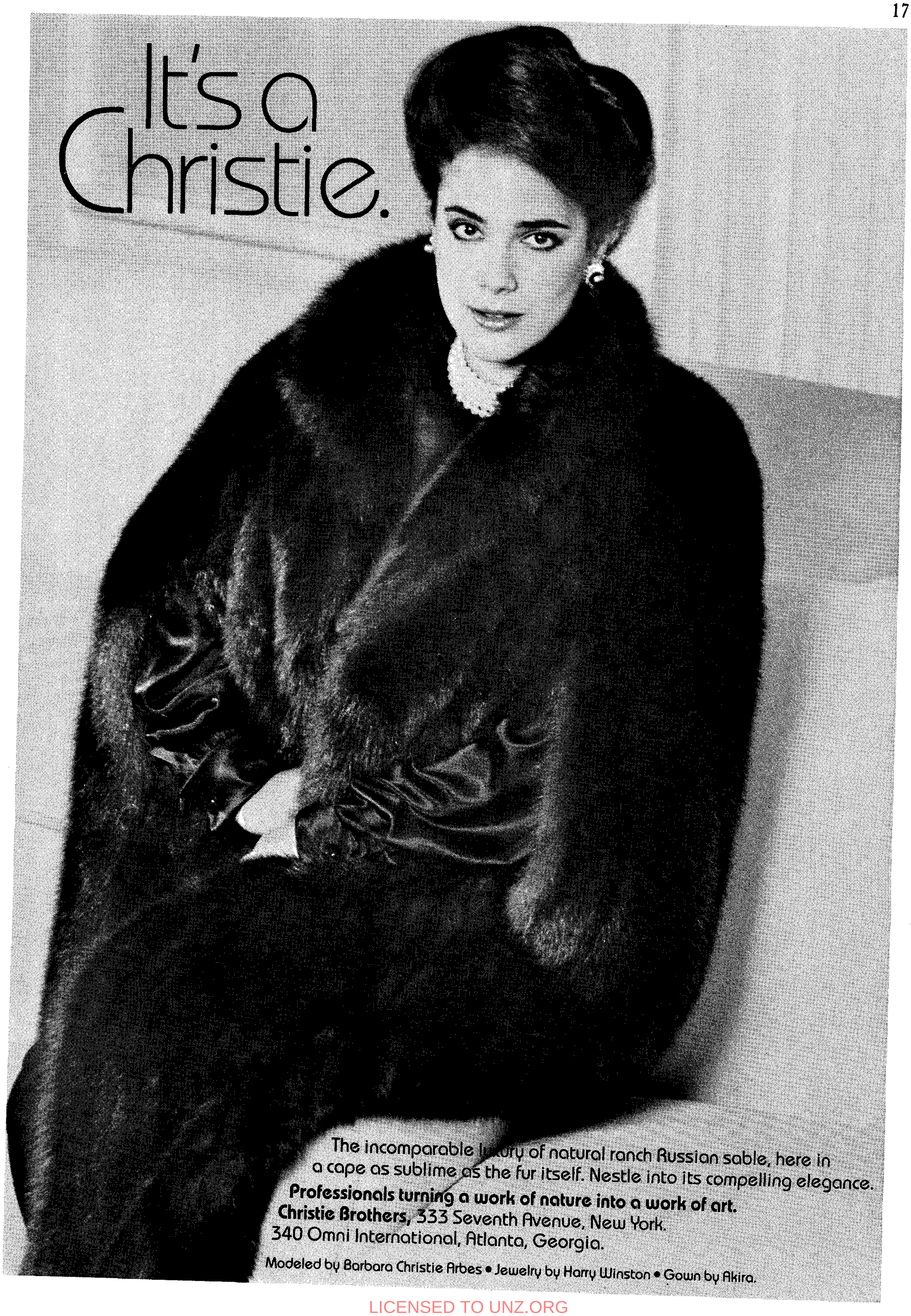
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Designs for opera sets and costumes, from the Renaissance to the present, are seen in a display (of paintings, drawings, prints, books, and models) marking the centennial of the Metropolitan Opera. Through Oct. 8. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A Japanese National Treasure, "Toiletry Case with Medallion Design," made in the mid-thirteen-hundreds, is included in a show that focusses on the autumn-grass and water motifs in the classical art of that country. Lacquerware, porcelain, screens, and textiles. Starts Thursday, Sept. 15. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centu-



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ries of Opera," a comprehensive show (also with the Metropolitan Opera in mind) offering original music manuscripts, printed scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ "Letters from Notable Children": *Even a fifteen-year-old* Napoleon had to write his relatives from military school; among the other correspondents with items in this show are Mozart, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Helen Keller. There is also a book written and illustrated by the young John Ruskin and a science notebook belonging to a school-age Isaac Newton. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The 1783 Treaty of Paris is here on a brief visit from London and is on view, opened to the page bearing signatures and personal seals of John Adams, John Jay, and Benjamin Franklin. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Yet another nod to the Met, this one concentrating on opera in the nineteenth century, starting with printed material from the first opera performed here ("The Barber of Seville," in 1825) and ending with memorabilia from the Met's first home, on Thirty-third Street. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A look at Central Park at the time it was being designed and developed (the eighteen-sixties and seventies) includes drawings and watercolors of the Park's bridges, fountains, and the like, as well as correspondence among Frederick Law Olmsted, Calvert Vaux, and their chief horticulturalist Ignaz Pilat. . . . ¶ More than a hundred photographs of people and places document Washington Square from 1830 to the turn of the century, in a show augmented by material related to Henry James: a first edition of "Washington Square," two autograph manuscripts, and so on. Both shows through Oct. 18. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424 and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—The company's labor problems having been resolved, performances will resume as follows: Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 7: The company's première of Massenet's "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Delia Wallis, and William Parker; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Pamela Myers, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Elizabeth Hynes, Jerry Hadley, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Pamela Myers, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Susanne Marsee, and William Parker; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 26—Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8: A nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8; Friday, Sept. 16, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 7:30: A William Schuman–Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8; Friday, Sept. 23, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 7:30: An all-Beethoven program, with André Watts, piano.

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St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Two all-Bach programs. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8, with Eriko Sato, violin; Stephen Taylor, oboe d'amore; Lucy Shelton, soprano; and Elizabeth Mann, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8, with Jane Bryden, soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. For tickets, call 226-1115.)

RECITALS

Dennis Koster—Classical and flamenco guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8.)

Angel Romero—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8.)

Lila Deis—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

Barbara Nissman—Piano, in an all-Ginastera program, with Barbara Hocher, soprano, and the Thouvenel String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

William Zucker—The première of his song cycle "Articulum Vitae," performed by Gwendolyn Jones, mezzo-soprano, and Tana Bawden, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

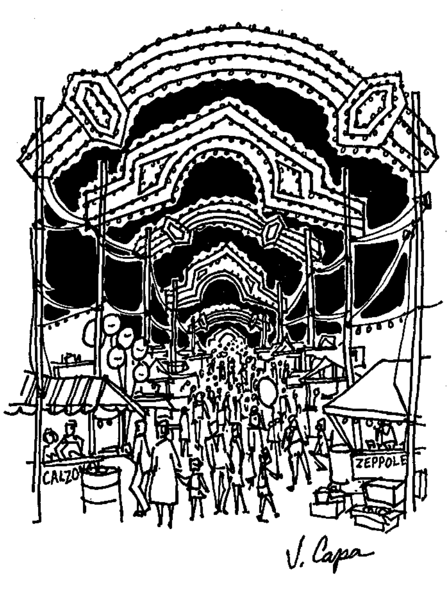
Yves Storms—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 23, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 16, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Monday, Sept. 19, at 7:35, and Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 1:35.

Boxing—Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini vs. Orlando Romero, 15 rounds, for the W.B.A. Lightweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Sept. 15. Preliminaries at 7:45; main bout at 10.)



College Football—**Saturday, Sept. 17:** Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Catholic University, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Siena, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston College, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 6:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **Saturday, Sept. 24:** Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Ithaca, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 18: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 7:35. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Friday, Sept. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 7:35.

Racing—At **Belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 17. The Flower Bowl Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17; the Lawrence Realization, Sunday, Sept. 18; and the Matron and the Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **Atlantic City,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **Laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Wednesday, Sept. 14, through Friday, Dec. 9.

Soccer—North American Soccer League first-round playoffs: Cosmos vs. Montreal. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Sept. 14, if necessary. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Mark Helprin reading from his new novel, "Winter's Tale." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 7:30.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Greenwich Village sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 18, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18, from noon until sundown.

Auctions—At **Sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Sept. 18, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 22, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Sept. 23, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 16. . . . **Christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Monday, Sept. 19, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 10 and 2: American and European prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 22, at 10 and 2, and Friday, Sept. 23, at 10: Japanese prints, paintings, screens, and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 17. . . . **Phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 15, at 11: European and American furniture, decorations, silver, and contemporary works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 22, at 1: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Sunday, Sept. 18.

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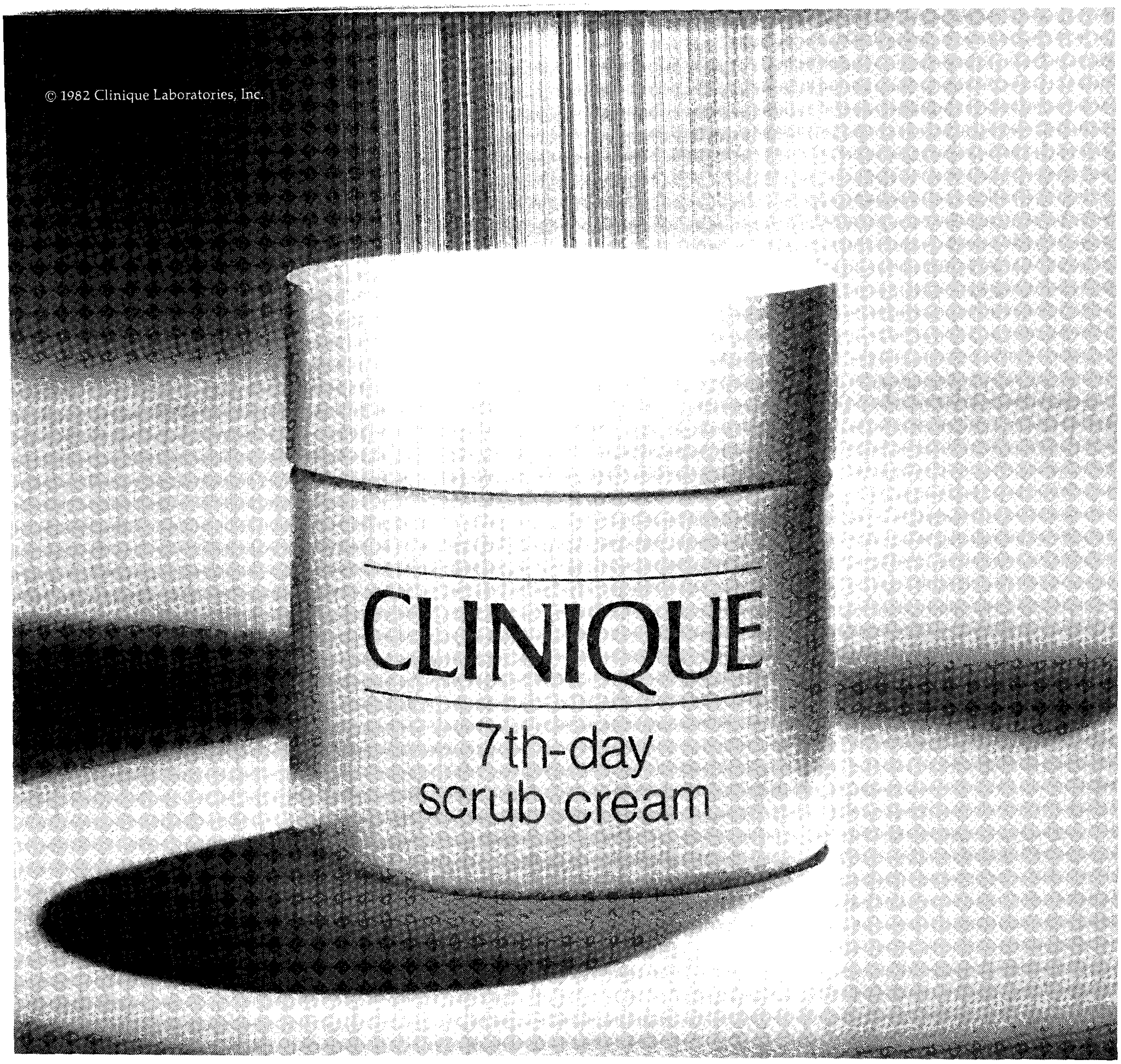

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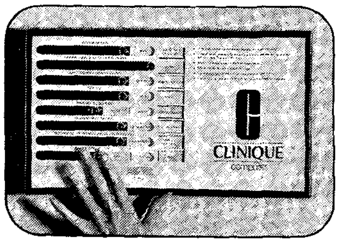

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Sept. 18: A program of films from Columbia Pictures. Some days are devoted to a special genre or a particular person, for example, Sept. 14, four early Budd Boetticher films; Sept. 17, five Grace Moore films; and Sept. 18, five horror films.
Sept. 20: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 21: "El Bruto" (1952; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Pedro Armendariz and Katy Jurado.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"A Star Is Born" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 15: "WarGames" (†) and "Poltergeist" (†).
From Sept. 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Zelig" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Return of the Jedi" (†). From Sept. 16: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat.
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Risky Business" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 22: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
From Sept. 23: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Risky Business" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Sept. 20: "La Passante" (Jacques Rouffio; in French), with Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli.
From Sept. 21: "Cross Creek" (Martin Ritt), with Mary Steenburgen.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 15: "The Twelve Chairs" (†). From Sept. 16: To be announced.

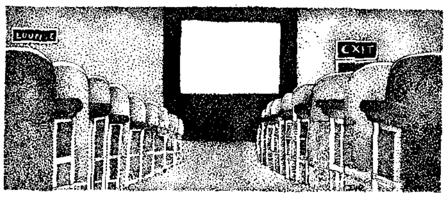
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
Theatre 2: "Daniel" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Grey Fox" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†). From Sept. 21: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines. From Sept. 16: "Smokey Is the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 15: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace. Sept. 16-22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis) with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Last American Virgin" (Boaz Davidson), with Lawrence Monoson. From Sept. 23: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (†).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Gandhi" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Flashdance" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 22: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
From Sept. 23: "Pieces."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Return of the Jedi" (†). From Sept. 16: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat.
Theatre 2: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 15: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.
From Sept. 16: "Smokey Is the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno. From Sept. 16: "Silver Dream Racer."
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Tiger of Eschnapur" (1958) and "The Indian Tomb" (1959), both films in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Debra Paget.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 15: "Katzelmacher" (1969; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Fassbinder himself; and "Signs of Life" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German). Sept. 16-18: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz. Sept. 19-20: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Angela Winkler; and "Knife in the Head" (†). Sept. 21: "Not Reconciled" (1965), "Machorka-Muff" (1962), and "The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp" (1968), all three in German, directed by Jean-Marie Straub. Sept. 22: "Slow Attack" (1980) and "The Brutalization of Franz Blum" (1974), both films in German, directed by Reinhard Hauff. Sept. 23-24: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 15: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield. From Sept. 16: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "The Twelve Chairs" (†). From Sept. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Grey Fox" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Moon in the Gutter" (†).
Theatre 2: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"WarGames" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Staying Alive" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film is being shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly. Part II will be shown through Sept. 15; Part III, Sept. 16-22; and Part IV, starting Sept. 23.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Sept. 14: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.
From Sept. 15: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Moon in the Gutter" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gandhi" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lonely Hearts" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes.
Theatre 2: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Leopard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lonely Hearts" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "City News" (Zoe Zinman and David Fishelson). Sept. 16-21: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall). From Sept. 22: "Ernesto."
Theatre 2: "Don't Look Back" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Flashdance" (†). From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Risky Business" (†). From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 15: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines. From Sept. 16: "Smokey Is the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 22: "The Grey Fox" (†). From Sept. 23: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield. From Sept. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo; and "The Man with Two Brains" (†).
Theatre 2: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 15: "Flashdance" (†). From Sept. 16: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Last American Virgin" (Boaz Davidson), with Lawrence Monoson.

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 15: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines; and "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From Sept. 16: "La Cage aux Folles" (†) and "La Cage aux Folles II" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Yor" (directed by Anthony M. Dawson), with Reb Brown. From Sept. 16: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
Theatre 2: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 15: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong. From Sept. 16: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.
Theatre 4: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.
Theatre 5: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.
Theatre 6: "Octopussy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 3: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 15: "Trading Places" (†). From Sept. 16: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Stryker" (Cirio H. Santiago), with Steve Sandor. Sept. 16-22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Last American Virgin" (Boaz Davidson), with Lawrence Monoson. From Sept. 23: "Pieces."
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace. From Sept. 16: "Silver Dream Racer."
Theatre 2: "Last Fight" (Fred Williamson).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 15: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines. From Sept. 16: "Smokey Is the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 14: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.
Sept. 15: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy.
Sept. 16-17: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "Yojimbo" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 18-19: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
Sept. 20: "Playtime" (1968) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Sept. 21: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.
Sept. 22: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake.
From Sept. 23: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Marie Casarès.

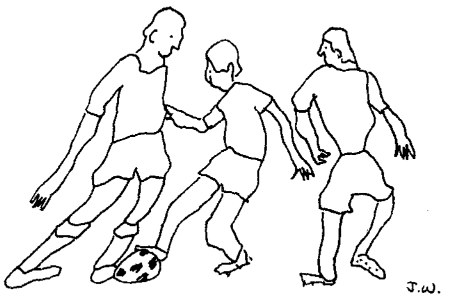
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Lucie sur Seine" (1983; Jean-Louis Bertucelli; in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 15: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.
Sept. 16-17: "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.
Sept. 18-20: "Playtime" (1968) and "Jour de Fête" (1950; in French), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Sept. 21-22: "Insatiable" and "Beyond Shame." Both films with Marilyn Chambers, X-rated.
Sept. 23-24: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 14: "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado; and "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine.
Sept. 15-17: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.
Sept. 18-19: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.
Sept. 20-21: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "S.O.B." (1981; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, William Holden, and Robert Preston.
Sept. 22-24: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 15: "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" and "Common Law Cabin," both films directed by Russ Meyer. X-rated.
Sept. 16-17: "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor; and "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Sept. 18: "The Alamo" (1960; John Wayne), with Wayne, Richard Widmark, and Laurence Harvey.
Sept. 19-20: "Divine Madness" (1980; Michael Ritchie), a Bette Midler concert film; and "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest.
Sept. 21-22: "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Sept. 23-24: "The Sting" (†) and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (†).



Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Sept. 14: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (1979; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).
Sept. 15: "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray; and "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford; and Jack Lemmon.
Sept. 16: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.
Sept. 17: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
Sept. 18: "The Sunshine Boys" (†) and "The Bad News Bears" (†).
Sept. 19: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles); and "Lianna" (1983; John Sayles).
Sept. 20: "Patton" (1970; Franklin J. Schaffner), with George C. Scott and Karl Malden.
Sept. 21: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab; and "The Wild Duck" (1977; Hans W. Geissendörfer; in German), with Jean Seberg, Peter Kern, and Bruno Ganz.
Sept. 22: "Marked Woman" (†); and "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter.
Sept. 23: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.
Sept. 24: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Paths of Glory" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 14: "Coogan's Bluff" (1968; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood; and "Serpico" (1973; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino.
Sept. 15-17: "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, and Vera-Ellen; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.
From Sept. 18: "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "Pandora's Box" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Sept. 14: "The Ephemeral Samurai" (1961; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "Ninja Assassin Goemon Will Never Die" (1963; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.
Sept. 15: "Deliverance" (1972; John Boorman), with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.
Sept. 16-17: "La Signora de Tutti" (1934; Max Ophuls; in Italian), with Isa Miranda; and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.
Sept. 18: "The Fox" (†) and "Sons and Lovers" (†).
Sept. 19: "Bend of the River" (1952; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, and Julia Adams; "The Return of Frank James" (1940; Fritz Lang), with

Henry Fonda; and "Angel and the Badman" (1947; James Edward Grant), with John Wayne, Gail Russell, and Bruce Cabot.

Sept. 20: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (†); and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

Sept. 21: "The Outcast" (1961; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese); "The Bride of the Andes" (†); and "On Thin Ice" (1982; Nobuyuki Asai; in Japanese).

Sept. 22: "Rachel, Rachel" (†) and "Paris Blues" (†).

Sept. 23-24: "The Wrong Man" (†); and "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 14: "The Clock" (1945; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Robert Walker; and "The Voice of the Turtle" (1947; Irving Rapper), with Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, and Eve Arden.

Sept. 15: "Tovarich" (1937; Anatole Litvak), with Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, and Basil Rathbone; and "Three-Cornered Moon" (1933; Elliott Nugent), with Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Lyda Roberti, and Wallace Ford.

Sept. 16-17: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Saboteur" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.

Sept. 18: "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941; Robert Z. Leonard), with Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart; and "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame.

Sept. 19: "The Blood of a Poet" (†); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert; in French); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

Sept. 20: "Broadway Melody of 1938" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, Sophie Tucker, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen; and "Born to Dance" (1936; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen.

Sept. 21: "Romance" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931; Clarence Brown) with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Sept. 22: "Red Dust" (†); and "Bombshell" ("Blonde Bombshell;" 1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.

Sept. 23-24: "Charlie Chan in the Secret Service" (1944; Phil Rosen) and "The Scarlet Clue" (1945; Phil Rosen), both films with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Le Plaisir" (1952; directed by Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Madeleine Renaud, Danielle Darrieux, Claude Dauphin, Gaby Morlay, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 6: "Les Diaboliques" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Véra Clouzot, Paul Meurisse, and Charles Vanel. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 2:30: "Les Miracles n'Ont Lieu qu'une Fois" (1951; Yves Allégret; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais and Alida Valli. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 6: "French Can-Can" (1955; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Françoise Arnoul, and Marie Félix. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at noon: "The Unholy Three" (1930; Jack Conway), with Lon Chaney, Lila Lee, Harry Earles, and Elliott Nugent. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2:30: "Les Grandes Manoeuvres" (1955; René Clair; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Michèle Morgan, and Brigitte Bardot. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 5: "Les Belles-de-Nuit" (1952; René Clair; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Martine Carol, and Gina Lollobrigida. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at noon: "The Unholy Three." . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "Deux Hommes dans Manhattan" (1959; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French, with no English subtitles), with Melville. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 5: "Si Versailles M'était Conté" (1954; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Jean Marais, Claudette Colbert, Micheline Presle, Orson Welles, Jean-Louis Barrault, Gaby Morlay, Fernand Gravey, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2:30: "La Fête à Henriette" (1953; Julien Duvivier; in French, with English subtitles), with Dany Robin and Hildegard Knef. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 6: "Les Belles-de-Nuit." . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2:30: "Les Diaboliques." . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6: "Deux Hommes dans Manhattan." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 2:30: "Les Grandes Manoeuvres." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6: "Si Versailles M'était Conté." . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2:30: "En Cas de Malheur" (1958; Claude Autant-Lara; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Brigitte Bardot, and Edwige Feuillère. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: "Le Bon Dieu sans Confession" (1953; Claude Autant-Lara; in French, with no English subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 12:30: "The Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film" (1960; Richard Lester); and "Movie Crazy" (1932; Clyde Bruckman), with Harold Lloyd and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2:30: "Les Orgueilleux" (1953; Yves Allégret; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 5: "En Cas de Malheur." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Sept. 23 at 7:30: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan; United States). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 23 at 9: "The Big Chill." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 24 at 12:30: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; France/Switzerland). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 3: "The Story of Piera" (Marco Ferreri; Italy/France). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6: "The Wind" (Souleymane Cissé; Mali) and "Reassemblage" (Trinh T. Minh-ha; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 9: "The Story of Piera." (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Bad News Bears (1976)—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. Michael Ritchie directed, from Bill Lancaster's script. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 18.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's first film is an enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown, composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Here is Cocteau's own interpretation: "The poet's solitude is so great, he so lives what he creates, that the mouth of one of his creations lives in his hand like a wound, and that he loves this mouth, that he loves himself in short, that he wakes up in the morning with this mouth against him like a pickup, that he tries to get rid of it, and that he gets rid of it on a dead statue—and that this statue begins to live—and that it takes its revenge, and that it sets him off upon awful adventures. I can tell you that the snowball fight is the poet's childhood, and that when he plays the games of cards with his Glory, with his Destiny, he cheats by taking from his childhood that which he should draw from within himself." The first time you see this film, you're likely to find it silly, auto-erotic, static, absurd, and you may feel cheated after having heard so much about it. But though it may seem to have no depth, you're not likely to forget it—it has a suggestiveness unlike any other film. Almost twenty years later, in "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes of the dreams and ecstasies of the poet. Music by Georges Auric. Photography by Georges Périnal. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19.)

The Bride of the Andes (1966)—For a change, a Japanese film with an enticing title of the old American type. It stars not Yma Sumac but Sachiko Hidari, the perennially young wife of the talented director Susumu Hani, who made this film—using cinema-verité techniques—in Bolivia and Peru. The story is about the heroine's development of the strength to endure; the movie, fortunately, does not test the viewer's endurance. In Japanese. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

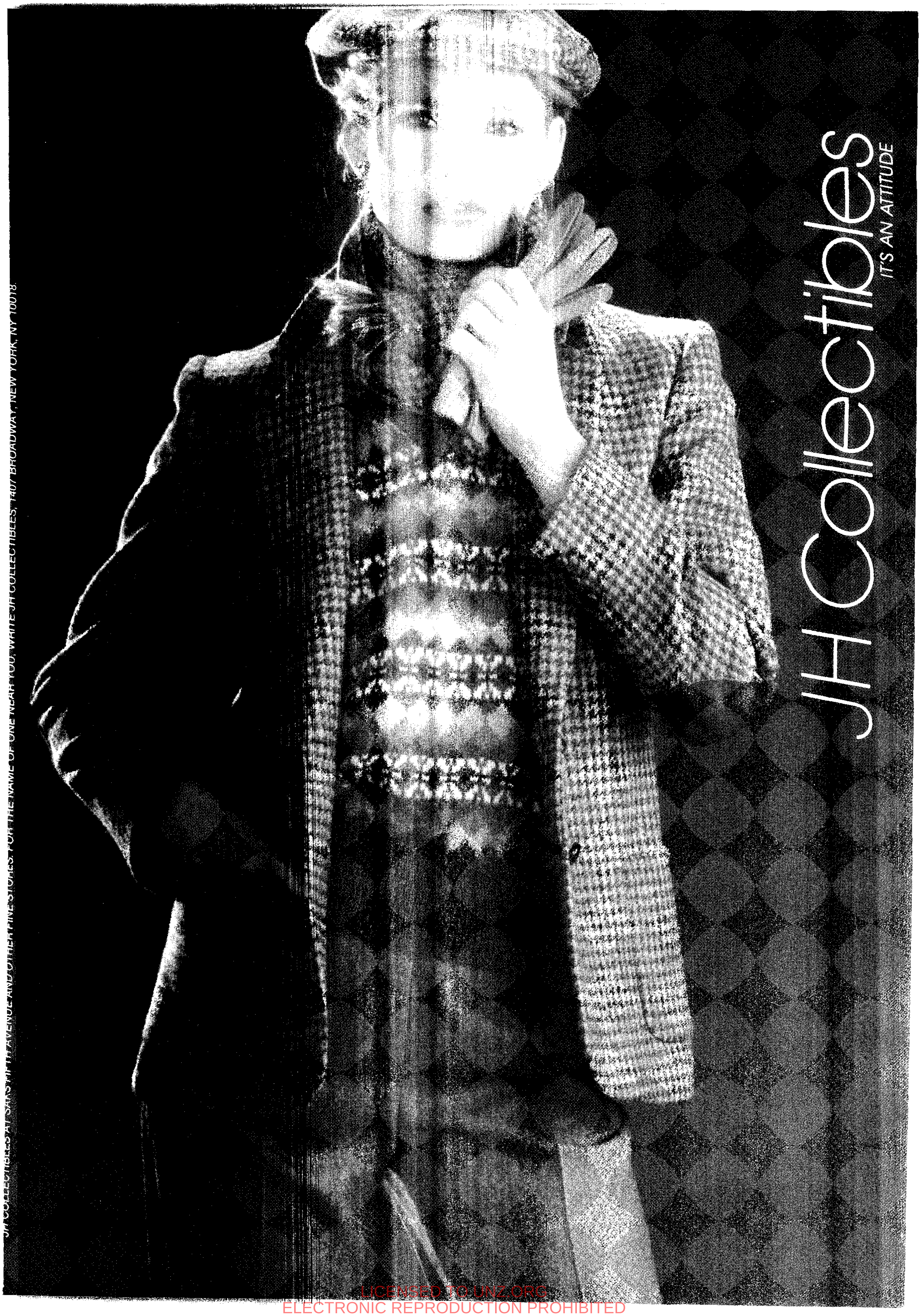
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this enormously popular, overblown, frolicsome Western from William Goldman's script. With Katharine Ross; cinematography by Conrad Hall. The song "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" is by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 23-24.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 16.)

La Cage aux Folles II (1980)—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (also by Edouard Molinaro). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The movie is most inventive when they're in Italy, and Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, is toiling in the fields among the women; he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 16.)

Daniel—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L. Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. Doctorow went right for the torn, bleeding heart of the matter: the emotions of the two young children orphaned by the electric chair. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. When Lumet gets into one of his chronicles of agonized morality, it seems as if his normally high energy level sinks, and the melodramatic materials he's working with thicken and become clotted. The action here jumps back and forth among four decades shot in slightly different color ranges, and nothing takes hold now or then or in between. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is the driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. Paul Robeson's voice rolls across the soundtrack during perhaps a half a dozen sequences. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/83.) (Coronet.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by Jean-Jacques Beineix, a director who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself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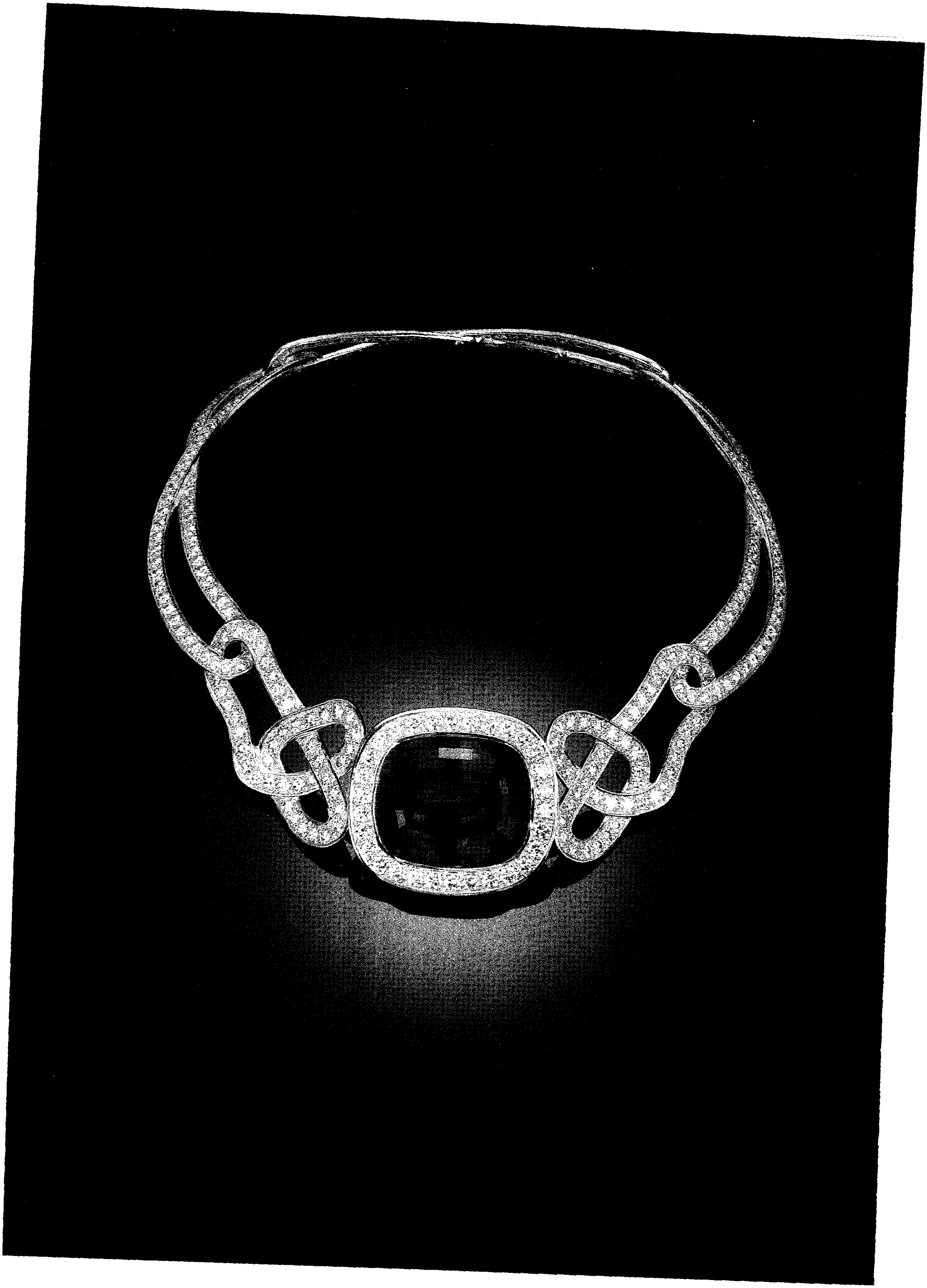

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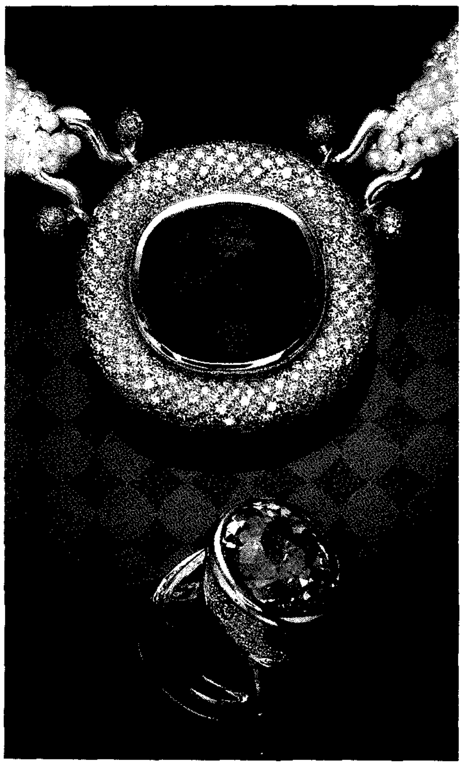

Opposite page: Tanzanite necklace designed by Angela Cummings, of eighteen karat gold and diamond looped links, holds a cushion shaped stone weighing 106 carats. Subject to prior sale.

Top: Rubellite pendant designed by Paloma Picasso, in eighteen karat gold with diamonds set in platinum, on a necklace of cultured pearls. Subject to prior sale.

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too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected cinema-verité film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Cinema II; through Sept. 20.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (72nd Street East, Embassy 1, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 22.)

The Fox (1968)—This is D. H. Lawrence's 1923 novella stripped of its subtlety, Freudianized, and turned into something resembling Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour," but in a woodsy setting. It's now a story about two young women—sickly, chattering, ultra-feminine Jill (Sandy Dennis) and dark, quiet, strong March (Anne Heywood)—who are trying, rather hopelessly, to run a chicken farm in Canada. There is some symbolism about a fox that has been raiding the hen coop, and along comes a marauding male (Keir Dullea, lowering his voice to indicate masculine strength), who kills the fox, puts the farm in order, and proposes to March, thus awakening the lesbianism dormant in the women. In making the movie sexually explicit, the adapters, Lewis John Carlino and Howard Koch, and the director, Mark Rydell, have diminished the material—have made it tamely "sexy" and brightly colored and "healthy." You have to go back to Lawrence to see how much more powerful and frightening was the repressed sexuality that he was writing about. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

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The French Lieutenant's Woman (1981)—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she isn't mysterious. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art": every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. It's all so controlled that everything seems to be happening punctually, even in the interpolated modern story about the actors who are performing in a movie version of the Fowles book. There are some lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones, but most of the picture might be taking place in a glass case. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Charlotte Mitchell, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (In the modern scenes Streep wears a short, straight hairdo—the most disfiguring star coiffure since Mia Farrow's thick wig in "The Great Gatsby.") Production design by Assheton Gorton. Made at Twickenham Studios, London, and on location in England. (10/12/81) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 22-24.)

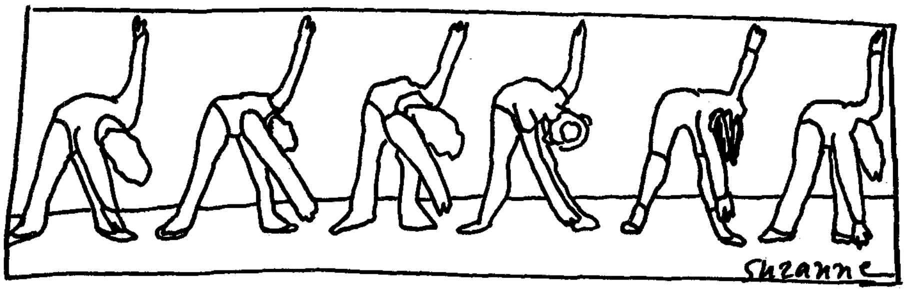
Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi, the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (D. W. Griffith, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 22.)

Knife in the Head (1980)—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (Film Forum; Sept. 19-20.)

The Leopard (1963)—With Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale; directed by Luchino Visconti. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimensions to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economical dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters who are so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is (and this is rare in American films) a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that after many years and many viewings it has the same brittle explosiveness—and even some of the same surprise—that it had in its first run. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. Huston was a good enough screenwriter to see that Hammett had already written the scenario, and he didn't soften Sam Spade's character. Bogart played him as written by Hammett, and Hammett was not sentimental about detectives: they were cops who were going it alone—i.e., who had smartened up and become more openly mercenary and crooked. Bogart's Spade is a loner who uses nice, simple people. He's a man who's constantly testing himself, who doesn't want to be touched, who's obsessively anti-homosexual: he enjoys hitting Joel Cairo and humiliating Wilmer. A flaw: the appalling music (by Adolph Deutsch), rising and swelling to call our attention to the big "I won't, because all of me wants to" speech at the end, almost kills the scene. And a regret: that Huston didn't (or couldn't) retain Hammett's final scene—when Effie realizes what a bastard Spade is. But perhaps the absence of that final scene is part of what made the movie a hit: Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few



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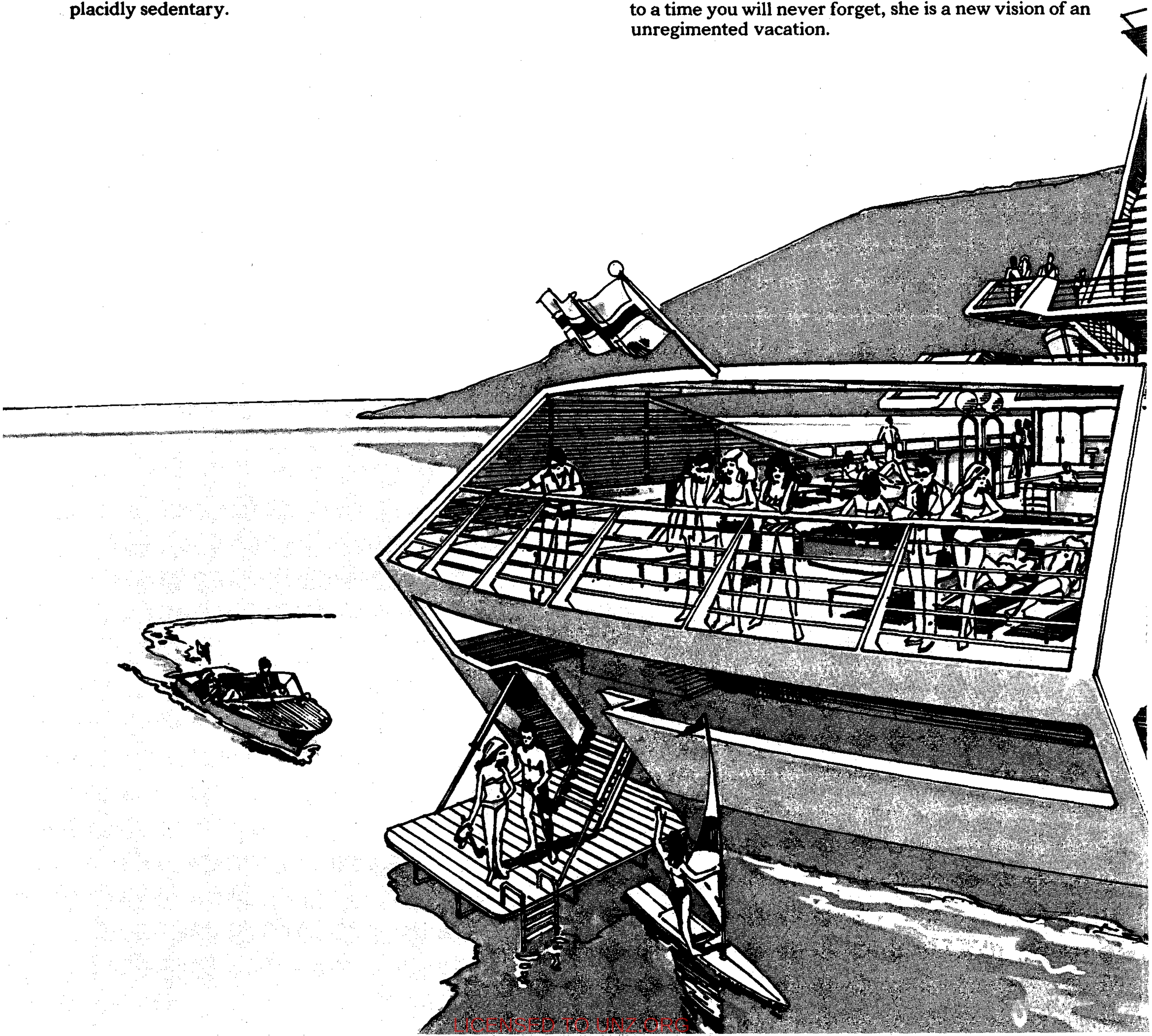

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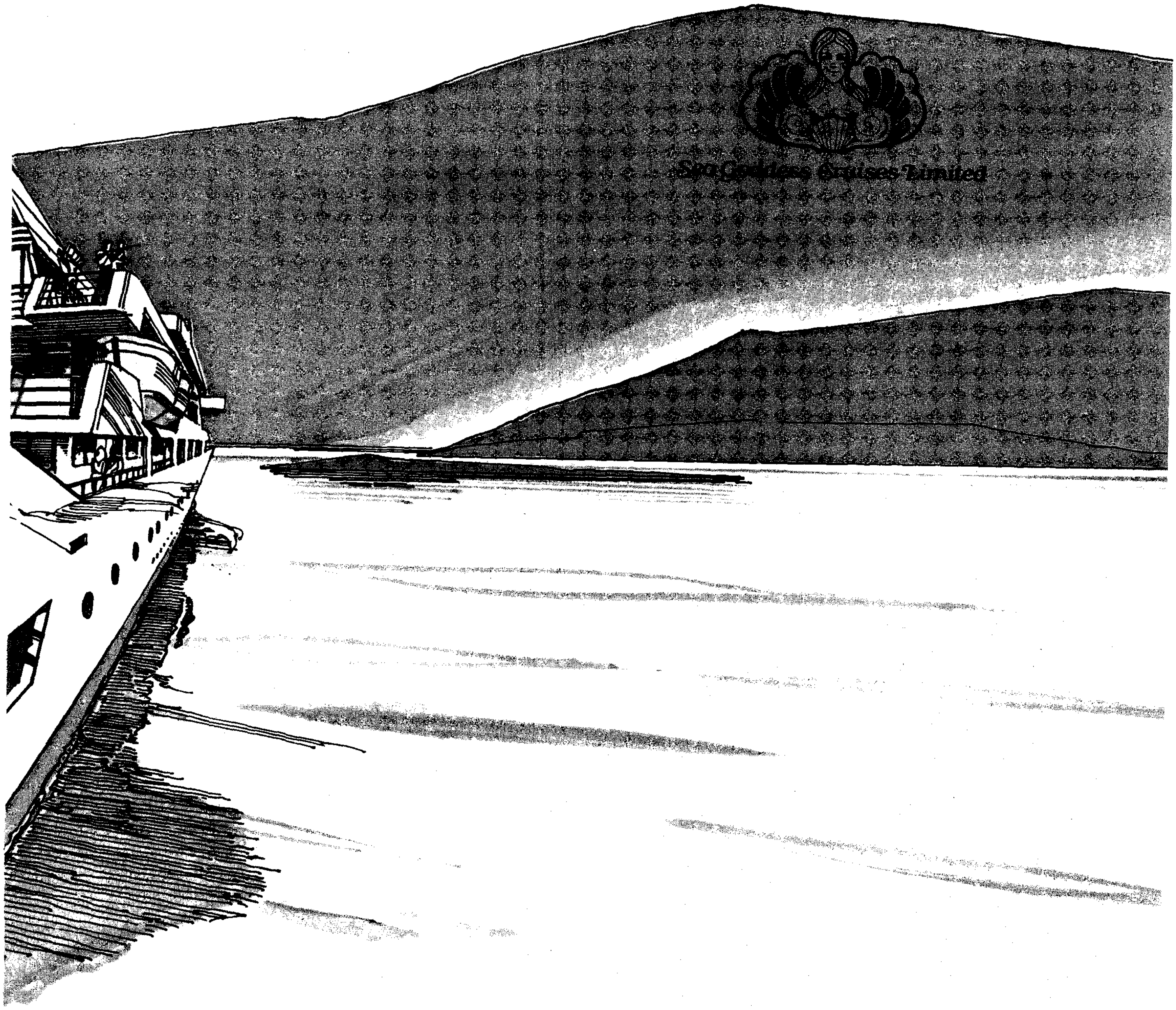

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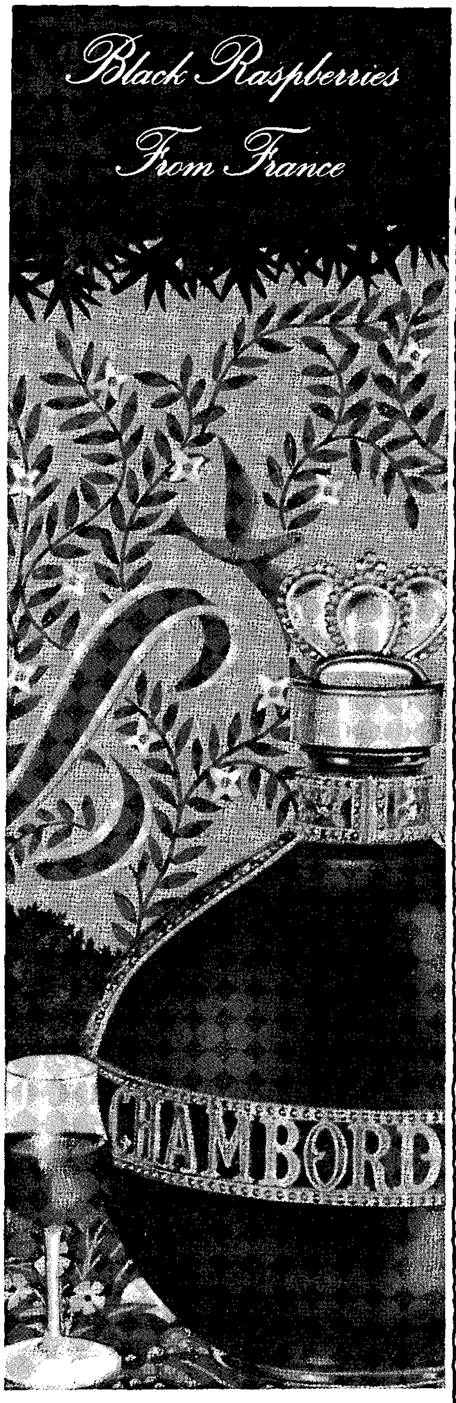

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steps away from the psychopathic "nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), which was a box-office failure—perhaps because the audience was forced to see what was inside the hero. Warners had already got its money's worth out of "The Maltese Falcon"—in 1931, with Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels, and again in 1936, as "Satan Met a Lady," with Warren William and Bette Davis. (Cinema Village; Sept. 23-24.)

The Man with Two Brains—As the world's greatest brain surgeon, Steve Martin is an exuberantly dirty-minded kid; sunny, grinning, lewd, Martin is wired up for the whole movie—a slapstick burlesque that moves along enjoyably. The surgeon perceives himself as a man of the world, but he's a guileless innocent compared with the flirty, dimply sadist (Kathleen Turner) who marries him for her convenience and coos with pleasure as she frustrates him. With David Warner as a soft-spoken mad doctor who keeps live human brains in candy jars before putting them in gorillas, Paul Benedict as his butler, and George Furth. There's at least one inspired love scene (between Martin and a brain, in a rowboat). This movie has the kind of maniacal situations that are so dumb they make you laugh, and since much of what children find hilarious has this same giddiness, they'd probably like the film a lot. But it also has the kind of raunchiness that may worry their parents (though it will probably just make the kids giggle). Directed (more gracefully than usual) by Carl Reiner, written by Reiner, Martin, and George Gipe. The cinematography, by Michael Chapman, has a graphic vitality that's unusual for a comedy. (6/27/83) (Olympia Quad.)

Marked Woman (1937)—As the smart, lively young clip-joint hostess who turns police informer, Bette Davis is the embodiment of the sensational side of thirties movies. The closest modern equivalent is Jeanne Moreau in "Bay of the Angels," but Moreau is different, more purely conceptual; she's never as vibrantly, coarsely *there* as Davis, swinging her hips in her beaded-fringe dress. This racketeering melodrama is based on the career of Lucky Luciano, who lived high at the Waldorf-Astoria on the proceeds of a thousand prostitutes. In the film, Eduardo Ciannelli plays the role, with Humphrey Bogart (never at his best when cast on the side of officialdom—but then, who is?) taking over Thomas E. Dewey's function as prosecutor. One of the prostitutes Dewey persuaded to testify was branded—"marked"—as Davis is here. The film has the tawdry simplicities of many of the thirties movies that were built out of headline stories, but it also has more impact than most of the melodramas played out in more elevated surroundings, and when Davis tells Luciano-Ciannelli, "I'll get you if I have to come back from the grave to do it," you believe it. The presence of Allen Jenkins in the cast certifies the film as Warners contemporary. Talented young Jane Bryan plays the heroine's sister, and there are the whores of the Club Intime—Mayo Methot, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Rosalind Marquis—who negate the euphemism "hostesses." Lloyd Bacon directed; Robert Rossen and Abem Finkel wrote the screenplay. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 22.)

The Moon in the Gutter—With Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski, directed by Jean-Jacques Beineix. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3.)

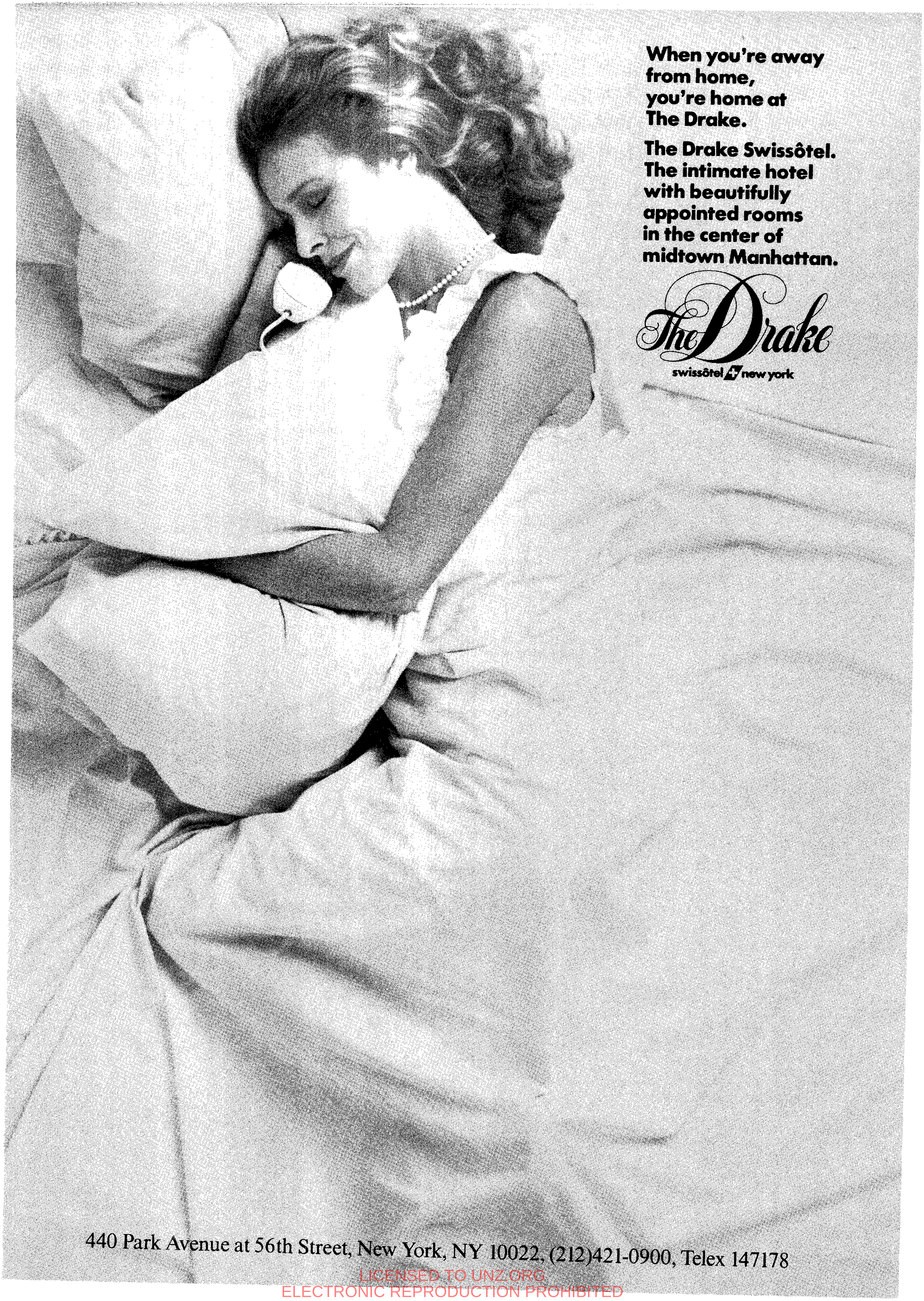
The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema.)

Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—Louise Brooks, a great—almost impersonal—beauty who set styles in the flapper period, and whose straight hair and bangs were imitated all over the world (and were used as the model for the Dixie Dugan comic strip), left Hollywood in 1928 at the height of her career and went to Germany for the role of a lifetime. G. W. Pabst had selected her to play Lulu in this film, adapted from the Wedekind plays "Erdgeist" and "Die Büchse der Pandora" (the same source material that Alban Berg used for his opera "Lulu"). Pabst, one of the giants of the screen, is perhaps most famous for his treatment of sex, violence, and abnormal psychology, and Wedekind's sex tragedy provided startling material. Lulu is the sexually insatiable female, the archetype of voracious, destructive woman. She has no moral sense and no interests beyond sensuality; when a man is exhausted, she leaves him. The film is episodic; it's in an expressionist style, with rapid cutting and surprising kinds of almost violent visual tension, particularly in the first half. For sheer erotic dynamism, the backstage scenes on the opening night of a show Lulu is in have never been equalled; the later scenes, in Marseilles, are comparatively drab. Moving through the chiaroscuro, Louise Brooks, with her straight back and strong shoulders, seems to have her own form of sexuality—preconscious yet intuitively all-knowing. She's like a cool, beautiful, innocently deadly cat that people can't keep their hands off. With Fritz Kortner as Dr. Schön, Francis Lederer as his son, Alice Roberts as the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, and Gustav Diessl as Jack the Ripper. Adaptation by Ladislaus Vajda. The German censors made extensive cuts in the film (Brooks indicated that they cut about fifteen minutes); this version was recently reconstituted by Kino International and the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York. (The Wedekind material was first filmed in 1919 with Asta Nielsen; the most recent version was probably the 1962 "Lulu" with Nadja Tiller.) A silent film. (Regency; starting Sept. 18.)

Paris Blues (1961)—Two handsome couples—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward and Sidney Poitier and Diahann Carroll—are happy and sad over finding themselves in love in Paris, as others have done before them. Beautifully photographed, and full of good, loud music. Directed by Martin Ritt. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Just after he made his race-track robbery picture "The Killing," Stanley Kubrick directed this version of Humphrey Cobb's novel, photographed in Germany. It is not so much an anti-war film as an attack on the military mind. Some of the press went all out for it ("searing in its intensity," and that sort of thing), but it wasn't popular. The movie has a fascinating jittery quality, especially when Timothy Carey, who's like a precursor of the hipster druggies of the sixties, is on the screen playing a poilu. The strong, liberal-intellectual pitch makes it genuinely controversial, though it



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was certainly easier to be anti-militaristic in a film made in peacetime and set during the First World War than it would have been in a film set during the Second World War. The story is about the class structure within the French Army—the aristocratic generals in their spacious, sunlit châteaux and the proletarian soldiers in the dark trenches; trapped between them is Colonel Dax (Kirk Douglas), who commiserates with the men but is powerless—he carries out the orders of the high command. When the soldiers retreat from a battle that is almost certain death, three of them are selected to be tried for cowardice; Dax has the task of defending them. The film's rhythm is startling—you can feel the director's temperament. And there's an element of relentlessness in the way he sets out to demonstrate the hopeless cruelty of the system. (The film was banned in France for some years.) It's an angry film that seems meant to apply to all armies. Watching it is very frustrating: Kubrick, who wrote the script with Calder Willingham and Jim Thompson, doesn't leave you with anything. He must have felt this, because he tacks on a scene at a cabaret, with a German girl (Susanne Christian) singing and the soldiers singing along as they weep. It just makes you uncomfortable. With Adolphe Menjou—a cartoon of a wily general—George Macready as another general, and Ralph Meeker, Wayne Morris, Richard Anderson, Joseph Turkel, Bert Freed, Emile Meyer, Peter Capell, and John Stein. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with excellent control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit fits her with nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological and observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. (She and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Poltergeist (1982)—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 15.)

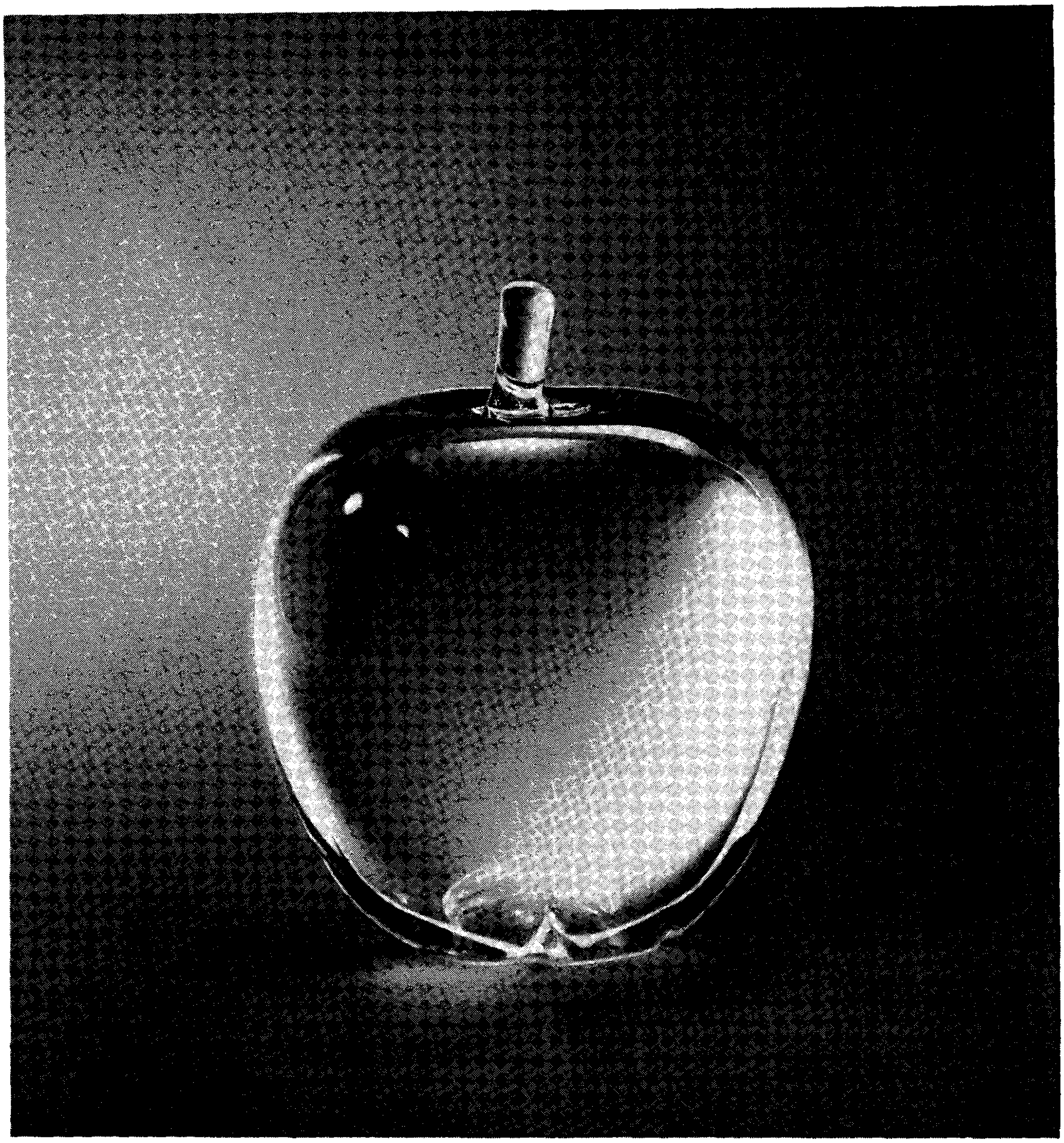
Rachel, Rachel (1968)—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (Embassy.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama from M-G-M, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers cool, ladylike Mary Astor. Harlow is immensely likable, delivering her zingy wisecracks with a wonderful kind of dirty good humor, and Gable is at that early peak in his career when he is so sizzlingly sexual that it seems both funny and natural for the two women to be fighting over him. M-G-M remade the film in 1953 as "Mogambo," with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. The original was directed by Victor Fleming in a racy, action-packed style, from a script by John Lee Mahin, based on Wilson Collison's story. With Gene Raymond, Tully Marshall, and Donald Crisp. ("Red Dust" was also recycled in 1940 as "Congo Maisie.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Orpheum; through Sept. 15.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an



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enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There'a a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (34th St. East, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 22.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, and directed by Jack Cardiff. Visually, it's extraordinarily fine, though the visual beauties aren't informed by Lawrence's passionate sense of life. The artist's fire simply isn't here—the movie is temperate, earnest, episodic. But Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Wendy Hiller as the mother and Trevor Howard as the drunken miner father are superb; it's possible that Howard has never done anything to match his work here. There are scenes—such as the one of the father getting his weekly bath—that are so remarkable that they almost do Lawrence justice; other scenes are merely conscientious. The most embarrassing sequences are the two post-coital discussions. In the book, they're the culminations of relationships that have been developed over hundreds of pages; in the film it's as if as soon as two people hit the sack they know exactly what's wrong with the relationship and why it has got to end. With Mary Ure as Clara the suffragette, Heather Sears as Miriam, Rosalie Crutchley as Miriam's mother, and Ernest Thesiger and Donald Pleasence. Cinematography by Freddie Francis; the assistant director was Peter Yates. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

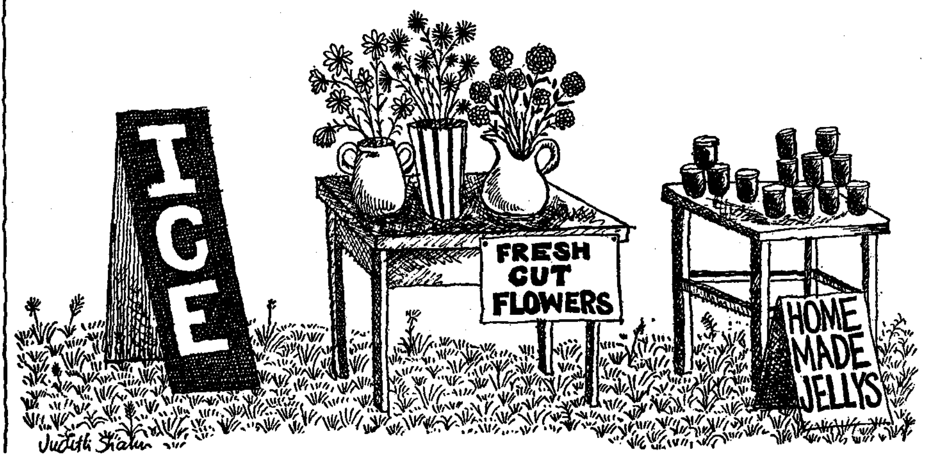
A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (R.K.O. Century Art.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Ziegfeld.)

The Sting (1973)—After their hit film "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," Paul Newman and Robert Redford swapped mustaches and got together again with the director George Roy Hill. They were darling desperadoes in their previous match; now they're hearty hoods. The cardsharps-and-swindlers-of-the-thirties mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before, but it's coy, all right; the script by David S. Ward is a collection of Damon Runyon hand-me-downs with the flavor gone. This is a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. It was hugely successful, and the music—Scott Joplin's piano rags, as adapted by Marvin Hamlisch—was heard throughout the land, and heard and heard. Robert Shaw plays the sullen, stiff-necked menace with a brogue and some bullying force, but the whole movie is full of crooks as sweeties. With Eileen Brennan, Charles Durning, Dimitra Arliss, Ray Walston, John Heffernan, Harold Gould, Dana Elcar, Jack Kehoe, Robert Earl Jones, Avon Long, and Sally Kirkland. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 23-24.)

The Sunshine Boys (1975)—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns has the repose of a tortoise, his eyes gleaming and alert, and he has a rhythmed formality in his conversation, as an old trouper might. (He was rewarded with the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor.) The director, Herbert Ross, doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines. (It was a big hit, though.) With Richard Benjamin. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 18.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades.



John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style: it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Loews State; through Sept. 15.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed this comedy-fable, has given himself only a small role at the beginning, and the picture never quite recovers from the loss of him. The plot, which is about three men hunting for a fortune stuffed into one of twelve chairs, is set in pre-revolutionary Russia. This gives Brooks an opportunity to show his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods—such as burlesque and the mad-Russian accents of early radio—but, gifted as he is, he still doesn't go beyond gag comedy. The exteriors, which were shot in Yugoslavia, have a sprightly, picturesque Grandma Moses atmosphere; the whole enterprise is a little forlorn, though. Not bad, really—just so-so. The three leads are Ron Moody, who has a great moment toward the end clutching a piece of chair; Dom DeLuise; and Frank Langella, who comes across as supercilious in the witlessly written role of the handsome juvenile. Based on the same Ilf-and-Petrov novel as the 1945 Fred Allen picture "It's in the Bag." (Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Sept. 15.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Guild, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 15.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and with no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best, and Burton's best is extraordinary. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually drab Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafka-esque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles, Anthony Quayle, Esther Minciotti, and Harold J. Stone. Written by Maxwell Anderson and Angus MacPhail; music by Bernard Herrmann. (Thalia; Sept. 23-24.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody; a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker.)

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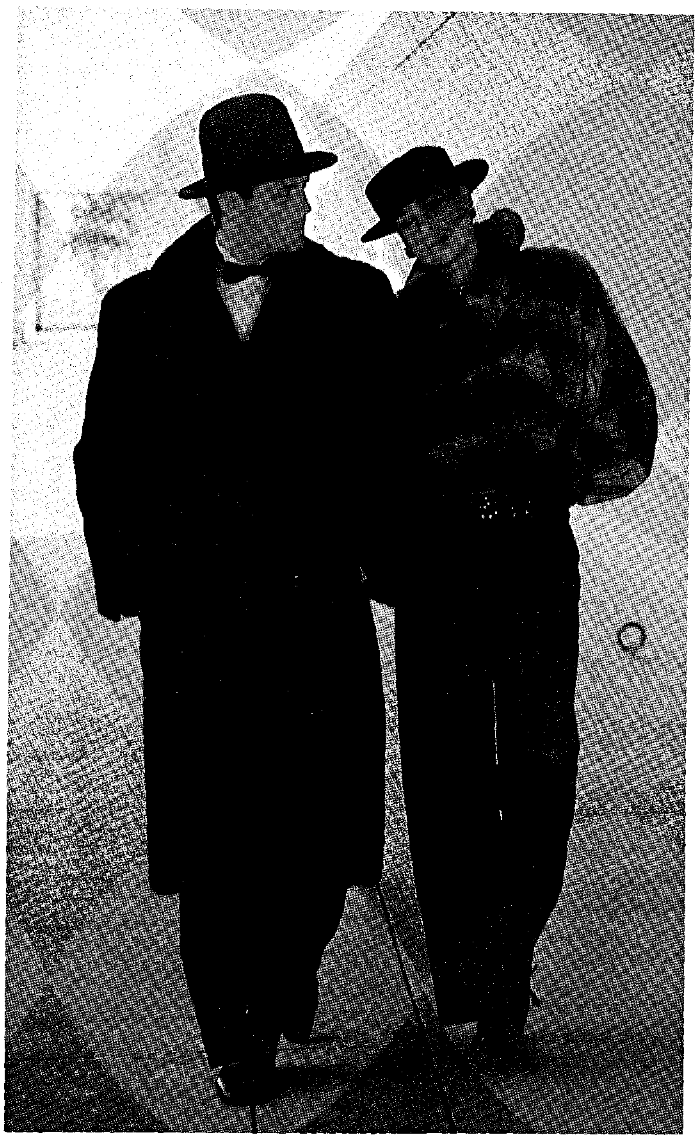

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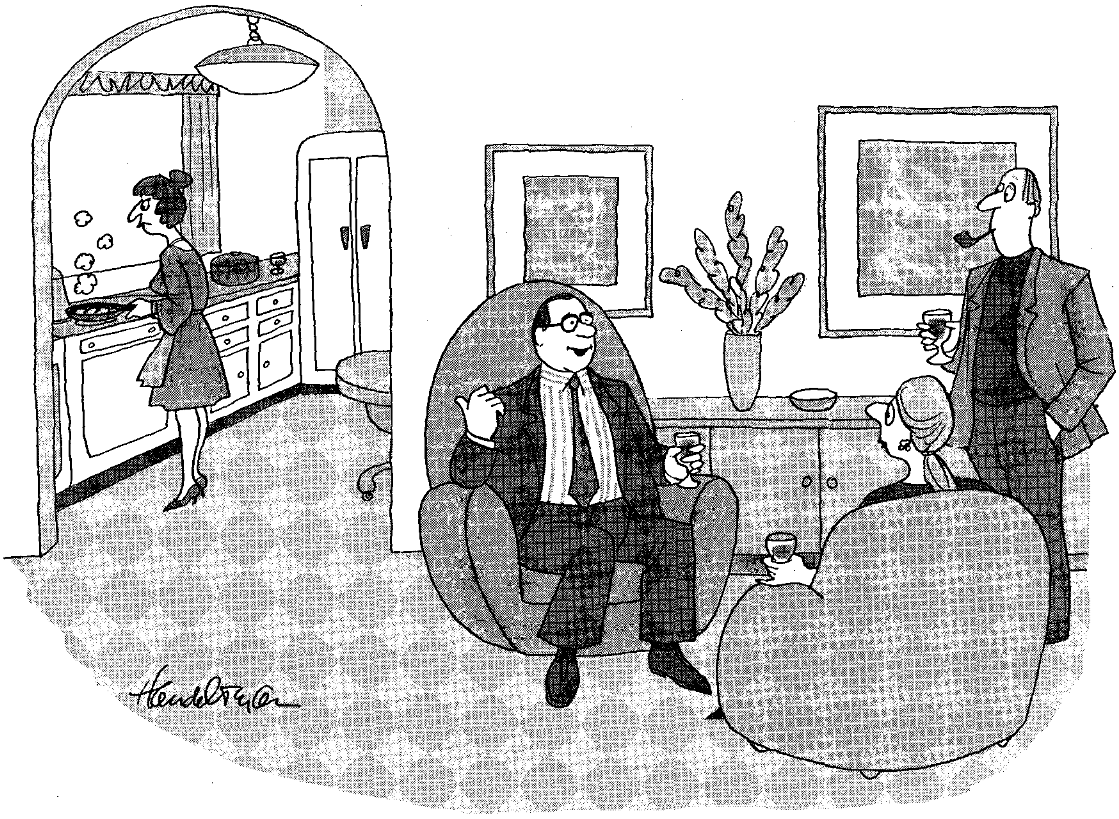
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend writes:

When I was in junior high, I spent the summers giving tours of the Battle Green in Lexington, Massachusetts, my home town. Sightseers arriving on tour buses who were allowed precisely enough time to snap a picture of the statue and buy some commemorative ashtrays would often ask us guides—easily identifiable, in our tricorne hats—offhand questions: “We were fighting the British, right?” or “What was it we were so upset about?” I knew the answers, but they didn’t make much difference to me, either. Compared with a country like, say, Poland, where events centuries old remain current in people’s minds and help shape their political views, Americans are not captives, and usually not even students, of history. What happened two hundred years ago or one hundred years ago or, really, any time before we were born has little bearing on the way we see the world. What counts in developing our individual politics, our opinions of the world, is what appears in the papers and on TV. And what counts most is the headlines that appeared, the events that took place, when we were growing up. It figures that people who came of age in the Depression are particularly vocal about financial security; those who grew up during the First World War tended toward unquestioning patriotism. It is not surprising that people my age—I’m twenty-two—have no illusions and quite a few doubts about American foreign policy. When we switched on the TV, the war in Vietnam stared back at us. Before very long—perhaps through the wiles of the “liberal media establishment” but more likely just from the currents of suburban thought—it was evident to us that Vietnam was wrong. This conclusion rested not on facts (though it later became clear, to me, that the facts supported it) but on some intuitive and very strong feeling—a feeling shared by almost everyone I knew who grew up at that time in a politically liberal, or even a politically moderate, household. Some of our parents may have been against the war, but they still must have been surprised by the vehemence of their youngsters, whom they knew to be uninformed. Since our parents grew up in other times, their view of Vietnam was more measured and more complicated. At first, the war seemed to fit flush with older ideas about America’s role in the world; then, when things went unmistakably sour in Indo-China, excruciating confusion arose about whether America’s ideals had been betrayed or whether they were ideals at all. But to us, who knew very little and cared less about the past, Vietnam was simply the sort of thing America did. And so, it seemed, were Chile and, later, El Salvador and half a dozen others. The overthrow of Allende, the support of Marcos and of Somoza—policies like these fitted perfectly into my mental picture of America’s role in the world, since that picture came from Vietnam. And by fitting the pattern, of course, they strengthened my belief in it.

On the other hand, even my strong ideas about the world were not seared into my mind; unlike those people a few years older, who had *lived* the sixties, I didn’t have to do anything about them, and so they remained ideas, and not guiding principles. And that, as it turns out, was a lucky thing, since my opinions, while not, I think, wrong, were incomplete. Human beings want to believe in *something*. Disillusioned with America’s foreign policy, some young people even decided that Soviet foreign policy was no worse. It was not an era of extreme antagonism between the two nations; conflict was overshadowed by détente, bear hugs, and vodka toasts. And parts of the American left harbored a number of illusions, just as the American left had harbored illusions during the nineteen-thirties. While there were plenty of books explaining it all, the gut reasoning went something like: if we are on the wrong side in Vietnam and in Chile and in Nicaragua, then the other side must be the better side. Luckily for my generation, though not for the people of Afghanistan and Poland, the Soviet Union decided to disabuse us of that notion before it was too late: before ideas became outlooks; before we were forced into a life of intellectual backflips, apologizing for the Soviets and explaining how, you know, they lost twenty million people in the Second World War, so they’re bound to be a little, you know, crude. It became increasingly clear that not only were our instincts about American foreign policy correct but the charges of a lot of people we were supposed to laugh at—right-wingers, they were called—also made sense. When the Soviets shot down the Korean jetliner earlier this month, then, it fitted into the pattern that Poland and Afghanistan had established in our minds, and that Stalin had established in the minds of our parents. While all the adjectives used by politicians to describe the downing of the aircraft—“unbelievable,” “senseless,” “inexplicable”—were correct, the incident also rang true. I didn’t say to myself, “Impossible! The Soviet government is *peace-loving*.” It shocked but it didn’t shock. A right-wing Georgia congressman, Newt Gingrich, said in an interview that night that America should apply some sanctions but that it should



"Margaret is a caring and welcoming person, but it's very low-keyed *caring and welcoming."*

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hold off on worrying about grain embargoes or about stopping cultural exchanges; rather, he said, we should reflect—so that we would never forget—on the lesson that the Soviets were capable of this sort of act. It was hard to argue with him.

But I, like a lot of people my age, have a problem that the Newt Gingriches of the world don't share. They possess an icon—the flag of the United States—in which they can place absolute political faith. Their image of America was fixed before Vietnam, and so its lessons never bothered them—at worst, the war in Indo-China was a mistake because we could not have won it. Those of us who absorbed other messages from Vietnam have no such comfort. We don't believe that America always acts for the best in the world, and we have no illusions about the Russians, either. It is not a tossup, of course: America, domestically, is a great country, and its foreign policy can perhaps be democratically altered, while the Soviet Union, internally, is a nightmare that seems unlikely to end. But on matters of foreign policy the Vietnam generation has no North Star to steer by. The "Korean-jetliner massacre" alarms us; so do the ongoing El Salvadoran-dissident massacres. If you wonder why there is so much cynicism and apathy among "young people today" (to judge from the op-ed pages, many people wonder this), part of the reason may be our particular knowledge of the world. Naturally, cynicism and apathy wouldn't have to be the result. With our knowledge of the bad on both sides, we could become the ultimate realists—we could shape a world in which both our foes and we ourselves could be restrained. And perhaps we still shall.

Diplomacy, however, may be becoming a less and less rational occupation. At least as far back as the Melian Dialogue during the Peloponnesian War, which did nothing to halt the Athenian seizure of Melos, diplomatic realists have scoffed at diplomatic idealists. Countries will always act in accordance with their interests, the theory goes; it is folly, and dangerous folly at that, to expect nations to act selflessly or nobly. A third possibility—that countries might not act in accordance with their interests but instead behave much worse than they rationally should—has not been much discussed. But in shooting down the jet the Soviets seem not to have been guided by the light of their interests: they've outraged nearly every government outside their direct control; they've squelched the momentum of those pressuring the West for an arms-control agreement; they've virtually assured the passage of additional funding for the MX missile and whatever else the Pentagon can dream up; and they've immeasurably strengthened the hand of the farthest-right ideologues in America and elsewhere. If their calculation of their interests puts more weight on shooting down a plane that may have been, at worst, spying on their defenses, it becomes difficult to believe that a mere manipulation of interests, a simple balancing of costs and benefits, will long remain an effective diplomatic method. Either the Russians are acting out of pure paranoia and backed-into-a-corner fury or their way of figuring what their interests are is substantially different from ours. In either case, how do we talk with them? And how many incidents like this will it take before we begin to exhibit precisely the same paranoia and skittishness? And then what will happen? It seems almost foolish to rant about grain embargoes and transport pacts in the wake of the incident; surely the Russians knew that this would be our reaction, and yet they went ahead and shot down the plane. One hopes that it was a mistake, and that the Russians will finally say so. Living in a world where no nation, including my own, stands for absolute and unquestioned good is discouraging enough. If reason begins to seep away, that discouragement will turn to just plain fear.

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Fourteenth Street

ONE: "This is called 'Precarious Notoriety,' " Patterson Sims said, indicating a canvas. On the canvas (hanging on a wall on the fourth floor of the Whitney Museum of American Art) were certain obscure but organic shapes. Patterson Sims, who is associate curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection, looked at the painting with an eye that was neither approving nor disapproving; it was an appraising eye. "There is an interest here in the *mutant being*," he said. "There is a connection, perhaps, with the world of Music Television. Music Television images are the highest form of art for enormous numbers of people. The artist is very young."

Patterson Sims, who has hung the show of which "Precarious Notoriety" is a part—"Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965"—is in his thirties. His eyes are very bright, and he has a reddish-blond beard, which disguises, he says, a weak chin. "There is a connection here with the Artschwager," he said, indicating "Precarious Notoriety" again. "Artschwager is an artist who has been important to other artists." He led us to another room, to see a work by Richard Artschwager entitled "Construction with Indentation."

"Minimalism to Expressionism" has been laid out in such a way that the early, Minimal works are to the left as one comes off the elevator at the fourth floor; the late, Expressionist works are to the right. Normally, one would walk through the show in a clockwise manner. "Precarious Notoriety" was to the right, in the Expressionist room. Artschwager's "Construction with Indentation" (of 1966) was to the left, in a room devoted to works that showed a first interest in taking steps away from the rigors of Minimalism. Patterson Sims walked from one room to the other (from "Precarious Notoriety" to "Construction with Indentation") in a lighthearted way. He is a very intelligent person and has taken great care in his work, so that many interesting connections were obvious to him. With us he discussed the connection he sees between "Precarious Notoriety," with its interest in the mutant being, and "Construction with Indentation," which was fabricated by the artist from plywood and a material called melamine laminate.

"Artschwager is important to certain young artists because of his interest in the synthetic," Patterson Sims said. "This work of his is made of something you would expect to see in an elevator. It is a synthetic burl wood. Because it is used in this way, there is an interest in the pattern: it has been raised to our attention; and there is a reference, I think, to the *treen*—to small, precious objects made of wood. Someone in this room might take his eye from 'Bound Logs,' by Jackie Winsor—boles wrapped in twine—to let it rest for a moment on John Duff's work 'White Wall Piece,' in which just a remnant of the wooden form in which the piece was made remains, and then let it stop, perplexed, for a second on the Richard Artschwager."

Patterson Sims went over to "Bound Logs" and showed us places where certain damage had begun to occur, naturally. "God or nature has caused the bark to fall off," he said. "Dry rot has set in. Jackie Winsor had to come back and nail or glue the bark onto the work. Dry rot is very bad on the left bole in the middle. This is not a work that will travel extensively. It will stay in the museum. When you visit Nam Paik, look at the street he lives on. Jackie Winsor lives there, and so do I. It isn't like other blocks in SoHo—not so clean. There is a metal roof, like a shed roof, hanging over a loading area near where I live and where Nam lives, and all sorts of homeless young men sleep there at night. They sleep in cardboard boxes. I ran into one last night, right outside my door. He was just setting up his box. 'See what a nice house I have?' he asked. He was so *articulate*."

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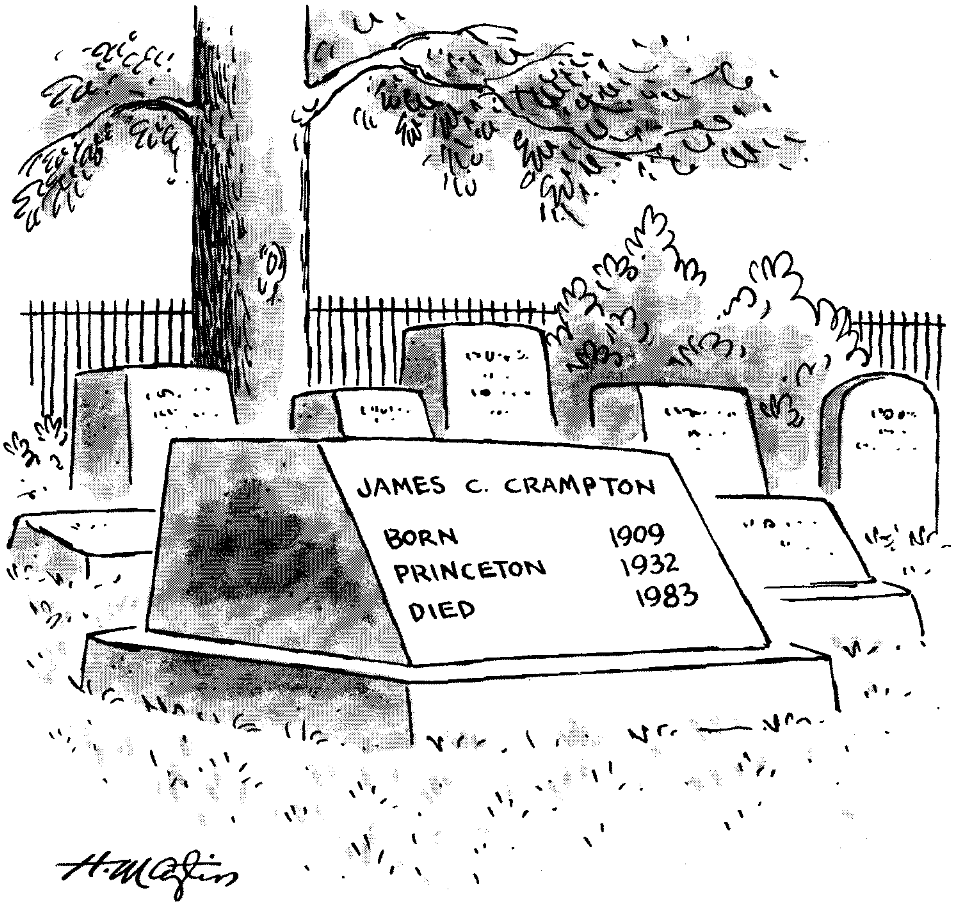
Two: We had mentioned to Patterson Sims that we had an especial interest in two pieces in the show: "The Meadow," by Bill Jensen, which seemed beautiful to us, and which made no reference to television life; and "V-yramid," by Nam June Paik, which was a tower of television sets. Of the Jensen piece, Patterson Sims said, "It is provincial in its Americanism; it is out of Dove and Hartley."

"V-yramid" consisted of forty television sets arranged in tiers of eight, according to size—large on the bottom, small on the top. The largest sets were Citek televisions, a brand we did not know. They were console sets, in a walnut veneer, with gold-tone hardware. An eight-and-a-half-minute videotape sequence played on the forty sets in the "V-yramid." A skater skated; a man in a yellow turtleneck sweater danced. Action took place; music played. It was interesting to notice a certain old-fashioned quality in the presentation. The yellow turtle-



neck sweater was worn by the dancing man not with the air of a person who has recently rediscovered yellow or turtleneck sweaters but with the air of a person who feels that turtleneck sweaters are a sensible sort of thing to wear. And his dancing was not up-to-date. "V-yramid" had been correctly placed (to our mind) in the room just before the room where "Precarious Notoriety" had been hung. That is, it was still observing television life; it had not entered into it, and knew nothing of mutant beings.

The street on which Nam June Paik lives does differ from other streets in SoHo. It is not so clean as some others, and there are no fashionable shops. Mr. Paik took us up to his living quarters in an elevator of a kind that was once common (it is activated by pulling on a rope) but long ago yielded to more modern devices. "The man came today and took away our license," Mr. Paik said. Mr. Paik is a small man, intense and friendly. He is in his early fifties. He is a Korean, a refugee. He was dressed haphazardly, in a manner that reflected the decorative scheme of the loft where he lives, which was filled with interesting objects, many of them old television sets. On a large worktable were papers heaped in confusion and also a shallow wicker basket filled with red tomatoes.

"You have a great many television sets," we said.

"I have some more hidden," Mr. Paik answered.

We asked about the Citek televisions in the "V-yramid." Was Citek a favorite kind of television set?

"No, an unknown brand," he said. "I bought them in a discount store on Fourteenth Street. We have problem if they break down. You sell art works to museums for three, four hundred years' life span. I told them I guarantee for one hundred years. I had four thousand dollars. I needed eight big color sets.

"I was a passionate fan of Japanese sumo wrestling. After I left Korea, I went to Japan in 1950. I was dying to see this live. I went to a department store. There were lots of television sets. I saw it was better than real. I went to the real place, but I could only afford very far. I have no television here. This is a cast-iron building—no antenna. When I go to motels on lecture tours, I can catch up. I am invited to talk about the future of cable. I have never seen it. I talk in Germany and professors' wives talk about 'Dallas.' I have not watched 'Dallas.' Still running?

"An image is much too defined. A word is abstract. You can say 'beautiful woman' for ten pages in different ways. The first ten pages of 'Anna Karenina' say 'beautiful woman' in different ways. In television, it is done in ten seconds. This means words are more strong, because abstract is much better.

"I am Korean, grew up in Chinese culture. Compare to Greek culture. If you have ten thousand phenomena, Greeks try to explain them in five thousand matters; then try to explain the five thousand matters with two hundred principles; then they have twenty-four formulas and then one theorem. Chinese absolutely the other way. There are fifty thousand word symbols. If you use two symbols to explain, that is fifty thousand times fifty thousand. Rich, too rich. Corruption is inherent in their culture. It's the reason I don't watch. TV is too slow. I can scan the *Times* in five minutes."

Mr. Paik put his hands all over the worktable, delving for papers. One at a time, sheets were found. "It is a project for January 1, 1984," he said. "You know French?" He handed us the papers. The first paper said:

Bonjour M. Orwell
Projet de transmission par satellite
1er janvier 1984

Another paper said:

Quelle est la relation entre cette transmission et George Orwell?

Ce n'est certainement pas un programme musical orienté sur George Orwell, ni un programme pédagogique sur sa vision du monde.

Notre relation avec la révolution des media est ambiguë, délicate et possède plusieurs aspects . . .

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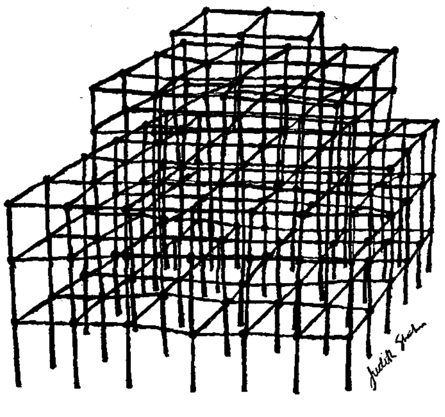
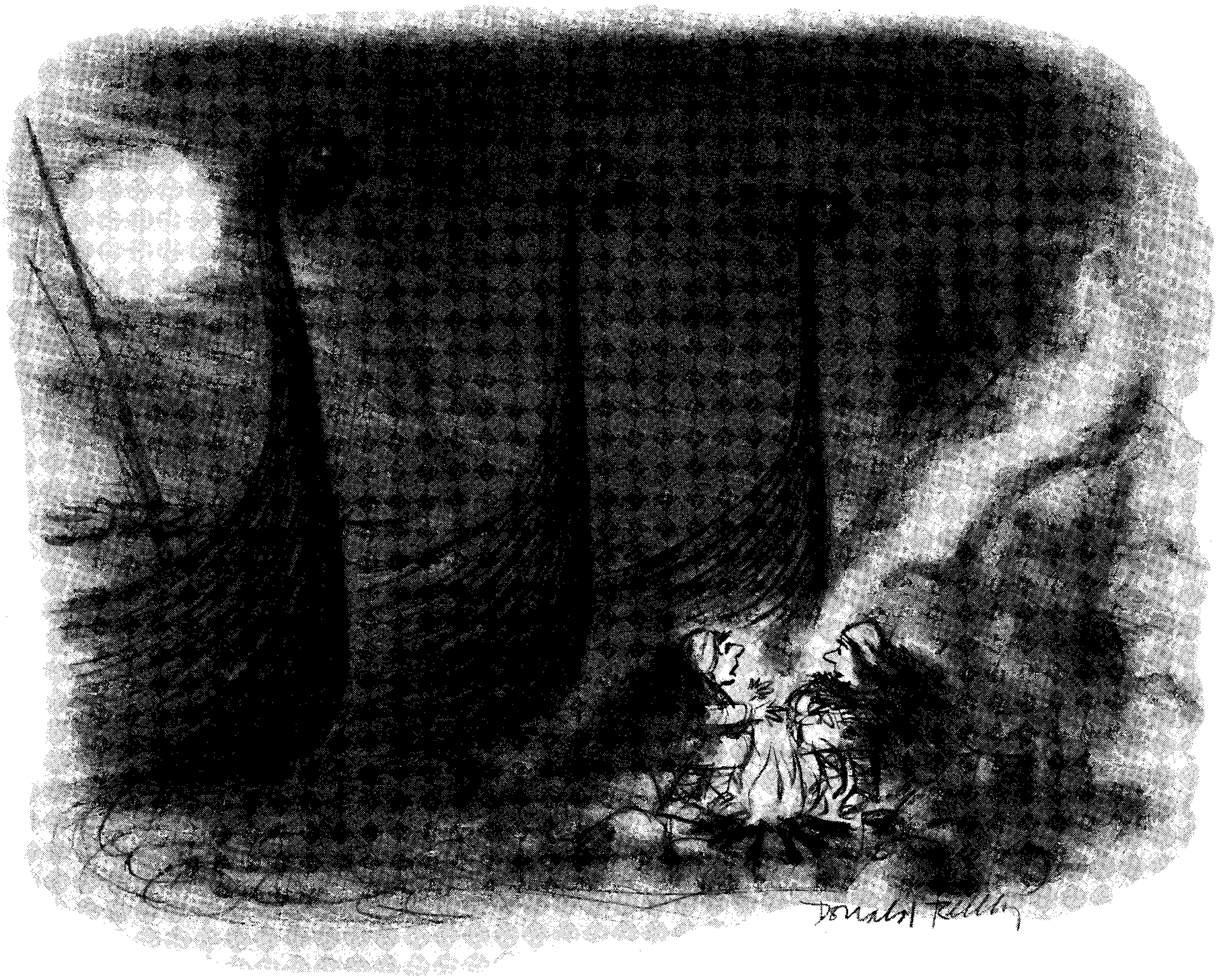
Three: The discount store where Nam June Paik bought the Citek color televisions upon which "V-yramid" rests is the Emgee store, on Fourteenth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues (north side). Looking in the windows of the Emgee store, shoppers can see a Citek twenty-five-inch color television on sale for $599.95. Also, they can see a pink-and-gold throne—a chair related in style to chairs formerly seen only in the Middle East. The Emgee store has an entrance recessed from the sidewalk. As one walks to the entrance, one is drawn to notice the goods in the show windows on either side. Goods are also present within the small area leading to the doorway. It is possible to sit on a piece of furniture that has been put here and look into the show window opposite. Recently, a person sitting on a sofa in the entranceway would have found himself next to a dinette set: a table with six chairs around it. The chairs had been chained to the table. The tabletop was of a burl-wood Formica, in a parquet design.



Hot Spot

John's tour of what was once the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion and will soon be Limelight, a dance club and "entertainment complex," begins at the front door, which opens onto the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street. "You come in right here, and the first thing you see is this plaque, which is left over from the church," John said. "Now, we're not tearing down this plaque. We're *spotlighting* it. We're not trying to be sacrilegious here. We're not knocking religion. O.K. Over here, there'll be a replica of a confessional booth, and that's where you'll pay your admission—I don't know yet how much it'll cost to get in. And through here you get your first view of the church. This is going to be our lobby, and it will have three computerized coat-check machines. Here, just outside the church proper, this will be a watering hole. The bar upstairs is going to be made out of old church furniture. It's going to be a historic place. And then you walk into the church itself, and that's the dance floor. This church was pretty great in its day—it has one of the most unusual ceilings around. But when we're done it's going to have one of the most unbelievable light shows you've ever seen. You see that huge stained-glass window with the picture of Jesus? With the holograms and lasers, we'll be able to make it seem like that figure is walking around in the air. Now, the



"Inevitably, I find, I fall in love with guys named Thor, and then, just as inevitably, I dump them."

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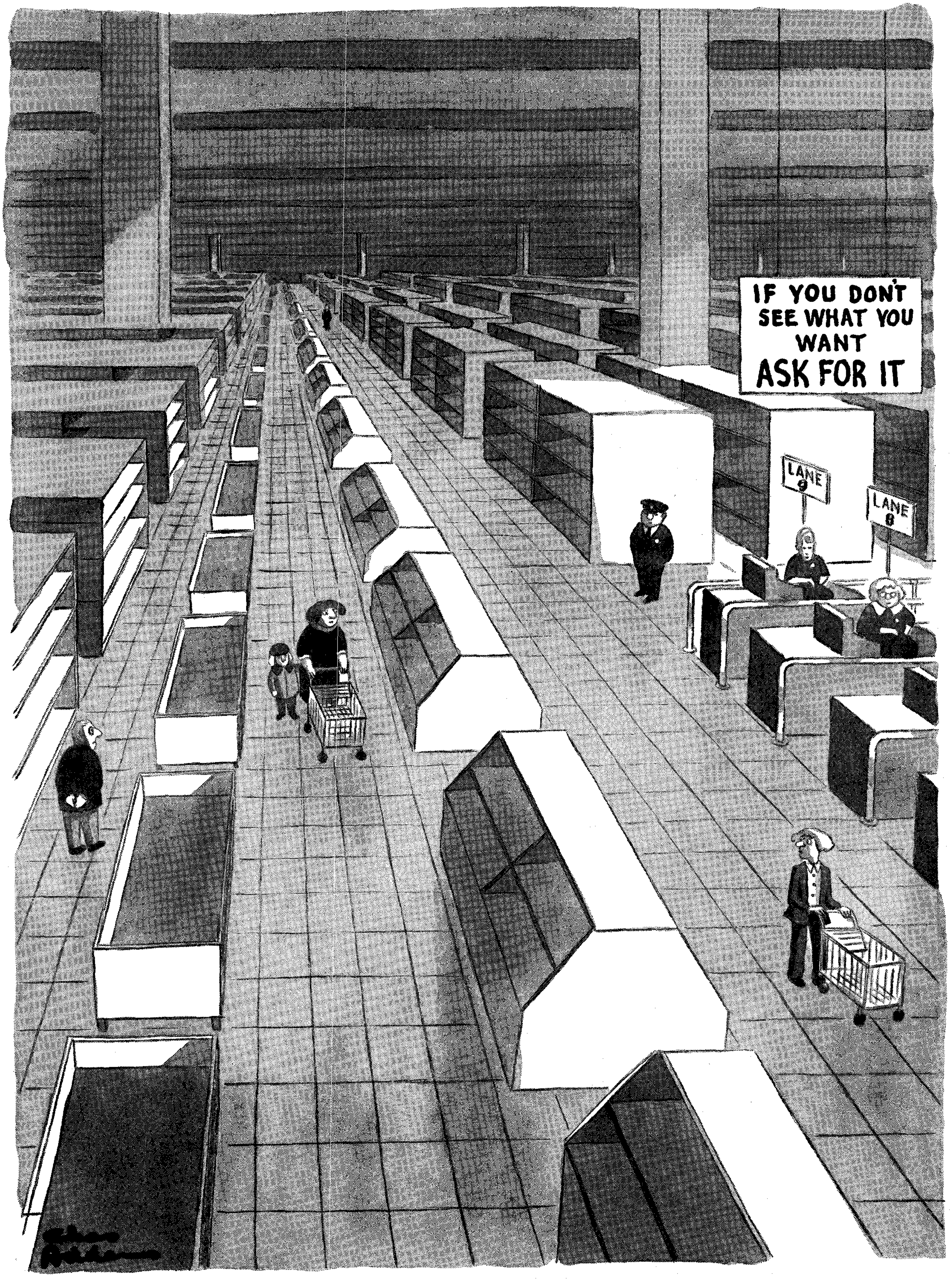
pipe organ is going to slide open on tracks to reveal the stage, and the altar is going to ride out on tracks. The altar lid will open and there'll be another unbelievable lighting system. We're not talking, you know, spinning satellites, like in discos. That's *old!* That's *done!* Here, the whole cathedral ceiling will light up in fibre lights. And then, using video technology and holograms, we'll make a giant face appear on the ceiling. And the face will look down and talk to you in 3-D. It'll be like you're wearing 3-D glasses, except you won't be. And then a huge sculpture of a face—I won't say it's an evil face, but it's pretty scary—will descend out of the ceiling, and the mouth will open, and this *lava* stuff will come out. And, meanwhile, the whole place will turn bright orange. Also, there are wind machines—hurricane machines, really. And they're installing earthquake machines, so the whole place will shake. Unbelievable!"

John is in charge of public relations for Limelight, which will do business under the slogan "A Blessing in Disguise." Limelight is the offspring of an Atlanta night club of the same name, which opened in 1980 to critical acclaim. "They called it the Studio 54 of the South," John said. "What was ultraspecial about it was that a large section of the dance floor was glass and it was above a huge tank. The first thing we had in the tank was a black panther. Then there was a gorilla, for our King Kong party. Now, don't worry—these animals were treated fine. Every fifteen minutes or so, we'd take them back to their cages. These were air-conditioned cages, with trainers and everything. Later on, we filled the tank with water and had live sharks swimming around. Also, we sometimes had mermaids and mermen."

Peter Gatien, the entrepreneur who built the Atlanta club, sold it and is now developing the Chelsea church. He told us he picked the building, which has been out of service for more than a decade, because of its architecture. "Churches have the best—the most careful—workmanship. They're great buildings." Renovation work, he added, should be complete by Halloween, when a man dressed as the hunchback of Notre Dame will climb the outer walls, the church bells will ring, and the doors will open to the dancing public.

"It was really tough for Peter to find a church to buy," John told us. "There were no other churches for sale in Manhattan. There was one synagogue—on East Seventy-ninth Street, I think—but there was no way to make it into a club. The people who were selling it wanted it to stay a synagogue."


IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT ASK FOR IT
LANE 9
LANE 8
Chas Addams

RUE DE LILLE

MY second wife, Juliette, died in the apartment on Rue de Lille, where she had lived—at first alone, more or less, then with me—since the end of the war. All the rooms gave onto the ivy-hung well of a court, and were for that reason dark. We often talked about looking for a brighter flat, on a top floor with southern exposure and a wide terrace, but Parisians seldom move until they're driven to. "We know the worst of what we've got," we told each other. "It's better than a bad surprise."

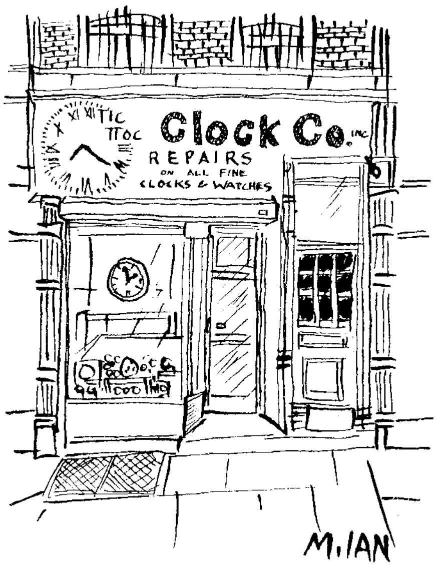
"And what about your books?" Juliette would add. "It would take you months to get them packed, and in the new place you'd never get them sorted." I would see myself as Juliette saw me, crouched over a slanting, shaking stack of volumes piled on a strange floor, cursing and swearing as I tried to pry out a dictionary. "Just the same, I don't intend to die here," she also said.

I once knew someone who believed drowning might be easy, even pleasant, until he almost drowned by accident. Juliette's father was a colonel who expected to die in battle or to be shot by a German firing squad, but he died of typhus in a concentration camp. I had once, long ago, imagined for myself a clandestine burial with full honors after some Resistance feat, but all I got out of the war was a few fractures and a broken nose in a motorcycle accident.

Juliette had thirty-seven years of blacked-out winter mornings in Rue de Lille. She was a few days short of her sixtieth birthday when I found her stretched out on the floor of our bedroom, a hand slackened on a flashlight. She had been trying to see under a chest of drawers, and her heart stopped. (Later, I pulled the chest away from the wall and discovered a five-franc coin.) Her gray-and-dark hair, which had grown soft and wayward with age, was tied back with a narrow satin ribbon. She looked more girlish than at any time since I'd first met her. (She fell in love with me young.) She wore a pleated flannel skirt, a tailored blouse, and one of the thick cardigans with gilt buttons she used to knit while watching television. She had been trained to believe that to look or to listen quietly is to do nothing; she would hum along with music, to show she wasn't idle. She was discreet, she was generous to a sensible degree, she was anything but contentious. I often heard her remark, a trifle worriedly, that she was never bored. She was faithful, if "faithful" means avoiding the acknowledged forms of trouble. She was patient. I know she was good. Any devoted male friend, any lover, any husband would have shown up beside her as selfish, irritable, even cruel. She displayed so little of the ordinary kinds of jealousy, the plain marital do-you-often-have-lunch-with-her? sort, that I once asked her if she had a piece missing.

"Whoever takes this place over," she said, when we spoke of moving, "will be staggered by the size of the electricity bills." (Juliette paid them; I looked after a number of other things.) We had to keep the lights turned on all day in winter. The apartment was L-shaped, bent round two sides of a court, like a train making a sharp turn. From our studies, at opposite ends of the train, we could look out and see the comforting glow of each other's working life, a lamp behind a window. Juliette would be giving some American novel a staunch, steady translation; I might be getting into shape my five-hour television series, "Stendhal and the Italian Experience," which was to win an award in Japan.

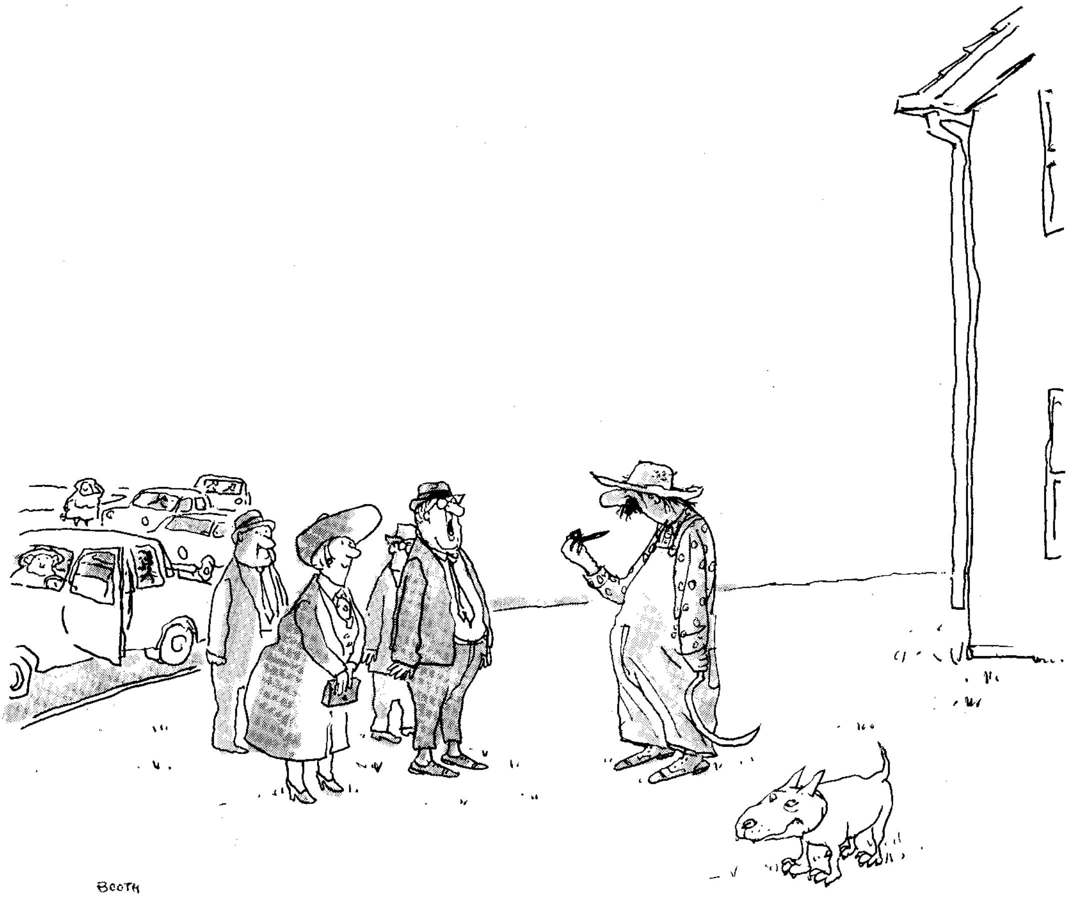
We were together for a duration of time I daren't measure against the expanse of Juliette's life; it would give me the feeling that I had decamped to a height of land, a survivor's eminence, so as to survey the point at which our lives crossed and mingled and began to move in the same direction: a long, narrow reach of time in the Rue de Lille. It must be the washy, indefinite colorations of blue that carpeted, papered, and covered floors, walls, and furniture and shaded our lamps which cast over that reach the tone of a short season. I am thinking of the patches of distant, neutral blue that appear over Paris in late spring, when it is still wet and cold in the street and tourists have come too early. The tourists shelter in doorways, trying to read their soaked maps, perennially unprepared in their jeans and thin jackets. Overhead, there are scrapings of a color that carries no threat and promises all.



That choice, Juliette's preference, I sometimes put down to her Calvinist sobriety—call it a temperament—and sometimes to a refinement of her Huguenot taste. When I was feeling tired or impatient, I complained that I had been consigned to a Protestant Heaven by an arbitrary traffic cop, and that I was better suited to a pagan Hell. Again, as I looked round our dining-room table at the calm, clever faces of old friends of Juliette's family, at their competent and unassuming wives, I saw what folly it might be to set such people against a background of buttercup yellow or apple green. The soft clicking of their upper-class Protestant consonants made conversation distant and neutral, too. It was a voice that had puzzled me the first time I'd heard it from Juliette. I had supposed, mistakenly, that she was trying it on for effect; but she was wholly natural.

THE sixteenth-century map of Paris I bought for her birthday is still at the framer's; I sent a check but never picked it up. I destroyed her private correspondence without reading it, and gave armfuls of clothes away to a Protestant charity. To the personal notice of her death in *Le Monde* was attached a brief mention of her father, a hero of the Resistance for whom suburban streets are named; and of her career as a respected translator, responsible for having introduced postwar American literature to French readers; and of her husband, the well-known radio and television interviewer and writer, who survived her.

Another person to survive her was my first wife. One night when Juliette and I were drinking coffee in the little sitting room where she received her



"The Yard of the Month for August has been chosen by the Mount Purvis Garden Club. The winner is Mrs. Ruth Easton-Smith. The club has also chosen your yard, Mr. Brindlehope, to receive honorable mention. Both yards will be announced in the 'Mount Purvis Call.'"

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women friends, and where we watched television, Juliette said, again, "But how much of what she says does she believe? About her Catholicism, and all those fantasies running round in her head—that she is your true and only wife, that your marriage is registered in Heaven, that you and she will be together in another world?"

"Those are things people put in letters," I said. "They sit down alone and pour it out. It's sincere at that moment. I don't know why she would suddenly be *in*sincere."

"After all the trouble she's made," said Juliette. She meant that for many years my wife would not let me divorce.

"She couldn't help that," I said.

"How do you know?"

"I don't know. It's what I think. I hardly knew her."

"You must have known *something*."

"I haven't seen her more than three or four times in the last thirty-odd years, since I started living with you."

"What do you mean?" said Juliette. "You saw her just once, with me. We had lunch. You backed off asking for the divorce."

"You can't ask for a divorce at lunch. It had to be done by mail."

"And since then she hasn't stopped writing," said Juliette. "Do you mean three or four times, or do you mean once?"

I said, "Once, probably. Probably just that once."

Viewing me at close range, as if I were a novel she had to translate, Juliette replied that one ought to be spared unexpected visions. Just now, it was as if three walls of the court outside had been bombed flat. Through a bright new gap she saw straight through to my first marriage. We—my first wife and I—postured in the distance, like characters in fiction.

I had recently taken part in a panel discussion, taped for television, on the theme "What Literature, for Which Readers, at Whose Price?" I turned away from Juliette and switched on the set, about ten minutes too early. Juliette put the empty cups and the coffeepot on a tray she had picked up in Milan, the summer I was researching the Stendhal, and carried the tray down the dim passage to the kitchen. I watched the tag end of the late news. It must have been during the spring of 1976. Because of the energy crisis, daylight saving had been established. Like any novelty, it was deeply upsetting. People said they could no longer digest their food or be nice to their children, and that they needed sedation to help them through the altered day. A doctor was interviewed; he advised a light diet and early bed until mind and body adjusted to the change.

I turned, smiling, to where Juliette should have been. My program came on then, and I watched myself making a few points before I got up and went to find her. She was in the kitchen, standing in the dark, clutching the edge of the sink. She did not move when I turned the light on. I put my arms around her, and we came back to her sitting room and watched the rest of the program together. She was knitting squares of wool to be sewn together to make a blanket; there was always, somewhere, a flood or an earthquake or a flow of refugees, and those who outlasted jeopardy had to be covered.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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THE GREENE CLUB

WHEN Edward Jones awakened in the morning, he was thinking about Moo Moo Baker. When Lila Codman called on the telephone, he asked her, "How do you . . . what are the best circumstances under which . . . how does a person see Moo Moo Baker?"

Lila said, "If I knew the answer to that, I'd be the unhappiest girl in New York." Then, seeing that Eddie really wanted an answer, she said, "Moo Moo plays bridge."

Eddie spent the day with cards. He went into a carved box and took out several old decks. He looked carefully at the backs: an Iroquois squaw with a rising sun behind her (he knew she was an Iroquois because it said "Iroquois" there quite plainly in gold letters); an English garden; and a spray of gladiolas. He chose the squaw. He held her in his hand. He looked past her. Troublemaker, he thought; he meant Moo Moo Baker, not the squaw.

He pulled a cherry drop-leaf table out into the center of the room and pulled one of his Adam-Sheraton chairs up to it. He sat quite comfortably in the chair, shuffled and dealt the cards: four hands. "Bridge," he said out loud. "Imagine."

When Eddie called up Moo Moo Baker, he said, "Oh, Moo Moo, I'm so glad to find you in. I have a favor to ask. I'm *not* going away this winter, and I'm feeling a little impatient with myself for not doing more, and I've had the thought that what I'd like best would be to start playing bridge seriously."

"Naturally," Moo Moo said.

Eddie was a little surprised by this response, but he had the presence of mind not to show it.

"And naturally you, Moo Moo," he said, noticing the rhyme, "naturally *you* . . ."

"Are you good?" Moo Moo asked, ruthless.

"Oh, *yes*," Eddie said.

"The best people play at the Greene Club. That's where I always play."

"Oh?"

"Are you very good, or just good?" Moo Moo asked.

"Oh, well," Eddie said. "*Very* good."

AND so Eddie found himself that evening at the Greene Club. He was not entirely prepared for what he saw. He saw Alice Cuyler, who had pushed (or had not pushed) the head of her young husband, Freddy "Kip" Cuyler, underwater and held it there (or not) until he drowned (he did drown). He saw the Johnny Bassets and the Winthrop Reenys and Van Aspair and several score more people, all of whom seemed to be on a kind of cruise, the Greene Club being the ship. *Dangerous*, Eddie thought. Then he thought, *One step below charity*. And, indeed, as he looked around the room he saw that it was filled with exactly those people whose names used to appear on invitations to charity dances but no longer did appear there.

Everything looked familiar, but here familiarity was not a source of comfort. They were in a social hour during which sherry was passed around (not everyone took it; only Van Aspair took more than one; most people sipped sparingly, so as not to dull their competitive edge), and it felt like something organized at a school or a spa. And it wasn't just the spirit of organization that seemed familiar; the artifacts were familiar, too: the sherry glasses and the tray, and the maid, who was surely the old crone who used to serve so badly at Mrs. Jimmy Derring's. It was as though he had died and *not* gone to Heaven. He was in the wrong place, he felt.

The inmates of the Greene Club had just the opposite opinion. Alice Cuyler gave him a kiss. Sally Reeny waved from across the room and then came almost at a run. And yet in their enthusiasm Eddie saw, with dismay, there was no element of surprise. We knew you'd show up, their manner seemed to say; it was only a question of when.

He was uncomfortable. He was compelled to witness the destruction of one of his favorite ideas: I can go anywhere. It was shown to be prideful. No, no, I can't, Eddie thought. I can't be here. He *was* there nevertheless.

He found himself in a stagnant calm, a heavy atmosphere that muffled his liveliness. He did not seek to make connections, as he was used to doing. He came across a piece of information and his urge was to leave it where it was. The house, for instance. It was large, neo-Georgian. He thought, Who built it? He could not help thinking this much, but then he stopped. He thought this much and put the rest aside.

He asked no question. He did not ask Winthrop Reeny about his brother Smith Reeny or his sister Mrs. John

I COULDN'T AGREE MORE

Clark Kane, or about his mother in Bernardsville, New Jersey. (Still ride with the hunt? At her age? Imagine!) He did not ask Van Aspair how his cousin Sophie was, and certainly he did not ask Alice Cuyler any question, since any question put to her would come out *Did you hold his head underwater until he drowned?*

Keep still, he said to himself. *Stand still*. And he did.

After a time, everyone marched out of the room they were in and into a larger room—a ballroom, it must have been—where tables had been set up (perhaps they did not ever come *down*).

The room had the smell of an examination room, which is the smell generated by the mechanical linking of person to person within competitive experience. And it had the same hush, the unquiet silence within which schemes in the mind work urgently without talk.

Eddie was thrown off. And he was thrown off by the number of people in the room. The room was vast. There seemed to be hundreds of people in it. And what the people were playing was *duplicate bridge*—the same hands dealt around to different partnerships, so that everyone would have the same experience by the end. Everything revealed. Perfect justice. No mitigation.

He played almost badly. That is, on those occasions when he played a hand he did well, but the bidding was confusing to him. Systems he did not know were in force, and he imagined—what? That he saw small signals pass around the table that looked like cheating. He had thought (remnant of old assumptions) that Moo Moo would make him her partner for the evening, or that she would see to it that they played together at first, so that he might be at ease, but no such thing happened. He saw that his *strategy*—by which he would enter into some attractive activity with Moo Moo (who was an active girl) and seek then (within the benign atmosphere of an attractive activity) to affect Moo Moo's course of action with regard to his friend Henry Fourt—*had not only* come undone but had been replaced by another scheme, in which he would find not help for his friend but humiliation for himself. *Serves me right*, he thought.

Just then, seeing with some clarity the limits of what he could expect to achieve by strategy, he found himself breathing air from which all elements apart from *strategy* and *tactics* had been removed. He settled into it.

THE NEW SADDHUS

Barefoot, in unaccustomed clouts or skirts of raw muslin,
With new tin cup, rattle or scroll held in diffident hands
Stripped of the familiar cuffs, rings, watches, the new holy-men

Avoid looking at their farewelling families, an elaborate
Feigned concentration stretched over their self-consciousness and terror,
Like small boys nervous on the first day of baseball tryouts.

Fearful exalted Coptic tradesman; Swedish trucker; Palestinian doctor;
The Irish works foreman and the Lutheran optometrist from St. Paul:
They line up smirking or scowling, feeling silly, determined,

All putting aside the finite piercing restlessness of men
Who in this world have provided for their generation: O they have
Swallowed their wives' girlhoods and their children's dentistry,

Dowries and tuitions. And grown fat with swallowing they line up
Endless as the Ganges or the piles of old newspapers at the dumps,
Which may be blankets for them now; intense and bathetic

As the founders of lodges, they will overcome fatigue, self-pity, desire,
O Lords of mystery, to stare endlessly at the sun till the last
Red retinal ghost of actual sight is burned utterly away,

And still turn eyes that see no more than the forehead can see
Daily and all day toward the first faint heat of the morning.
Ready O Lords to carry one kilo of sand more each month,

More weight and more, so the fabulous thick mortified muscles
Lurch and bulge under an impossible tonnage of stupid,
Particulate inertia, and still O Lords ready, men and not women

And not young men, but the respectable, unholy Pict, Marxist,
And Rotarian, chanting and shuffling in place a little now
Like their own pimply, reformed-addict children, as they put aside

The garb, gear, manners and bottomless desires of their completed
Responsibilities; they are a shambles of a comic drill-team
But holy, holy—holy, becoming their own animate worshipful

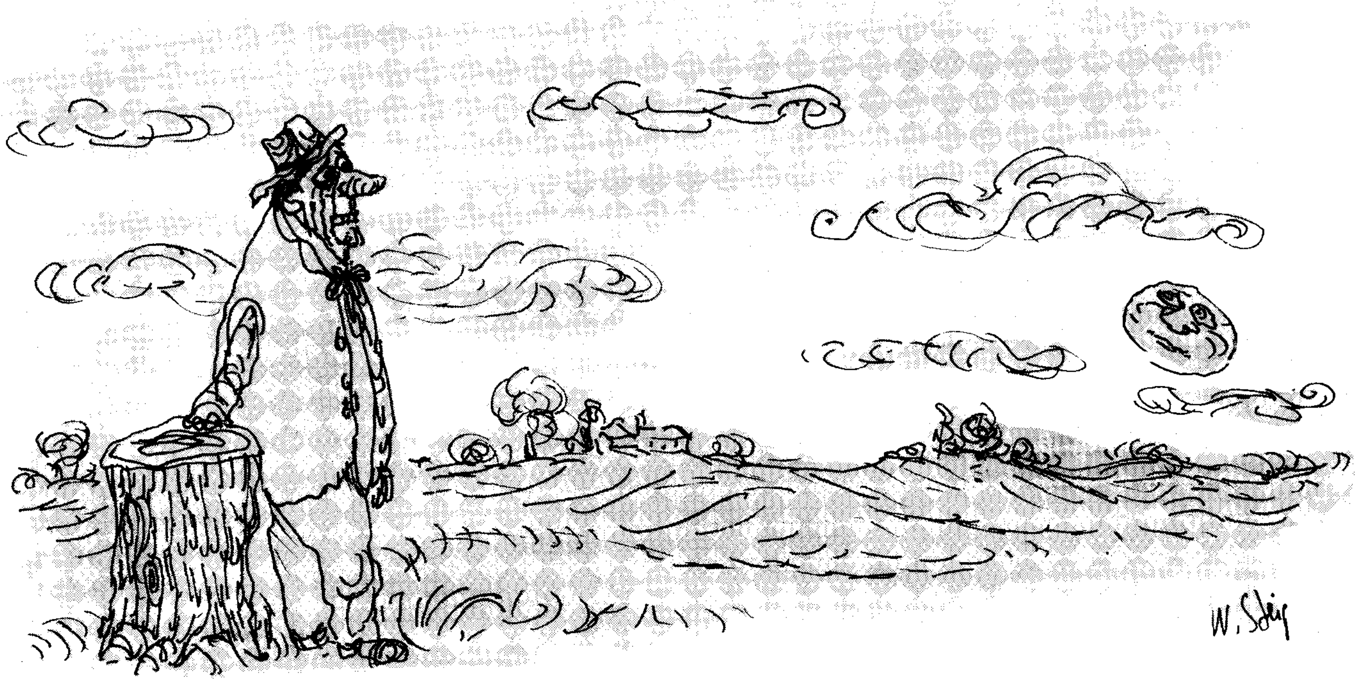
Soon all but genderless flesh, a cooked sanctified recklessness—
O the old marks of elastic, leather, metal razors, callusing tools,
Pack straps and belts, fading from their embarrassed bodies!

—Robert Pinsky

• •

He found himself, in time, at a table with Moo Moo. He found himself suddenly afraid. He listened. There was a small *crack*. Imperceptible. He played badly. Was there a slight list? He left his cabin and found his friend Henry Fourt in the corridor. Henry said that he had heard two officers conversing together and that the ship had apparently hit an iceberg. He and Henry Fourt swore to stick together through thick and thin and went together to A deck. Men and women were gathered there, some in life preservers. (They put them on reluctantly, or with humor, playing the situation down.) One man handed up a bit of ice (from the iceberg) and said, "Here, you'd better keep this as a souvenir."

He overbid. He saw Moo Moo and her partner cheat (little hiccups in



The Evening Sun Going Down

• •

speech were their signal) and arrive at the perfect bid.

Senator Smith: What did you do then? What was your response?

Edward Jones: I overbid.

Senator Smith: What was your purpose?

Edward Jones: I didn't want them to get the contract.

Senator Smith: That was all?

Edward Jones: That was all.

Senator Smith: What did you do then?

Edward Jones: I asked a question and had a thought.

Senator Smith: What was the question? Of whom did you ask it?

Edward Jones: The question was "Moo Moo, is your Aunt Lizzie going to Florida with Henry any time soon, or will they be in New York for a while?"

Senator Smith: And the question was directed to Moo Moo Baker?

Edward Jones: That is correct.

Senator Smith: Did she make a response?

Edward Jones: She did.

Senator Smith: Can you tell us what she said?

Edward Jones: She said, "Yes, she'll go to Florida, all right, but not with that boring old fairy."

Senator Smith: Those were her exact words?

Edward Jones: Those were her exact words.

Senator Smith: Can you describe the situation aboard ship at this time?

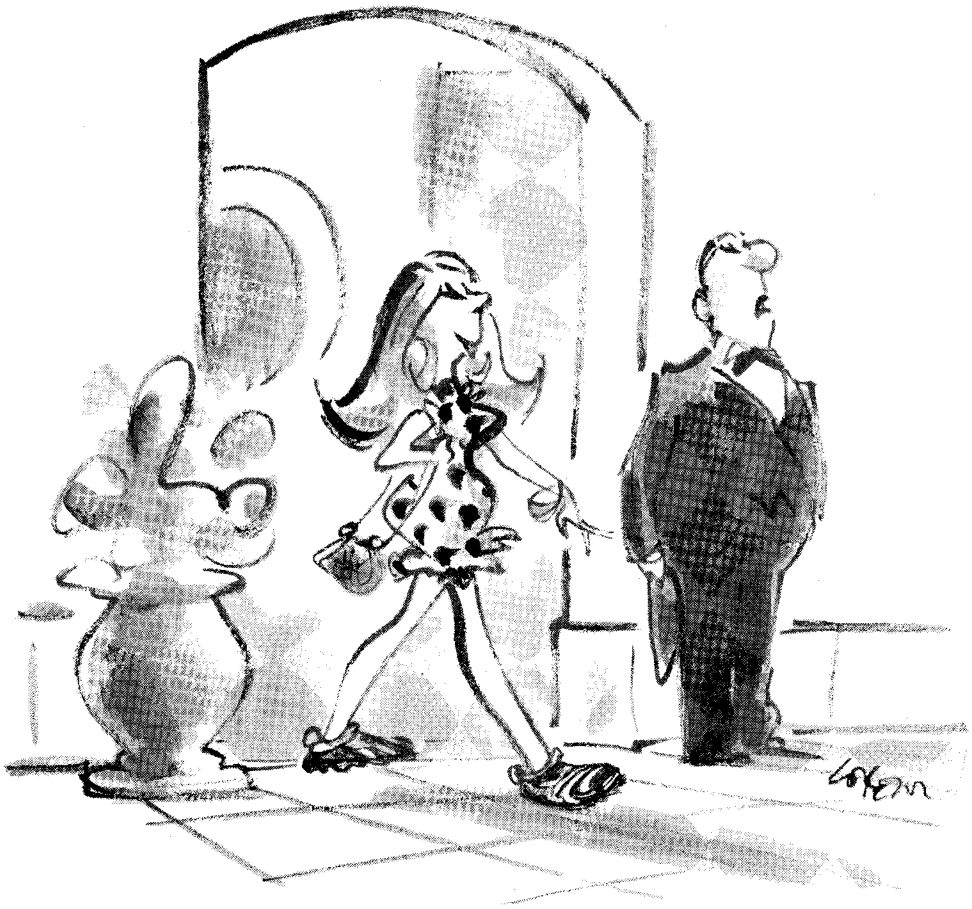
Edward Jones: We had begun to list quite badly. One lifeboat was ready to be lowered, and it seemed to be crowded with men, although there had been a line drawn beyond which only women and children were supposed to go. Van Aspair was in this boat with Mr. Winthrop Reeny, and many others whom I did not know, but Mr. Aspair seemed to want to get off.

Senator Smith: Wanted to get off? To give his place to a woman?

Edward Jones: No. I do not think that was his reason. He said in my hearing that he didn't want to be in the same boat with a lot of kikes. That was his expression.

Senator Smith: Can you describe your actions as the ship began to list?

Edward Jones: Well, as I say, I decided to stick by my friend Henry Fourt. We set off together to see if we could be of any help in launching the lifeboats. Four ladies in particular, whom we had got to know well—Miss Brown (her mother was a Miss Mann, from Troy, a friend of my mother's); Miss Derwer, from Baltimore (her grandmother was a Carroll, of Carrollton); Miss Granger, from Boston, whom I didn't know, but she was a friend of Miss Brown's; and Miss Samantha Young, an acquaintance of Henry Fourt's—we took a special responsibility for, and we saw them into a lifeboat that was being lowered off the port side. We worked on more boats on the port side, and then the call came "All to starboard," because the ship was listing so badly to port, and we went together to the starboard side, and we were quite surprised to see our four friends there. They had not got into the boat after all, or there had been some kind of trouble. Then we heard that there was still room in a boat being lowered on the port side, and we took them there, and they did make it safely this time. We returned to starboard, and by this time the ship was sinking, and we saw that we must go down with her, but what was terrifying was that suddenly there appeared a mass of humanity—men, women, and children—and we had assumed that the women and children were off, but here was this surge of humanity—men, women, and children—screaming, and up to this point, Senator, there had been no screaming. The water was then right beside us. The only thing above us was the hurricane deck. Mr. Fourt and I jumped to try to reach the deck. We were unsuccessful. Then the wave came and struck us; the water came and struck us, and then I rose as I would rise in bathing in the surf, and I gave a jump



"The scrumptious Lola Rawlings and her ridiculous running shoes."

• •

with the water, which took me right onto the hurricane deck, and around that was an iron railing, and I grabbed that iron railing and held tight to it; and I looked around, and the same wave that had saved me had engulfed everybody around me. I turned to the right and to the left and looked. Mr. Fourt was not there, and I could not see any of this vast mass of humanity. They had all disappeared. I was taken down with the ship, hanging on to that railing, but I soon let go. I felt myself whirled around, swam underwater, fearful that the hot water that came up from the boilers might boil me up—swam, it seemed to me, with unusual strength—and succeeded finally in reaching the surface and in getting a good distance away from the ship.

Senator Smith: How far away?

Edward Jones: I could not say, because I could not see the ship. When I came up to the surface, there was no ship there. The ship would have been behind me, and all around me was wreckage. I saw what seemed to be bodies all around. Do you want me to go through the harrowing details?

Senator Smith: Yes.

Edward Jones: The worst was Alice Cuyler. She was on a raft—some kind of crate—and she was holding the head of her husband under the water and shrieking.

Senator Smith: What was she shrieking?

Edward Jones: That she had never liked him, ever.

Senator Smith: And what was Moo Moo Baker doing during this time?

Edward Jones: Waiting for me to play from my hand.

Senator Smith: And did you say anything to her?

Edward Jones: I did. I said, "Of course, Moo Moo, you're perfectly right. Henry is, from a certain point of view, a boring old fairy, exactly as you say," and then I paused and looked at my hand, and then I said, "Of course, someone who had been to Fragattzi's for the show and had seen his work there might have said that he was an *artist*, or at least a good draftsman," and then, in rather a matter-of-fact, offhand tone, I asked, "Have you been to Fragattzi's recently? They've done it up awfully well. The new man knows his stuff." And then I said, "And someone who had seen him last winter with Lizzie when she was so sick . . ." and I let that trail off.

Senator Smith: Was anything occurring during the time you delivered this speech?

Edward Jones: I was playing spades.

Senator Smith: And did anything else occur, while you were playing spades? Anything unusual or remarkable?

Edward Jones: Yes, Senator.

Senator Smith: Could you describe what happened?

Edward Jones: The spirits of the dead surrounded me and tried to comfort me.

Senator Smith: Which spirits, exactly?

Edward Jones: Kip Cuyler and Eleanor Brady, who was Van Aspair's first wife, and who was bullied awfully by him; and Johannes Aspair IV, who was so young when he drowned, and who was the hope of his family.

Senator Smith: And did they comfort you?

Edward Jones: Oh, yes. Kip Cuyler stroked my brow.

Senator Smith: Anything else?

Edward Jones: He told me to double-finesse.

Senator Smith: To double-finesse?

Edward Jones: Yes. He said Moo Moo had both the king and the jack.

Senator Smith: Did she?

Edward Jones: Yes.

Senator Smith: So you made the contract?

Edward Jones: Yes.

Senator Smith: Did you make any remark during this time, apart from discussing Henry Fourt?

Edward Jones: You mean about making the contract?

Senator Smith: Yes.

Edward Jones: I just said, "Oh, Moo Moo, did you have both the king *and* the jack? How lucky for us."

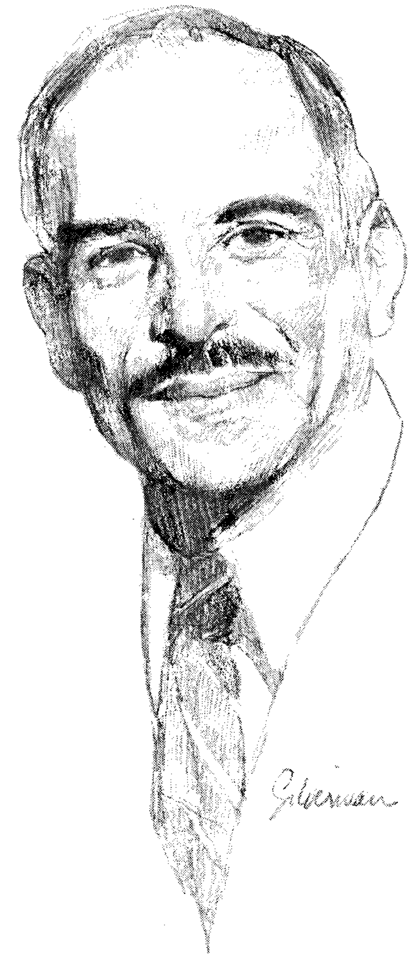
Senator Smith: Very restrained. By the way, you mentioned having a thought, as well as a question, as all this began. What was the thought?

Edward Jones: I thought, *This is very bad form, from their point of view.* You see, they don't generally talk much at these gatherings.

—George W. S. Trow

PROFILES

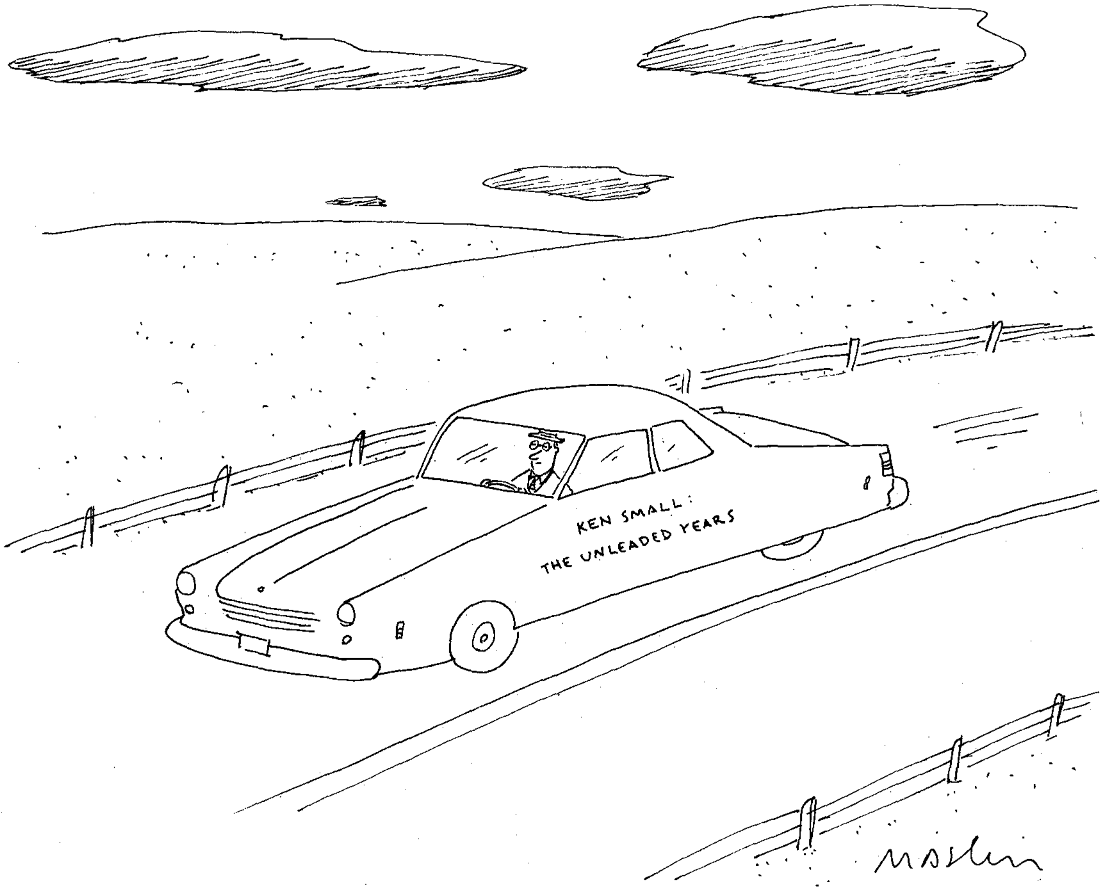
MONARCH



AGAINST the odds, Hussein bin Talal, King of Jordan, who was for many years the most insecure of leaders in the Middle East, now rules with as much authority as any of them. He has managed—so far, at least—to survive the singular weaknesses and vulnerabilities of his realm and a procession of political crises, conspiracies, and attempts on his life that these have inspired. Along the way, he has acquired a credibility and a stature that have allowed him to become the major force for moderation in a region steeped in immoderation. At forty-seven, having been on the political scene longer than any other leader, Hussein is also the world's senior statesman. He became king in August of 1952, at the age of sixteen, when his father, King Talal, was obliged to abdicate because of illness. Hussein has worked with seven American Presidents, beginning with Dwight D. Eisenhower, and nine Secretaries of State. Winston Churchill was Britain's Prime Minister when Hussein's political career began, and Joseph Stalin ruled in Russia. General Charles de Gaulle's exile at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises was to last six more years. Hussein survived or outlasted all those leaders, not to mention two modern Pharaohs—Gamal Abdel Nasser and Anwar Sadat—who, between them, ruled Egypt for more than twenty-seven years; Hussein had been king for nearly two years when Nasser, from whom he endured abusive treatment but whom he came to admire and respect, seized power in Egypt. The only senior official of any government who has been involved with the world's affairs nearly as long as Hussein is Andrei Gromyko, now seventy-four, who has been Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union for twenty-six years. He and Hussein know each other very well.

Hussein's experience and his generally sensible management of Jordan's affairs have strengthened him, but his role is a lonely and difficult one—and perhaps ultimately a futile one. He is beset by forces that he has thus far managed to contain but cannot neutralize. His main problem, of course, is Israel: more exactly, its military occupation and colonization of the West Bank of the Jordan River—an area that was part of Hussein's realm until the Six-Day War, in 1967, when Israel seized it along with the Gaza Strip, to the south, and the Sinai Peninsula (which has since been restored to Egypt, under the Camp David agreements of 1978). Nearly a million Palestinian Arabs who live on the West Bank and in East Jerusalem, which Israel annexed, are still Jordanian citizens. They and their land have become the focus of "the Palestine problem." The strategic hills and fertile plains of Palestine, a territory lying between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea, have been fought over since before the time of Moses, and have passed through the hands of numerous empires—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman. The rule of Rome ended with the Muslim conquest in 636. After being temporarily reoccupied by Christians in the twelfth century, Palestine was ruled by various Arab dynasties until the sixteenth century, when the Ottoman Turks invaded and conquered the entire Middle East; they remained there until the First World War, when they were tossed out. Eleven Arab states and Israel eventually emerged from the ruins of the Ottoman Empire, with most of Palestine having fallen to Israel when the fighting between Jews and Arabs ended, in 1949. A large majority of the Palestinians who fled from the fighting, together with those who left after the Six-Day War, settled in Jordan. More than a million of them live there now; they constitute roughly half of the population—about two and a half million—of the East Bank. The Palestinians are a dynamic people, and they are another of the forces that Hussein has had to contain.

Proximity has obliged Hussein to be realistic about Israel—more so than most other Arab leaders, some of whom are free to insist on the toughest possible line toward the common enemy, because their frontiers are well away from the zone of confrontation. But most Jordanians, the Palestinian community included, have been reconciled for some time to Israel as a permanent piece of the Middle Eastern mosaic. They would support formal recognition of Israel's sovereign status (within the old boundaries) if an Arab consensus built around Saudi Arabia were prepared to take that step. Thanks to Hussein, Israel's border with Jordan, which is its longest, has also been its quietest in most periods. Like other Arabs, however, the Jordanians regard Israel as it has been governed by Prime Minister Menachem Begin and his political coalition, Likud, as imperial and aggressive—a rogue state that can and does bully neighbors, because its military strength exceeds that of the entire Arab world. An abiding worry in Amman, Jordan's capital, is that Israel will one day settle any problems that arise with Jordan the way it settled its border difficulties with Lebanon—by invading and imposing its influence, and, in the case of Jordan, perhaps occupying some portion of the East Bank to assure the security of its fiefdom on the West Bank. "Having



neutralized Egypt, seized the Golan Heights from Syria, and secured its border with Lebanon, Israel will one day do something about the border with us—its most vulnerable," one prominent Jordanian says. He talks of "settlement creep," explaining that when Israel builds settlements on the West Bank rows of barbed wire and military patrols follow. "The logic of the process is that the frontier settlements, as they develop, need to be secured," he says. "Thus, Israel's military perimeter pushes out constantly. And the lights of those settlements, some of which aren't yet actually settled, or are only partly settled, are a constant reminder to the people on our side of the river of what is happening there." New Israeli settlements dot the hills overlooking the roads to Jerusalem. Whether driving north from the city to Nablus or south to Hebron or east to Jericho, one sees the settlements—today's version of the Christian castles and redoubts of the twelfth century—and many more are scheduled to follow. On the East Bank, another intimidating reminder of Israel's power is the sonic booms produced by its combat aircraft during early-morning reconnaissance sweeps over the Jordanian side of the river valley; the aircraft also conduct mock dogfights in Jordan's airspace. I visited a farm in the Jordan valley recently and was told by my host that "one can almost set one's watch by them."

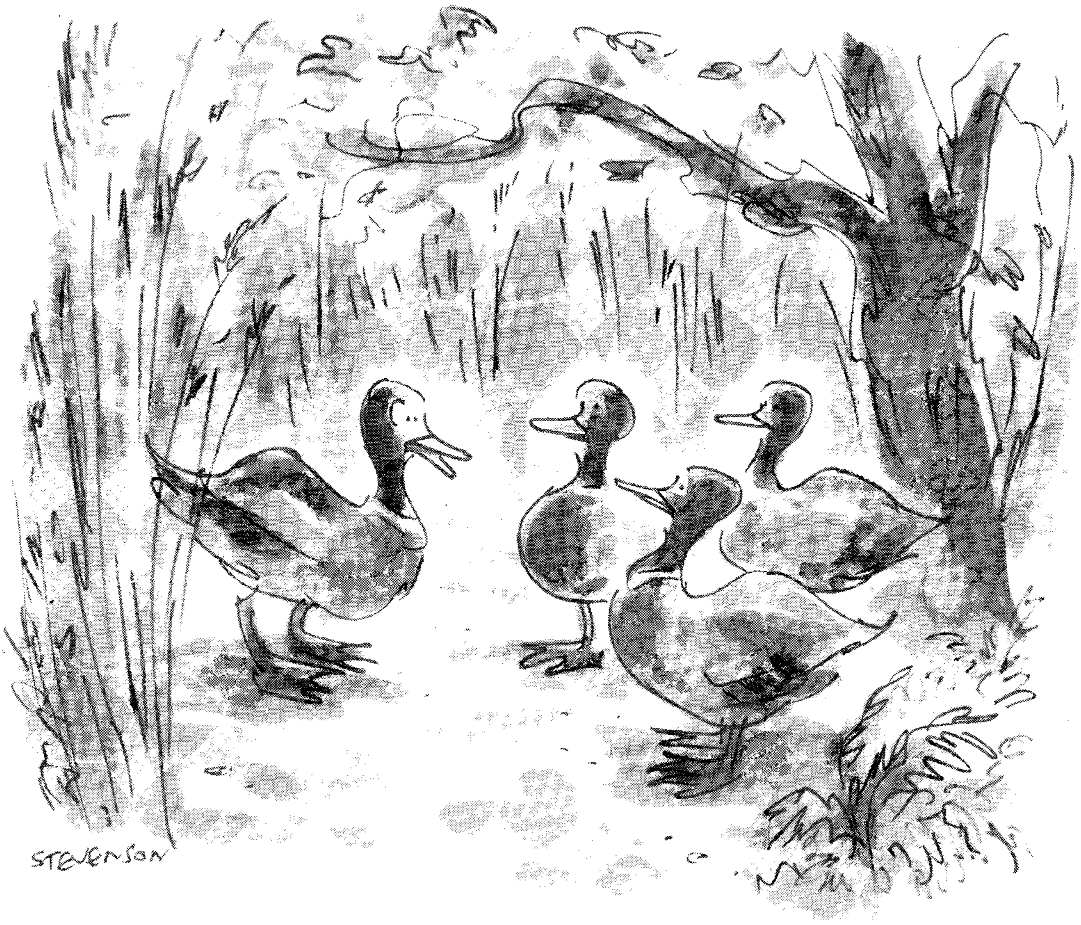
Hussein cannot accept the status quo. He must try to keep alive the possibility of restoring control of all or most of the West Bank to its Arab population. Keeping the lid on affairs in Jordan may require movement in this direction, because if the Palestine problem isn't solved on the West Bank it could overwhelm the East Bank. General Ariel Sharon, who until recently was Israel's Minister of Defense, and some of his colleagues often say, "There is a Palestinian state. It is called Jordan." A number of Israelis who are offended by Sharon's style and rhetoric wouldn't disagree. For them, Judea and Samaria (the Old Testament names for the disputed land) are part of Israel's heritage. Moreover, a great many Israelis, including a sizable element that deplores the government's policies and is indifferent to the heritage argument, feel that the question of the West Bank's future has already been resolved. Some Palestinians, they reckon, will continue to live there under Israeli authority, with basic freedoms admittedly denied; others will cross the bridges into Jordan, since they are Jordanian citizens, and will remain there or move on elsewhere. The probable effect of another Palestinian exodus from Israel would be the collapse of the monarchy and the transformation of Jordan into a Palestinian state—no doubt a turbulent and radical one. None of the world's major governments support Israel's claim to the West Bank, and most regard the settlement policy as illegal under international law. Still, it isn't likely that Israeli plans for the West Bank will be effectively discouraged or that the settlement program will be slowed down—let alone frozen, as the United States has proposed. Indeed, a good deal of informed opinion assumes that by the spring of 1984 a de-facto annexation of the West Bank by Israel will have been accomplished. All the Arab states deplore what is happening, but they are unwilling in some cases, and unable in others, to do anything about it. Now that Egypt has been neutralized by the agreements it made with Israel at Camp David, the Arabs do not have a military option. And by being unable to agree on joint political steps of any kind they deny themselves the opportunity of exploiting the weakness of Israel's claim to the West Bank. Only Hussein has been willing to shoulder the risk of encouraging a negotiated settlement. He and other sensible Arabs feel that the one chance—a slim chance, at that—to alter the situation would be through a negotiation about the West Bank involving Arabs, Israel, and the United States. This thinking rests on an unsubtle, straightforward logic: Israel, being dependent on American financial and military aid, couldn't resist pressure from Washington at least to negotiate, and since Americans and Israelis disagree about the West Bank, a negotiation might lead to a confrontation between them; only the United States, as Hussein says, can influence Israel's behavior, even if it rarely manages to do so.

During the winter and spring of this year, Hussein did his best to bring the triangular negotiation into being. He was building on the so-called Reagan initiative—a plan that was described by President Reagan in a speech on September 1, 1982, and that proposes an autonomous Palestinian homeland on the West Bank and in Gaza in association with Jordan (as distinct from a fully independent state) and a freeze on the Israeli settlements there. The United States, Reagan said, "will not support the establishment of an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza, and we will not support annexation or permanent control by Israel." The plan, as he pointed out, is rooted in United Nations Security Council Resolution 242, which was adopted in 1967, five months after the Six-Day War, and which called on Israel to surrender the occupied territories and on the Arab states to grant peace and recognition to Israel. "Territory for peace" is the shorthand characterization of Resolution 242, the Camp David agreements, and the Reagan initiative.

Hussein says that this initiative is "the most courageous and realistic move taken by an American Administration since 1956." (In November of 1956, after Israel, Britain, and France had invaded Egypt, President Eisenhower brought pressure on them that caused them to withdraw their forces.) It was clear from the start that the Reagan plan depended on Hussein's becoming its Arab patron. He and a small circle of advisers feel, however, that Jordan cannot take part in a negotiation about the West Bank without support from the other moderate Arab states—especially Saudi Arabia—and the formal acquiescence of the Palestine Liberation Organization, the main political-action group of the Palestinian diaspora. Actually, Hussein's closest advisers within the government opposed his involvement with the Reagan plan because they thought that the risks were too great. Israel, they argued, would refuse to yield an inch of the West Bank, while Arab extremists would never support a negotiation that seemed to rule out an independent state for the Palestinians, and would accuse Hussein, if he did take part in such a negotiation, of betraying the interests of a people for whom he wasn't authorized to negotiate. And no Administration in Washington, the argument continued, would apply pressure of the kind that would be needed to obtain the necessary concessions from Israel. The skeptics around Hussein see the danger to Jordan in the status quo but sense greater danger in going along with predictably unavailing schemes to alter it. They argue that since the King is the principal agent of stability in the Middle East the interests of the Americans, the Israelis, the Saudis, and most of the other major players lie in having him on the scene, not removed from it. Why, the skeptics ask, should he be the one to take all the risks? And to what end? Many people in Jordan (and elsewhere) think that Sadat was killed because he stood accused of having forsaken the West Bank, Gaza, and Jerusalem in order to recover the Sinai Peninsula for Egypt.

Jordanians feel hemmed in by extremism, intimidation, and hypocrisy. Their nearest neighbors—Israel to the west and Syria to the north—are seen as the extremists, along with some factions of the P.L.O. To the east and the south, they have a short border with Iraq and a vast expanse of desert that is their border with Saudi Arabia. Syria's President, Hafez Assad, is capable and astute, they know, but he rules a society that considers itself the true champion of sacred Arab causes—especially Palestine. Every Syrian leader is apparently obliged to be no less extreme—no less a *jusqu'auboutiste*—than his predecessors in defending these causes. Assad's flexibility is further restricted by his membership in a small Islamic sect called the Alawites; they are considered heretics by Sunni Muslims, who are a strong majority in Syria. He has nonetheless managed to rule Syria for thirteen years—a tenure exceeding that of any of his predecessors as far back as 1945. Between the late nineteen-forties and 1970, when Assad seized power, Syria bounced from one military coup to another—eight coups in all.

Sadat's successor, President Hosni



"You know when it starts to turn cold we always get together and fly to that place where it's warm? Well, wherever the hell that is, I don't want to go there anymore. I want to go some other place."

Mubarak, thinks about regional problems much the way Hussein does, but he can do very little to solve them. Sadat burned Egypt's bridges to the Arab states when he made his separate peace with Israel at Camp David, and Mubarak is trying to rebuild them; he is making progress, but gradually. Also, Mubarak rules a complex, volatile society that cannot be taken for granted, and his priorities are necessarily internal; above all, he must do something about Egypt's accelerating social and economic decay. Saudi Arabia's King Fahd, another moderate, is tentative and unwilling to take risks, and in this he follows the normal pattern of Saudi princes, who always look for a consensus to join but rarely take an active part in developing one. The royal family runs the country like a family business, and avoids upsetting other parties, especially on the Palestine issue; the country's most literate, capable, and articulate people are very pro-Palestinian, and the monarchy is afraid of them. Saudi princes are easily intimidated. They are the chief source of financial support for the so-called confrontation states—Syria and Jordan—and the P.L.O., and they rarely try to influence the political behavior of these dependent grantees. But in Jordan's case the money, which is normally paid out three times a year, is occasionally held back for a time for no apparent reason. The Syrians and the P.L.O. don't have this problem—not because the Saudis are more sympathetic to them (they aren't) but because the Saudi princes fear plots and terrorism. They know that they have nothing to fear from Jordan. A Jordanian of considerable experience says, "The Saudis never tell you what they want you to do, and they won't say if you ask them. But if you do something else—guess wrong—they'll hold up the money. They are afraid of everything. Their policy is not to have a policy—to play things by ear. They hope that the United States will arrange to keep disaster from their doorstep." As for the Reagan initiative, a Westerner who knows the Saudis intimately says, "They don't want their fingerprints on anything that comes of it. They want a settlement. They won't discourage it, but won't help much, either. They ask themselves, 'Why risk anything for Hussein?' They admire his shrewdness and survivability. And they don't want to see another monarchy go down. For them, another monarchy is a protective moat. Jordan is a buffer between them and Israel. A Palestinian state on their border is what they don't want. Israel, they think, would probably invade it in order to neutralize it. Obviously, they loathe that prospect. But they won't stick their necks out for Hussein—or for anyone. They are very insular. They play balance-of-power politics, trying to keep everyone at arm's length." This man says that American efforts to make the Saudis a force behind the Reagan initiative have been unrealistic. Still, it's hard to see how any of the key players except the Saudis could have helped Hussein obtain the Arab support he required—especially from the P.L.O.

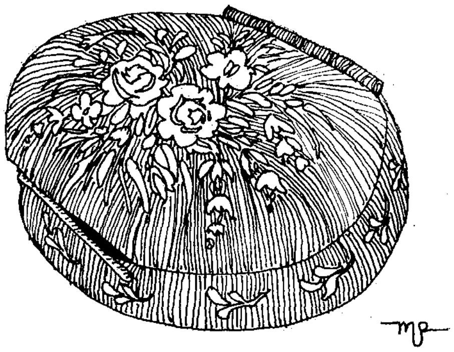
THE FAN IN THE WINDOW

It is September, and a cool breeze
from somewhere ahead is turning the blades;
night, and the slow flash of the fan
the last light between us and the darkness.
Dust has begun to collect on the blades,
haymaker's dust from distant fields,
dust riding to town on the night-black wings
of the crows—a thin frost of dust,
which clings to the fan in just the way
we cling to the earth as it spins.
The fan has brought us through,
its shiny blades like the screw of a ship
that has pushed its way through summer—
cut flowers awash in its wake,
the stagnant Sargasso Sea of July
far behind us. For the moment, we rest;
we lie in the dark hull of the house,
we rock in the troughs off the shore
of October, the engine cooling,
the fan blades so lazily turning, yet turning.

—TED KOOSER

• •

Yasir Arafat, the nominal leader of the P.L.O., is a rival of Hussein's, and at times has been his adversary, but Arafat must deal with the King, if only because more Palestinians live in Jordan than anywhere else. He and Hussein have in common their mastery of the ancient art of survival. Each tries to conserve what he has—Hussein his kingdom, Arafat a movement whose reason for being is becoming progressively less evident. An important difference between them is that while Hussein is ruler of his realm, and on occasion has had to prove that, Arafat is as much a symbol of the P.L.O. as he is its leader; the P.L.O. is an umbrella organization, sheltering eight factions with many diverse viewpoints and attitudes. Arafat is the chief of the P.L.O.'s major faction, known as Al Fatah, which, by and large, has held moderate views—at least by the standards of the region and compared with other elements of the P.L.O. But Arafat hasn't been able to maneuver the body of the P.L.O., or even some elements of Al Fatah, behind sensible proposals such as the Reagan initiative, and lately some of Al Fatah's other leaders have been in rebellion against him. Critics of the P.L.O., who in varying degrees include all or most of the Arab governments, say privately that the P.L.O. puts its own interests ahead of those of the Palestinians in the occupied lands. "The Palestinian cause serves the P.L.O.," one of Hussein's close friends says. "It isn't the other way around." All the Jordanians and many of the Palestinians I recently spoke with in Amman and on the West Bank also seemed to feel that way about the P.L.O. Its leadership is seen as comfortable with the status quo—with being treated as a kind of government in exile and indulged. Arafat's life is an endless round of official visits. He is a blur of motion, flitting from country to country in one of the private airplanes made available to him by Arab gov-



"Estelle made the slipcovers. She's the artistic one around here."

• •

ernments. An agreement that gave Palestinians a homeland in the West Bank and Gaza would eclipse the P.L.O. A European diplomat who has observed the organization for many years says, "The leaders will do anything to avoid making a decision. Most are exiles, and some were born in exile. The Reagan plan is aimed at the people on the West Bank and in Gaza. Its purpose is to get them out of Israel's clutches. It gives the P.L.O. leadership nothing—no seat at the negotiations, no dialogue with the United States, no right to return to Palestine, where their roots are, and which is now Israel. If you were born in Jaffa, what is there in the return of the West Bank for you? That is how many of them think. Israel, they feel, is accepted in its pre-1967 boundaries. But most of the P.L.O.'s people are from the area within those boundaries." Crown Prince Hassan, Hussein's brother, says simply, "If the P.L.O. considered the West Bank its principal constituency, we wouldn't have this problem"—that is, the problem of obtaining the P.L.O.'s support for steps of the kind proposed by Reagan. One senses a growing estrangement between the P.L.O. and mainstream Palestinians of the West Bank. The ideal of a fully independent state, which the P.L.O. insists on, seems to these people wholly unattainable; they want to recover their land from Israel, and the terms and conditions are becoming less important. As is so often the case in such matters, the best is the enemy of the good.

Because the P.L.O. lacks unity and coherence, there is less to it than many people think. The P.L.O. can block progress, but cannot generate any. Generally, it is effective only when it is being shrill and unrealistic, and then the beneficiary of its flawed style is Israel. Indeed, Jordanians and many others seem to feel that the Arab extremists—Syria and the P.L.O.'s noisier and more radical elements—are engaged in a tacit conspiracy with Israel, the result of which is to discourage movement toward peace and stability. "The Israelis encourage Arab extremists, and thereby further split the Arabs," observes Muhammad Milhem, a moderate and the former mayor of a West Bank town called Halhul; he was expelled by Israel on May 3, 1980, for no apparent reason (there were no specified charges against him) and now lives in Amman. Curiously, Hussein and a prominent Palestinian who doesn't belong to the P.L.O. but is thought to be a supporter made identical comments on it. "The P.L.O. contains all the contradictions of the Arab world," they said. Hussein continued, "The negative Arab attitude helps Begin by turning the United States away from us. The United States is prone to think, We tried something but it failed. The Arabs are blamed, even though Israel rejected it"—Reagan's initiative—"from the start."

Amman has a strong but rather deceptive aura of stability. The internal threats to the monarchy subsided after the communal struggle for control of the country in 1970, which pitted Jordan's Army against the P.L.O.'s guerrilla forces. Jordan is governed with a firm hand but not a heavy one. For years, it has been spared the terrorism that some of the other Arab states must contend with. Palestinians and Jordanians are mainly Sunni Muslims, and seem to have grown accustomed to living side by side. By and large, Jordanians dominate the government, and Palestinians the commerce and intellectual life of the country; thus, many of the Palestinians have a vested interest in its survival, although the political loyalties of many of them are probably not predictable. Amman, which not so long ago was a provincial hill town on the road between Jerusalem and Damascus, now has a population of over a million and is growing in all directions. New and affluent neighborhoods, laid out in recent years, have been built and are spreading. The neighborhoods abound in attractive villa-style houses, many of them built at a cost exceeding a million dollars. The visible signs of Amman's age and history are fading, except for a fine Roman amphitheatre that once seated six thousand people, which is across the street from the hill on which Uriah the Hittite is supposed to have been slain. Amman now has the bustle of a Persian Gulf city with an oil-based economy, and, in fact, it does have an oil-based economy, because Jordan depends heavily on its annual subsidies from Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states and on remittances from three hundred and fifty thousand of its citizens who are employed in those countries. Moreover, Jordan's political stability has allowed Amman to become an important entrepôt and the commercial headquarters for companies with operations in the oil-producing states.

"Hussein is Jordan and Jordan is Hussein" is a commonplace in Amman. One of Hussein's oldest and shrewdest friends explains, "Arab loyalties are very personal. Arabs don't relate to institutions—to monarchies or presidencies. They relate to rulers—rulers who have established themselves." Hussein's people rely upon him to be sensible and cautious—to accommodate himself to reality, and to maintain stability. Reagan's initiative bore the risk of isolating Jordan and creating instabilities. Hussein, however, understands that unless Jordan can somehow influence events it may become their victim. Thus, he feels that any suggestion from the Americans which might bring them together with Israel in a negotiation over the West Bank deserves every possible chance to succeed. And his efforts to make something of the Reagan initiative consumed him for a period of several months. He abandoned the initiative in a formal statement on April 10th, after it had become clear that the P.L.O. wouldn't support him; without the P.L.O., he would have lost the Saudis and invited harassment, or worse, from Syria. "We need the Saudis—financially and politically," says one of his advisers. "The country would fall to pieces if the Saudis and the Gulf states stopped our money and closed their borders to us. We would then be completely at the mercy of Israel."

In managing its initiative, the Reagan Administration vindicated the skeptics around Hussein by making a series of tactical blunders, which Israel exploited. But Washington remains committed to the project, and still awaits Arab support for it. The possibility of P.L.O. acquiescence has been written off, and, according to a friend of Hussein's, "everything depends now on what the Americans can do to influence the Saudis." A diplomat who knows Hussein well says that he had to be optimistic—more so than his advisers, because "only he could have brought the others along, and there were so many to bring along, including most of his government." The apparent failure of the Reagan initiative, in which Hussein had invested a good deal of energy and hope, left him weary and dejected. In a conversation at the royal palace, I asked him if he had been more optimistic than the others.

"You have to be a little optimistic," he said, in his typically understated style, the words clearly conveying the solitary nature of his position. Another difference between Hussein and those around him is his abiding concern that old Jerusalem and the West Bank were lost to Jordan and the Arab world on his watch. He conveys an impression of feeling responsible for what happens to the people there. They were indeed his responsibility, and his feelings about that are sharpened by private messages of distress that he receives from the West Bank. "One thing that keeps me awake is what the people on the West Bank are going through," he says. "Their land is being eroded"—by the settlements. "Their suffering is becoming intolerable. We have no military option. They feel close to us, and we to them. It has been our destiny to be more involved with them than anyone else has been." (Many old Jordanian families originated on the West Bank, and have maintained close ties with relatives and friends there.) He makes it clear, however, that he will try to discourage a mass exodus if Israel decides to make life on the West Bank even more difficult for the Arabs. He can try, but it seems unlikely that he will succeed. The Palestinians on the West Bank, after all, have Jordanian passports. Jordan will have to keep the bridges open, if only to avoid the possibility of a panic that could provoke an exodus. As Hussein reviewed the twists and turns of his tumultuous life during hours of conversation, I said that it seemed to me that the current situation was the most difficult he had faced. He quickly agreed that

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HOT DOGS
SAUSAGE
HOT DOGS
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SAUSAGE 90
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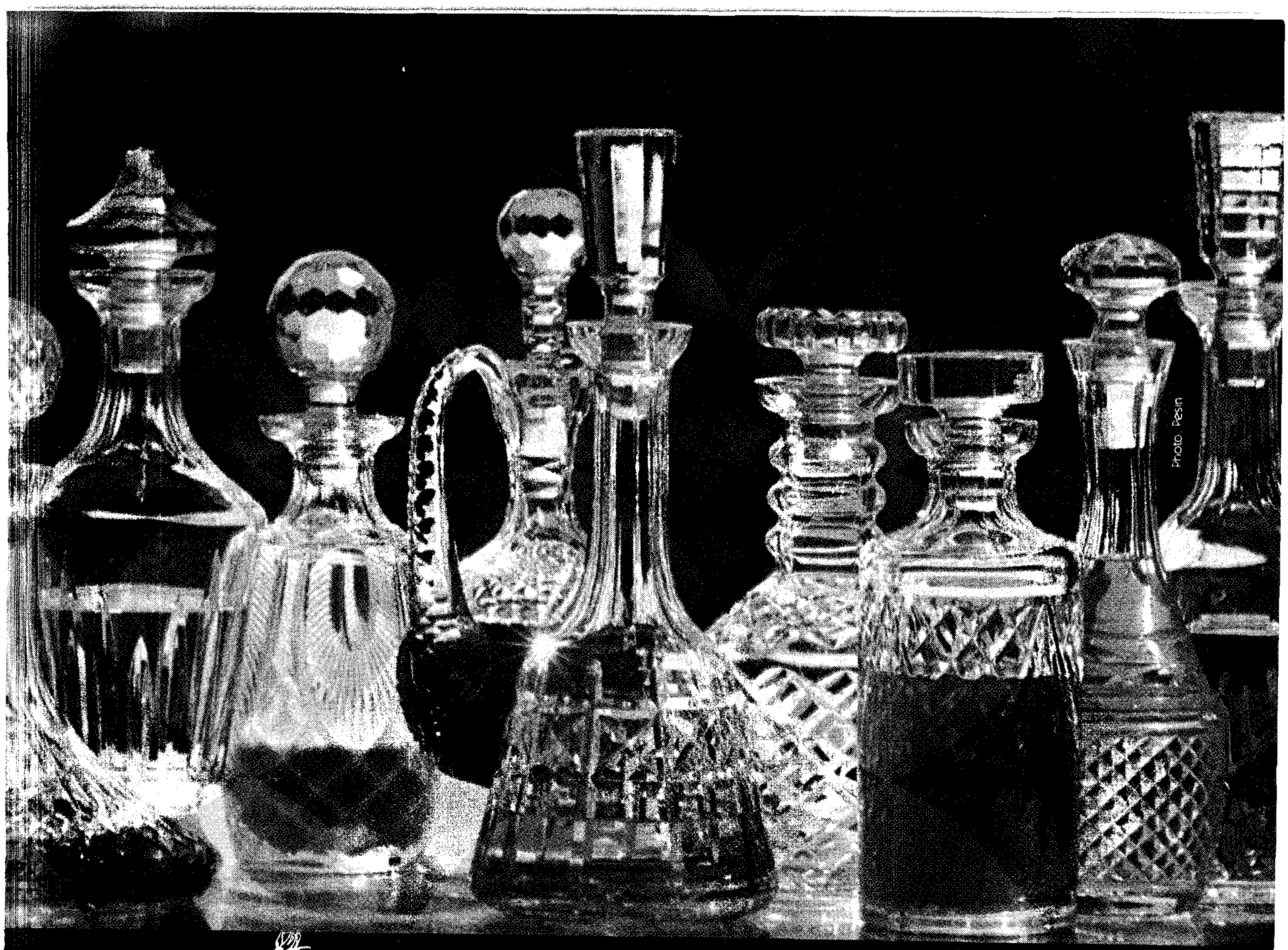

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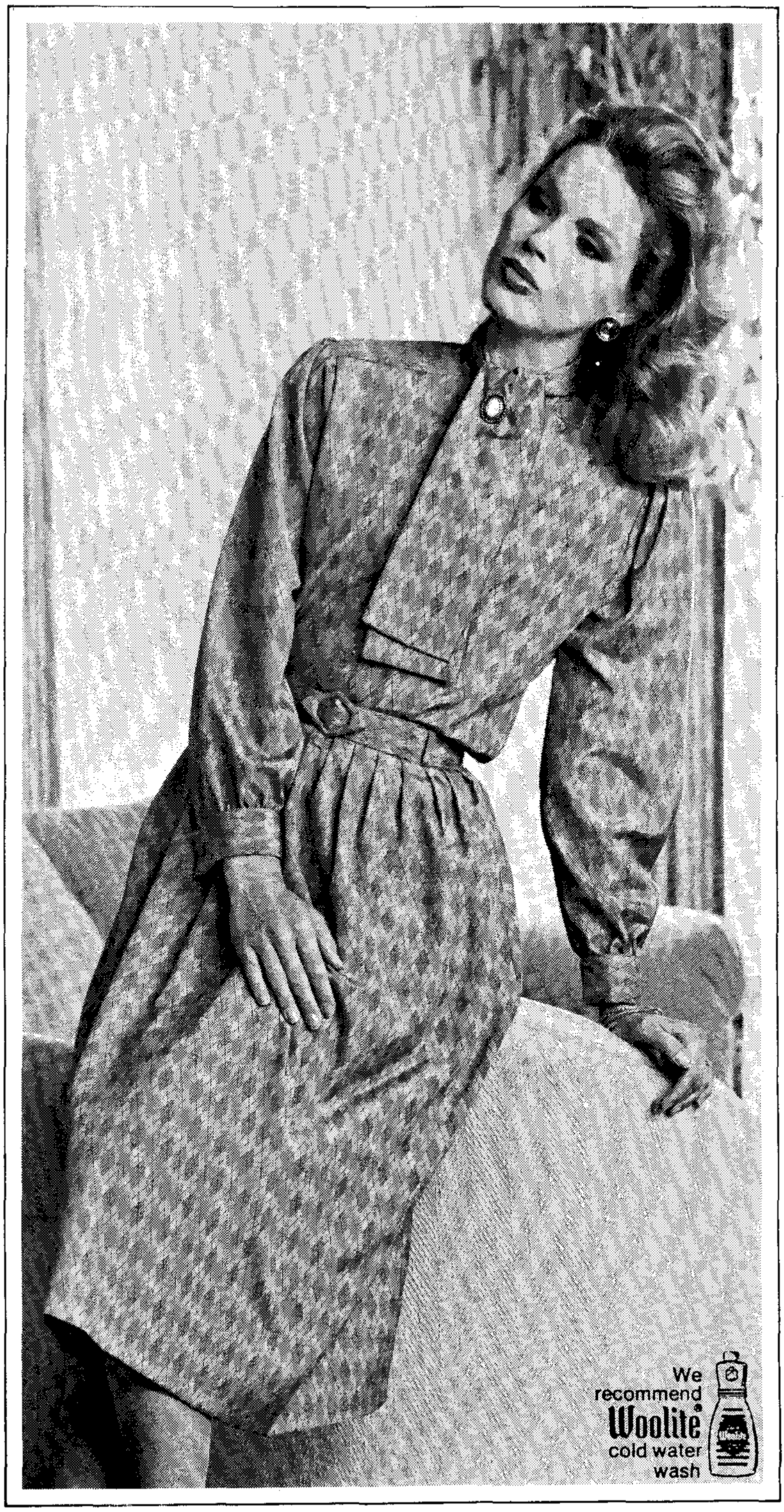
it was. "This is the decisive crisis," he said.

"I'm through competing with your love of the English language."

HUSSEIN is the head of Islam's first family, the Hashemites, who are descended in the male line from the Prophet's daughter, Fatima, and were for thirteen hundred years or so the guardians of the holy land of the Hejaz, a stretch of desert south of Jordan on the western shore of the Arabian Peninsula; the capital of the Hejaz is Mecca, the most holy Muslim place. The next most holy, Medina, is also in the Hejaz. Hussein is the thirty-ninth head of the family, whose long voyage through history has often been very rough. Some of its leaders were deposed by conspiracies, and some were dispatched to Paradise with a zest that might have awed the most unruly European court of the sixteenth century. A chance meeting in 1914 between Hussein's grandfather, the Emir Abdullah, and Field Marshal Lord Kitchener of Khartoum inspired an Anglo-Hashemite conspiracy against Turkey, Germany's ally, and two years later the Hashemites launched the successful Arab revolt against the Ottoman Empire. The glorious reward that Britain encouraged them to expect was an independent Arab state including most of the Middle East except Egypt and part of Syria. But Britain reneged in advance on this arrangement by agreeing secretly with France in 1916 that at the conclusion of the war with Germany part of this area would fall under British and French control. France would have a free hand in Syria and Lebanon, as Britain would in Iraq and Palestine. The betrayal caused anarchy and violence to sweep through much of the Middle East, and the Hashemites acquired some bargaining room with the British.

Winston Churchill was Colonial Secretary in 1921, and judged that one of his tasks was to "repair the injuries done to the Arabs and the house of the Sherif of Mecca." He and T. E. Lawrence, his special adviser, met with Abdullah in Jerusalem on March 28, 1921, and in half an hour they had created the emirate of Transjordan. A few months later, Britain created a monarchy in Iraq and made Abdullah's brother, Feisal, king. Each of the new entities would exist under British "protection," which meant that military and financial ties would keep them in Britain's fold. To the Hashemites, these were consolation prizes. The state they sought and were refused was a greater Syria centered on Damascus, and it would have included Palestine. The Emir Abdullah pressed to have Palestine included in his realm, but the British said no to this and warned Abdullah that but for their restraining influence—subsidies—a brotherhood of fierce tribes in Arabia, under the leadership of Ibn Saud, would forcibly expel the Hashemites from their kingdom in the Hejaz and usurp their traditional role of guardians of the holy places. In 1924, the British did allow precisely that to happen.

Abdullah had acquired a territory that was nearly three-fourths desert, the rest being hills and impassable mountains. It was an especially primitive part of the Middle East and contained fewer than three hundred and fifty thousand people, of whom fifty thousand were Bedouin tribesmen—many of them nomads—and the others inhabitants of hill towns such as Amman, the capital, which for Abdullah was a considerable comedown from the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. He would have been happy in Damascus or in Jerusalem, Islam's third most holy city. For a time, he had to share control of the place with the British resident and the British Army. But Abdullah gradually took command, and the chief source of his power was the devotion that he inspired in the Bedouin, who formed the core of his army, the Arab Legion. The Legion was trained and led by British officers whose first loyalty was to Abdullah; one of them, John Bagot Glubb, who came to Jordan from Iraq in 1930, became its legendary commander and Abdullah's right arm. Still, Abdullah remained a pensioner of the British; the size of his subsidy dictated a frugal existence, but since he was a man of simple tastes that didn't matter. His first grandson, Hussein, who was born in Amman in November of 1935, was also the first Hashemite whose roots were in Jordan, and not the Hejaz. The distinction is important. Abdullah took naturally to power, used it effectively, and loved the Bedouin, but he didn't have the depth of feeling for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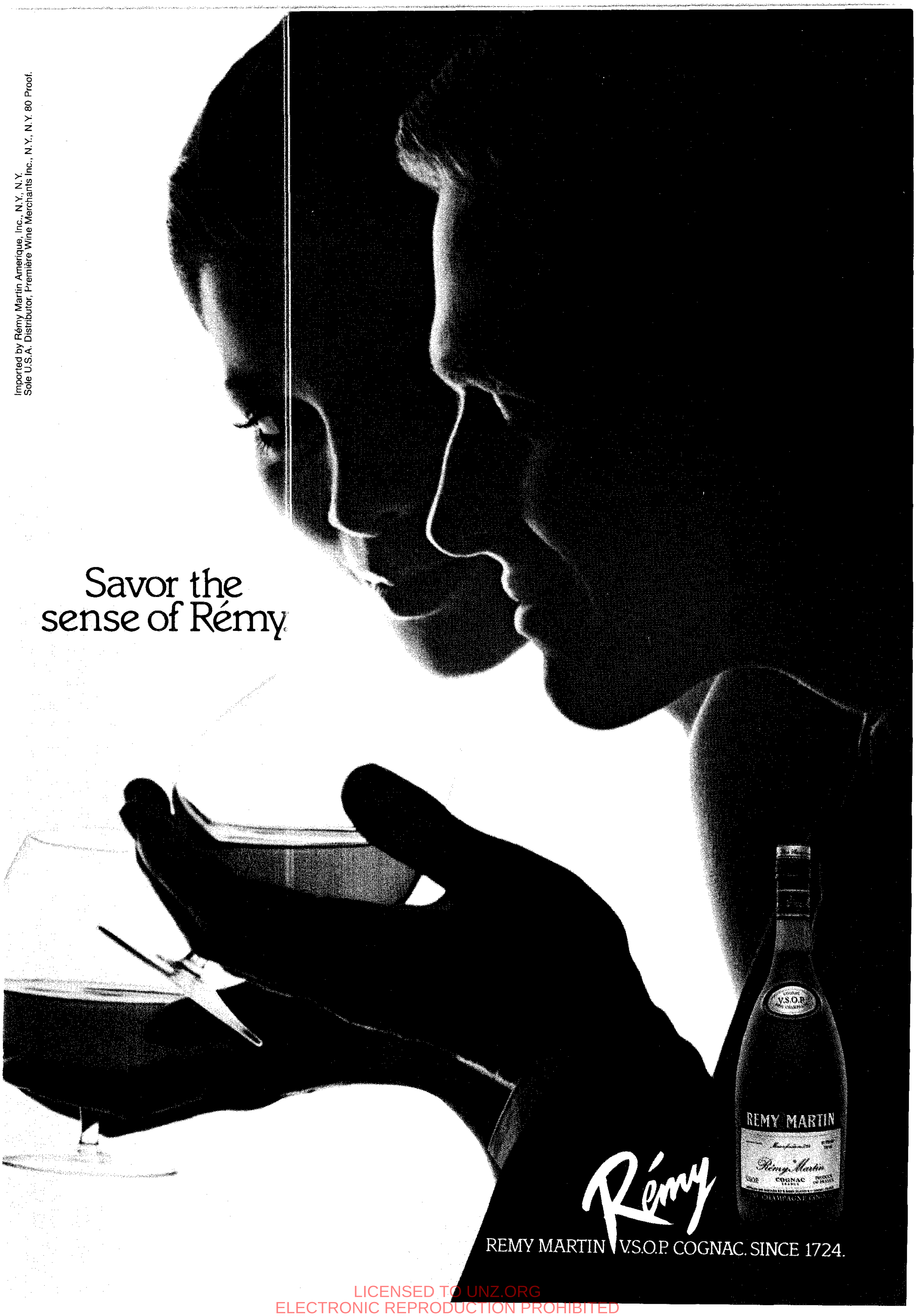
the realm that Hussein has always had. Hopes of somehow acquiring Palestine are believed to have always been close to the center of Abdullah's thinking.

In the late nineteen-forties, an American diplomat named Wells Stabler, who was serving in Jerusalem, was appointed the first American diplomatic representative to Jordan. Stabler, who is now sixty-three, has retired from the Foreign Service. "Abdullah was an intelligent and cultured man, with views well ahead of his time," he said recently. He recalls that when a truce that stopped the fighting in Palestine in the spring of 1948 began to break down, Abdullah didn't want to resume the war with the Israelis; he feared that his Arab Legion, the best of the Arab armies, would bear the brunt of it and be destroyed. Glubb had only forty-five hundred men under his command; the Israelis were deploying a force of more than three times that size which was meeting little resistance from the other Arab armies. Abdullah couldn't afford to lose the Legion, which actually did bear the brunt of the fighting. He was always attracted to the idea of a negotiated settlement with the adversary, and took some steps in that direction. One of his first Jewish interlocutors was Mrs. Golda Meyerson, who later became Prime Minister Golda Meir.

Besides being a confidant of Abdullah's, Stabler befriended his son Prince Talal, and was a frequent guest in Talal's house, on Jebel Amman, one of the town's seven hills. The front door, he says, was invariably opened by the oldest of Talal's four children—Hussein, who was then eleven or twelve. "They had little money," Stabler says. "And they lived very simply. Whatever they had came from the British. There were no outward signs of royalty, because there wasn't any wealth. Talal had a simple little house. The royal palace was a house—a nice house but not a very fancy one. The country itself was poor. It was a stone." In a memoir called "Uneasy Lies the Head," which appeared in 1962, Hussein described the financial difficulties that he and his family endured in his boyhood. Their house, he recalls, had one bathroom and almost no heat, and because of the lack of heat, he thinks, a baby sister died of pneumonia "in the bitter cold of an Amman winter." When he was ten, he visited his cousin Feisal in Baghdad, and was given a British-made bicycle as a farewell gift. It became his favorite possession, but a year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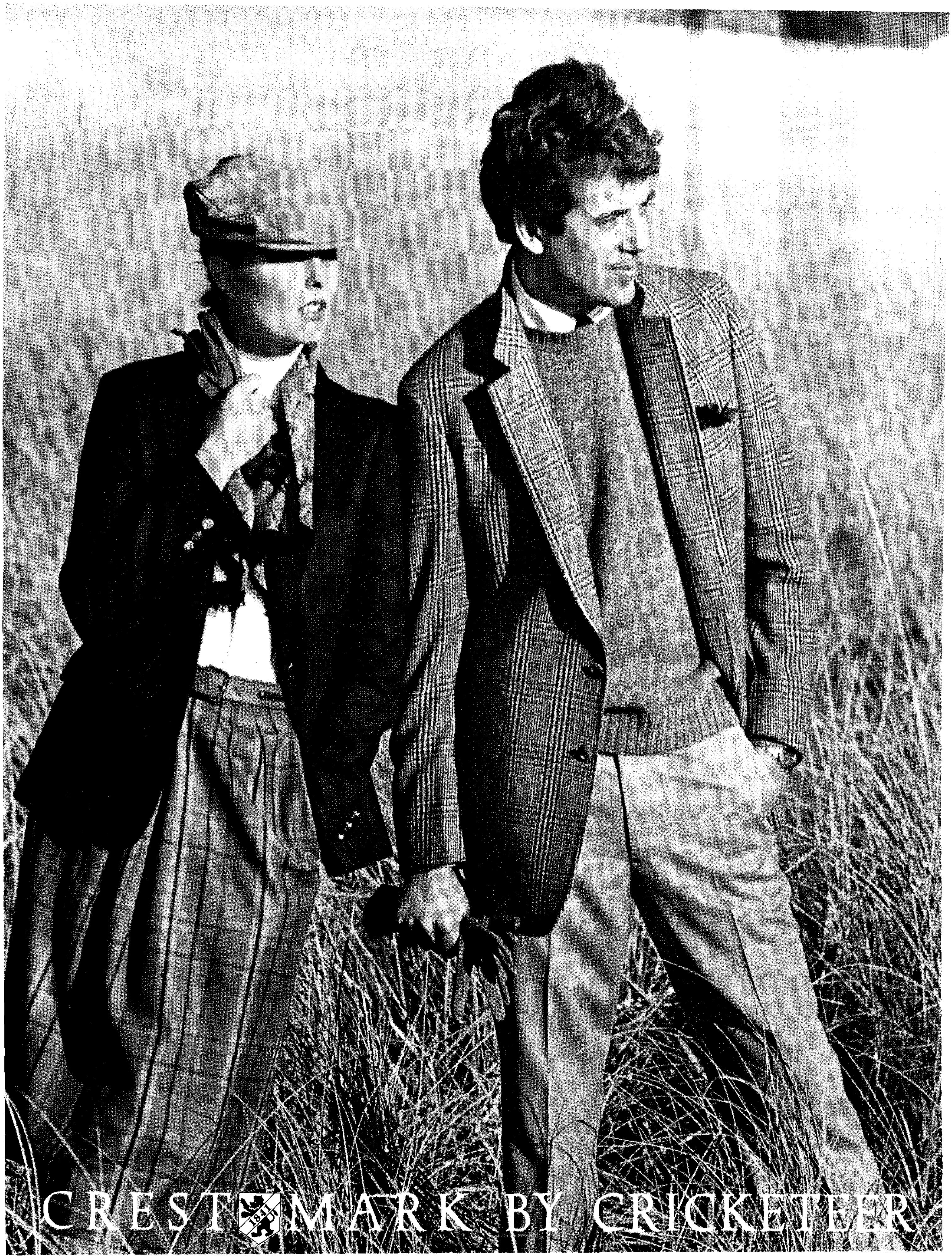

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later his mother told him that the family needed money and would have to sell a few things, including his bicycle. At school in Alexandria a few years later, he learned to sew in order to repair a torn blazer, which his family "could not possibly afford" to replace. Hussein's closest childhood friend was Zaid Rifai, who was a son of Samir Rifai, a man who served Abdullah as Prime Minister several times and later served Hussein in the same capacity. Zaid Rifai, who was Prime Minister himself between 1973 and 1976, is among Jordan's ablest and most respected people and is still close to Hussein; he was born a year after Hussein in the same month, November, and in order to save money the families regularly gave them a joint birthday party. Amman is still a rather informal place, but it is hardly the village that it was in Stabler's day. "One could pick up the telephone then and say, 'I want to speak to Samir Pasha,' and the operator might say, 'I don't think he is in his office now, but I think I know where he is,' " he recalls.

For Hussein and his family, there was a dark side to the simple but, on the whole, agreeable life that Abdullah created for them. The Hashemites are highly inbred, and have paid a price. Hussein's great-grandfather, Hussein bin Ali, was among the more picturesque heads of the house but was also psychopathic in his later years. Talal and his wife, Zein, were first cousins. Queen Zein, who now lives in a private palace in Amman, was a strong and wise figure, and she was heavily relied on by her husband and her four children. Talal, however, was afflicted with schizophrenia; the illness wasn't especially serious when the children were young, but in later years it sometimes turned him into a deranged and dangerous man. "He was a lonely, moody soul," Stabler says. "His role and his status were uncertain. He was ill at ease with Jordanians, and worried about plots to deprive him of his birthright. He turned for solace to foreigners." Kings often disapprove of crown princes, and Abdullah, a warrior prince who was at his best with the Bedouin, never forgave the moody, retiring Talal for being the way he was. Talal, like Abdullah, was intelligent, but his main interest was his family, not the realm. He was devoted to his children and his wife, and was probably the first monogamous Hashemite. (Abdullah had three wives.) His family under-

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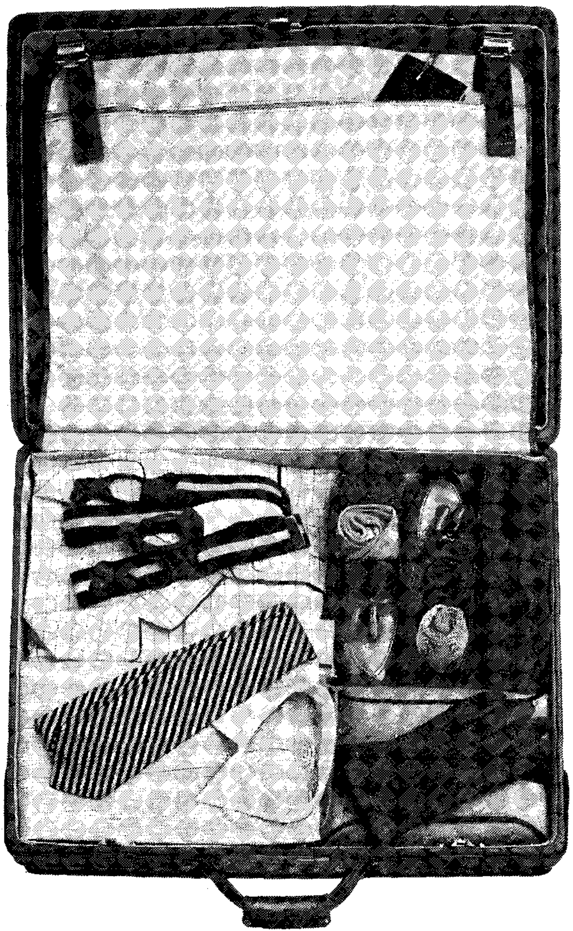

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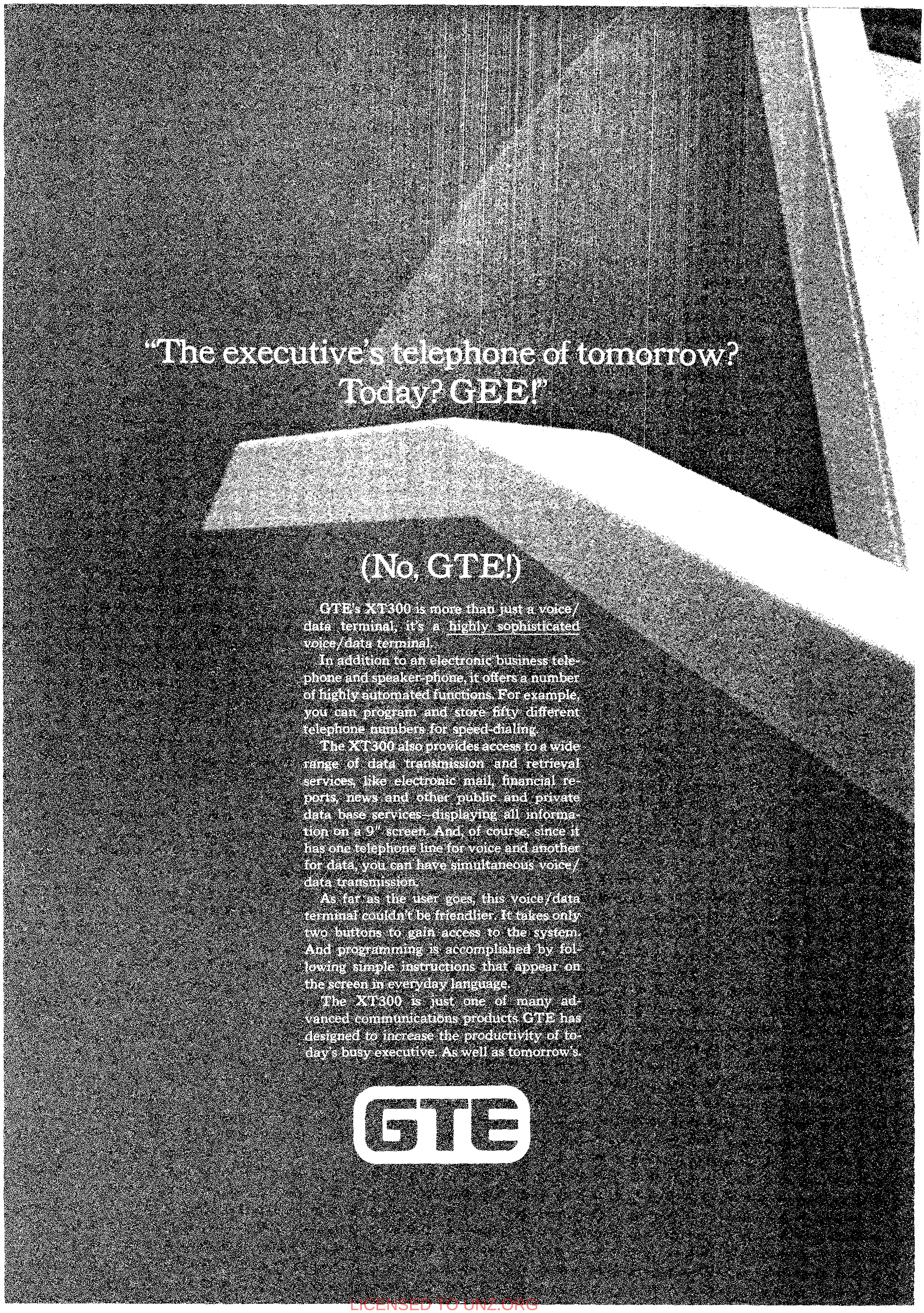

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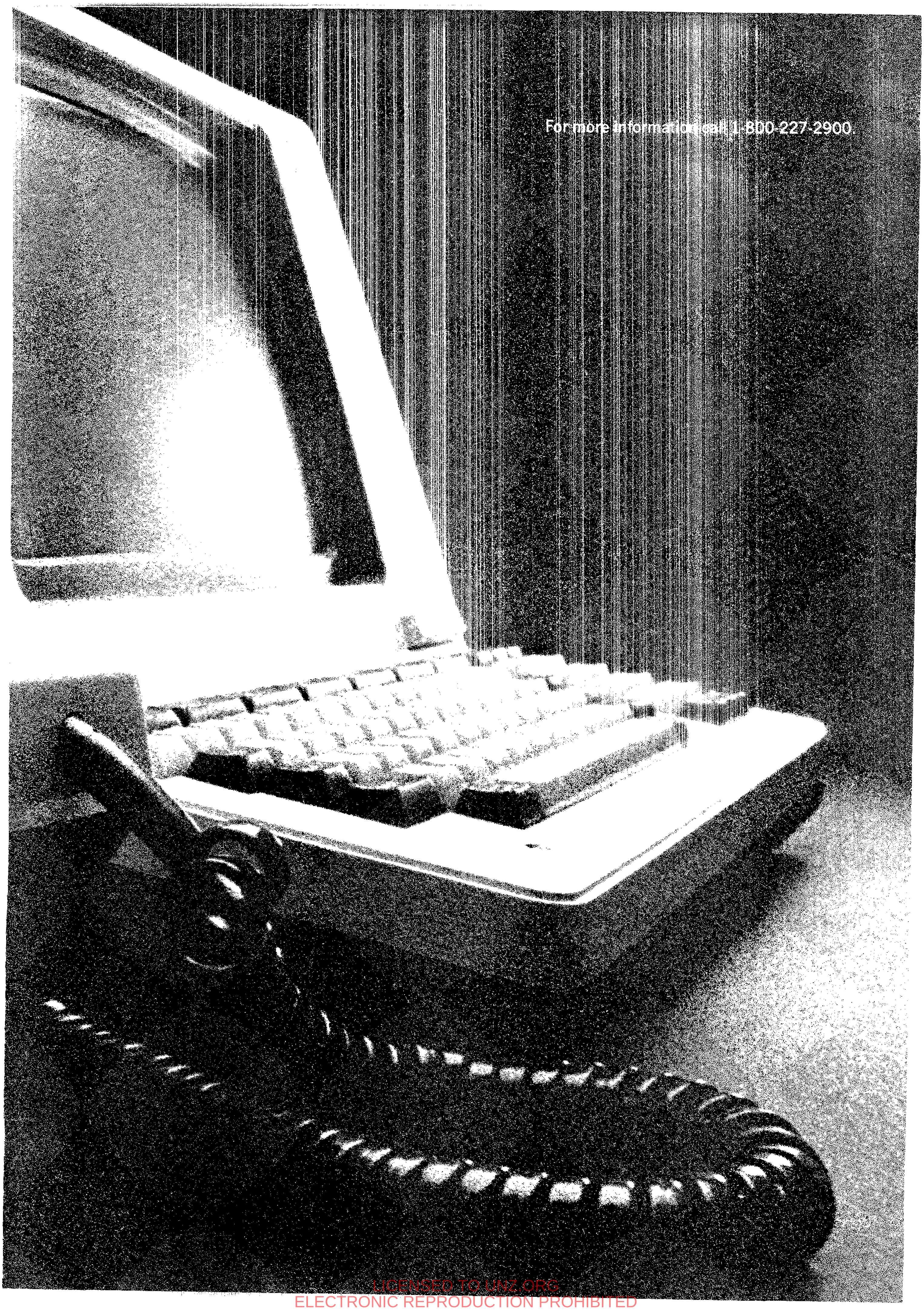
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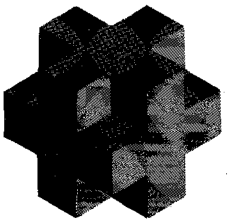

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stood Talal and sympathized with his problems. The situation was awkward for Hussein, however, because it divided his loyalties; he loved his father but worshipped his grandfather, who found in Talal's first son the inner qualities that he felt a king should have. Abdullah supervised the education of Hussein—a tense boy who was a mediocre student and not especially good at games—and even tutored him, and also involved him in ceremonial matters of state. When Abdullah received non-Arabic-speaking Britons or Americans, Hussein usually did the English interpreting.

In December of 1949, Abdullah absorbed that portion of Palestine which Israel didn't control. In his memoir, "A Soldier with the Arabs," Glubb Pasha, as he was known, said that the merger reflected "the spontaneous and genuine desire of the Palestinian people." Not everyone shared Glubb's view, but, whatever the people of Arab Palestine felt about becoming Jordanians, it seemed to them a better alternative than being taken over by Israel. It was said in other Arab states that Abdullah had profited from the common disaster. And he was accused of being a tool of the British, in part because Glubb commanded his army. But it was Abdullah's contacts with Israelis, as these became known about, that are generally believed to have fostered the Arab conspiracy that took his life, in July of 1951. Hussein was with him when he was killed, and his memoir opens with an account of the experience. Abdullah, he says, was aware of the plot; it was to be carried out in Jerusalem during prayer. The American and British Ambassadors had both pleaded with Abdullah not to go to Jerusalem and, most particularly, not to pray at the Aqsa mosque. Abdullah, who was a fatalist, is supposed to have answered one of the diplomats with an Arab proverb: "Until my day comes, no one can harm me; when my day comes, no one can guard me." He made the unusual gesture of inviting Hussein, who was then fifteen, to accompany him on his visit to the West Bank. (He told Hussein that some of the others he had invited had declined, and had made remarkably "feeble" excuses.) And when they arrived Abdullah insisted that Hussein wear his uniform—an even more unusual and uncharacteristic suggestion. The uniform had to be sent from Amman. The assassination occurred just as Abdullah entered the mosque; a gunman shot him in the head from a

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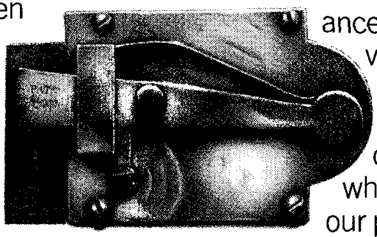

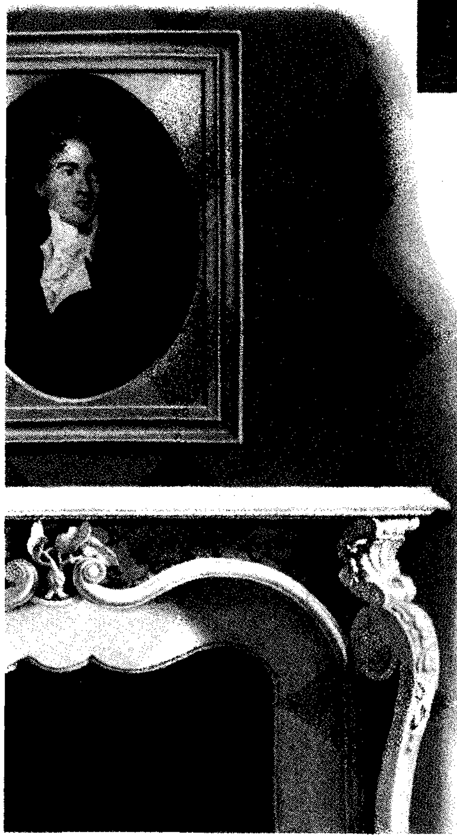

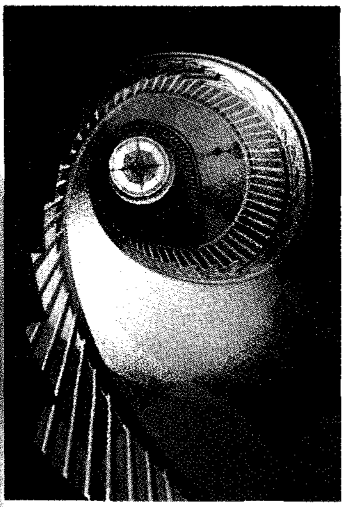

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distance of about two yards. Abdullah fell dead only a few paces from the Dome of the Rock, where his father was interred. Hussein lunged at the assassin, who thereupon shot him squarely in the chest. In his memoir, he describes the shock of the bullet's impact and recalls that he wondered, "Is this what death is like?" The passage continues, "I waited—but nothing happened; nothing, that is, except a miracle. I must have been standing at a slight angle to the man, for—as we discovered later—his bullet hit a medal on my chest and ricocheted off. I was unharmed, and without doubt my grandfather's insistence that I wear my uniform saved my life." He also describes what he saw out of the corner of his eye just after the first shot: "Most of my grandfather's so-called friends were fleeing in every direction. I can see them now, those men of dignity and high estate, doubled up, cloaked figures scattering like bent old terrified women. That picture, far more distinct than the face of the assassin, has remained with me ever since as a constant reminder of the frailty of political devotion."

Talal was in a mental institution in Switzerland when his father was killed. Seven weeks later, he returned to Amman and was crowned king. In less than a year, however, his illness had created an impossible situation, and he had to resign. At the time, Hussein, who was chosen to succeed him, was a student at Harrow and was vacationing in Lausanne, Switzerland, with his mother, his two brothers, and his sister. Because he was only sixteen, it was decided that he should spend several months at Sandhurst and be crowned king at age seventeen, which according to the Muslim calendar was age eighteen. During those months, Jordan was governed by a regency council. Hussein was crowned king on May 2, 1953—the same day his cousin and great friend Feisal was crowned king of Iraq. His formal education was over, and, in contrast to Feisal, who would never exercise real power in Iraq, Hussein began ruling Jordan—the task that Abdullah had tried to prepare him for.

THE King and the country were alike—young, inexperienced, poor, and unpromising. The prospects for the survival of either, given Jordan's poverty and the size and the unfriendliness of various neighboring states, weren't good. Even to sympathetic outsiders, the kingdom appeared

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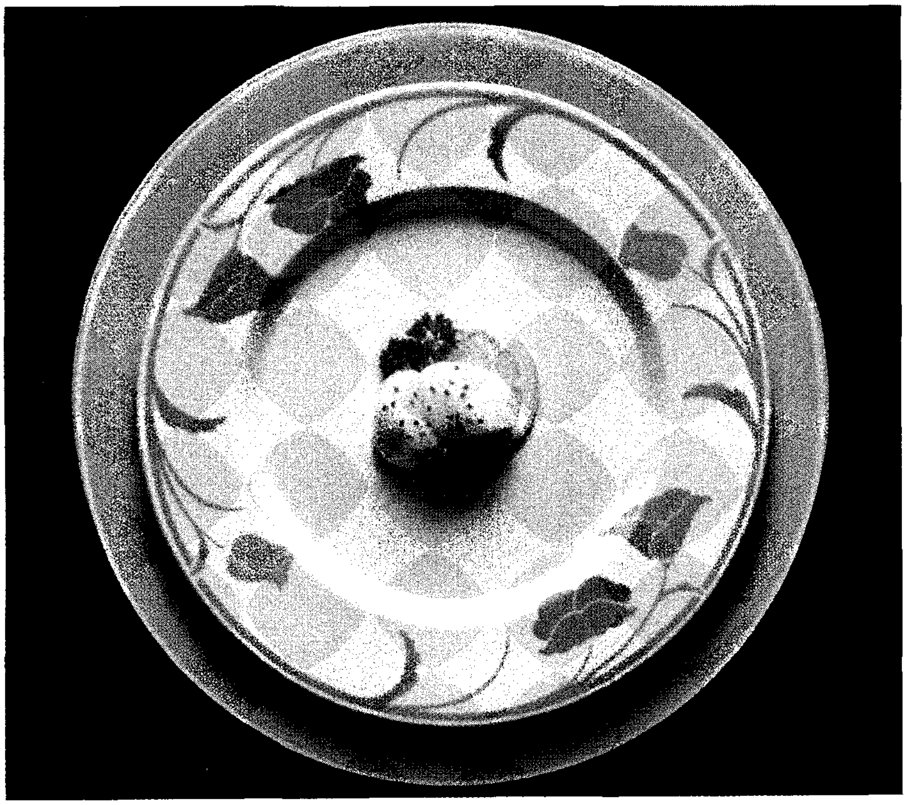

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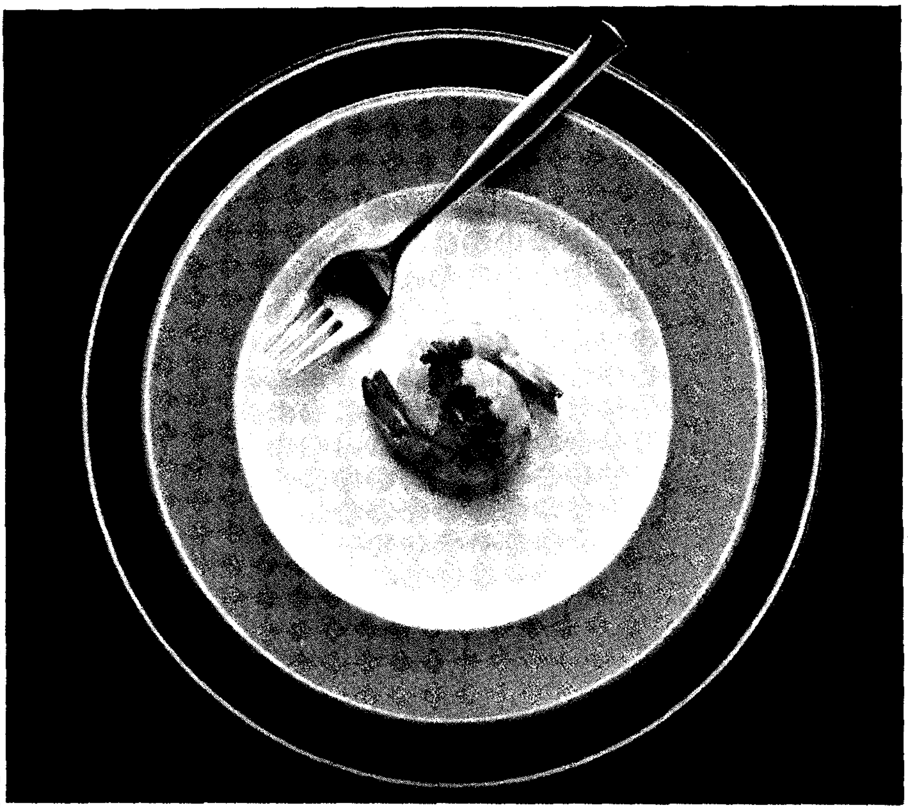
to have no political or economic reason for being. Syria had designs on northern Jordan, and Saudi Arabia on the port of Aqaba, on the southern border. (The idea of allowing Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq to carve up and divide among themselves the East Bank of the Jordan River was rather fashionable with Western specialists on the Middle East for a time, but it offered no good solution for controlling the West Bank.) Hussein needed first to become master of Jordan. The loyalty of the Army was essential, and that depended in part on how the Bedouin judged him. Their support was not a legacy, and couldn't be taken for granted. "He had to earn their loyalty through personality and charisma—by making them feel that he was one of them and then being successful," one of his old friends says. Hussein gradually did become as successful with the Bedouin as Abdullah had been. However, he had to rule not just several hundred thousand Jordanians and the West Bank's population but also nearly a million Palestinian refugees, about half of them smoldering in camps; they didn't like being in Jordan and thought of it mainly as the most convenient place in which to prepare to recover their homes and their property. The Palestinian cause had created a rising tide of Arab assertion, even though the refugees themselves were regarded as a nuisance by most Arab governments. More than half of the refugees from Palestine were in Jordan.

Hussein had something to prove, not only to the Jordanians but to big powers—especially the United States—which were potential sources of support. He was not likely to find much, if any, support in the main Arab capitals aside from Baghdad. Kings were not in fashion in the Middle East, as Egypt's Farouk had just discovered. The Saudis weren't going to add to their own problems by helping Hussein, who was being called a British puppet, and, in any case, a residue of tension had existed between the two royal families since the struggle for the Hejaz. (Saudi financial help didn't begin until the late nineteen-sixties.) The house of Saud resented the Hashemites, and they, in turn—especially those of Abdullah's generation—felt that Mecca had fallen into the hands of usurpers. Hussein appeared to be overmatched by his problems, and during his first ten years or so as King he was treated with some condescension, if not derision, by



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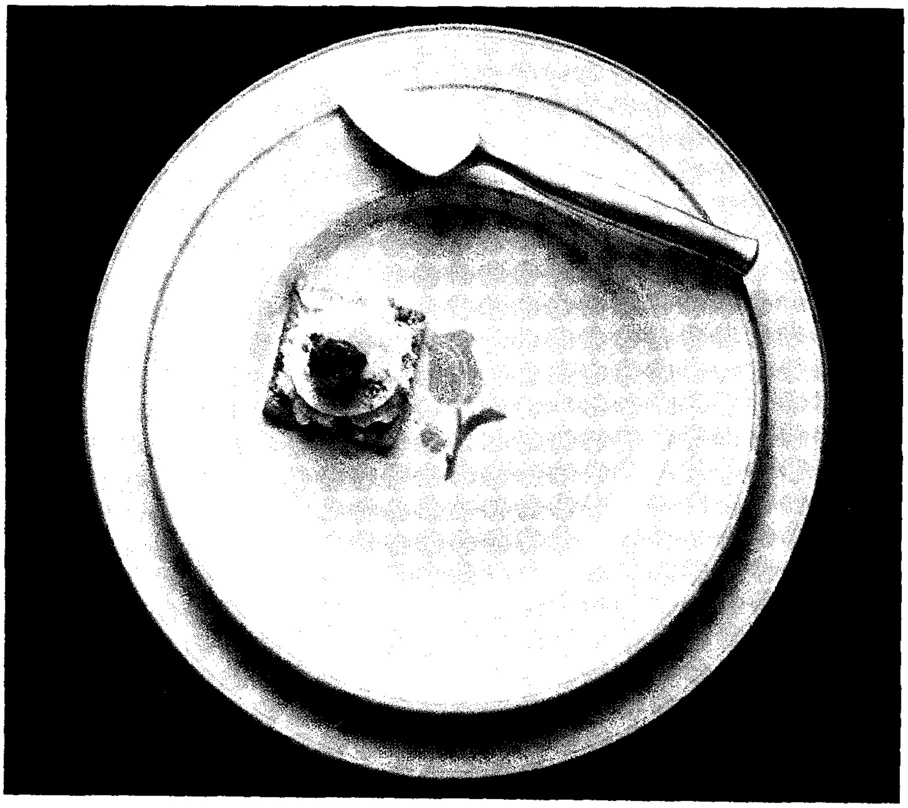

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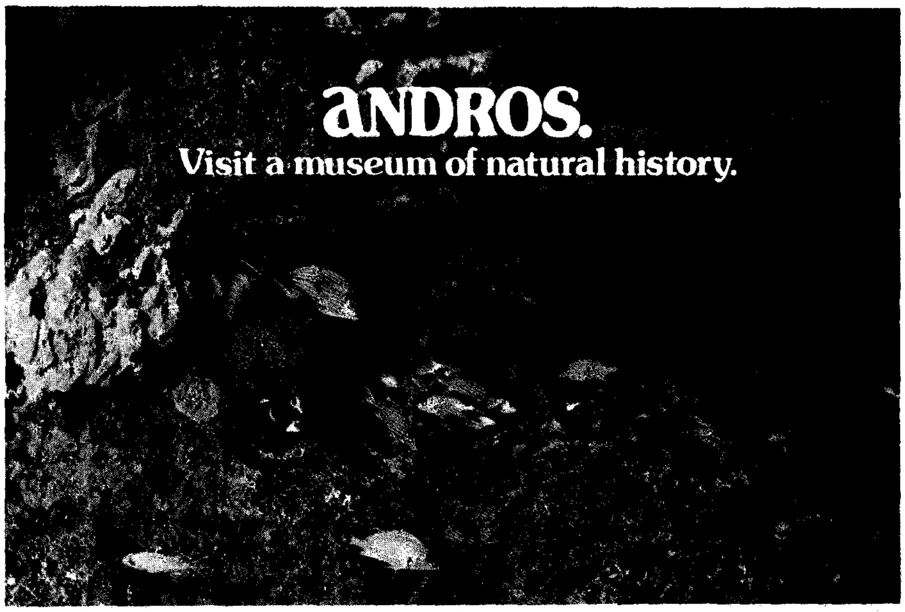

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many of the parties who were watching his progress. In the shorthand of the State Department's cables, he was referred to as the B.Y.K. (for "Brave Young King"). In conversation, Western journalists spoke of him as the P.L.K. (for "Plucky Little King"). His height—he is about five feet three inches tall—tended to reinforce the impression that he was a waif on the verge of being engulfed by his problems.

These problems awed Hussein less than they did his handicappers. He has a natural confidence in himself—a quality that Abdullah also possessed—and this has always been an asset. And Hussein, too, is a fatalist; he is not intimidated by threats against his life or by physical danger. However, the notion that he is indifferent to death or enjoys physical danger and invites it is wrong. His fondness for driving fast cars and flying jet airplanes has contributed to the misleading impression of him as a daredevil, as have the numerous occasions on which he has demonstrated remarkable physical courage. He has always driven his own car whenever it was possible, mainly because he prefers driving to being driven. "I'm a back-seat driver," he says. I asked him about the flying—something he learned, over the objections of his entourage, not long after becoming king. "It was a difficult adjustment for me as a very young man having to take on so much responsibility all at once," he said. "The flying helped. Also, I learned at a time when we were building our Air Force and also an airline. I was trying to encourage young people to fly." Encouraging young people may have been among his reasons, but one can assume, I think, that Hussein took up flying because he wanted to fly. (Flying is still his main relief from the pressure of his responsibilities.) Equally misguided is the contrary notion that because Hussein is cautious in matters affecting the realm he lacks courage. The choice of surviving or perishing has always confronted him more starkly than it has most of his contemporaries. A number of qualities have contributed to his survival: he is shrewd and artful; he is cautious; and he is studiously bold at carefully selected moments. He is not often rash. "Hussein refuses to be shot at defending the harebrained schemes of others," says one diplomat who has known him for a long time.

Among the many world figures he has dealt with, I asked, whom has he most admired? I expected him to say

Eisenhower, the President he seems to have been most impressed by and refers to most often.

"De Gaulle," he replied. "I had especially good chemistry with him."

On reflection, it seems to me that Hussein has a Gaullist quality, although he lacks the panache, the easy access to the center stage, and the scope for maneuver that de Gaulle had. Like Hussein, de Gaulle never shrank from physical risk, and, like Hussein, he profited politically from moments when by his personal example he carried society with him and defeated his enemies. De Gaulle functioned as a kind of constitutional monarch who rarely shared all his thoughts or plans with his closest associates. In "The Edge of the Sword," an extended essay on power which appeared in 1932, de Gaulle wrote, "There can be no prestige without mystery, for familiarity breeds contempt. . . . In the designs, the demeanor, and the mental operations of a leader there must be always a 'something' which others cannot altogether fathom, which puzzles them, stirs them, and rivets their attention. . . . Aloofness, character, and the personification of greatness, these qualities it is that surround with prestige those who are prepared to carry a burden which is too heavy for lesser mortals. The price they have to pay for leadership is unceasing self-discipline, the constant taking of risks, and a perpetual inner struggle . . . whence that vague sense of melancholy which hangs about the skirts of majesty."

Hussein is aloof when he chooses to be; he conveys a deep sense of melancholy, and he, too, keeps many things to himself. He doesn't, for example, share with his Foreign Ministry some aspects of his relationship with the United States. He keeps documents of special sensitivity in a box in his bedroom; these include American commitments on arms, many of which have never been made good on. (Hussein has been promised a great deal more in military assistance from the United States than he has ever received; in Washington, there is a saying that Hussein has known seven Presidents and has been either lied to or let down by each of them.) Like de Gaulle, he is a charismatic figure to his people. "As long as he has that magnetism, he'll be all right," observes a diplomat who has watched him for many years. Like de Gaulle, Hussein may take major steps suddenly, but not impulsively. "He likes

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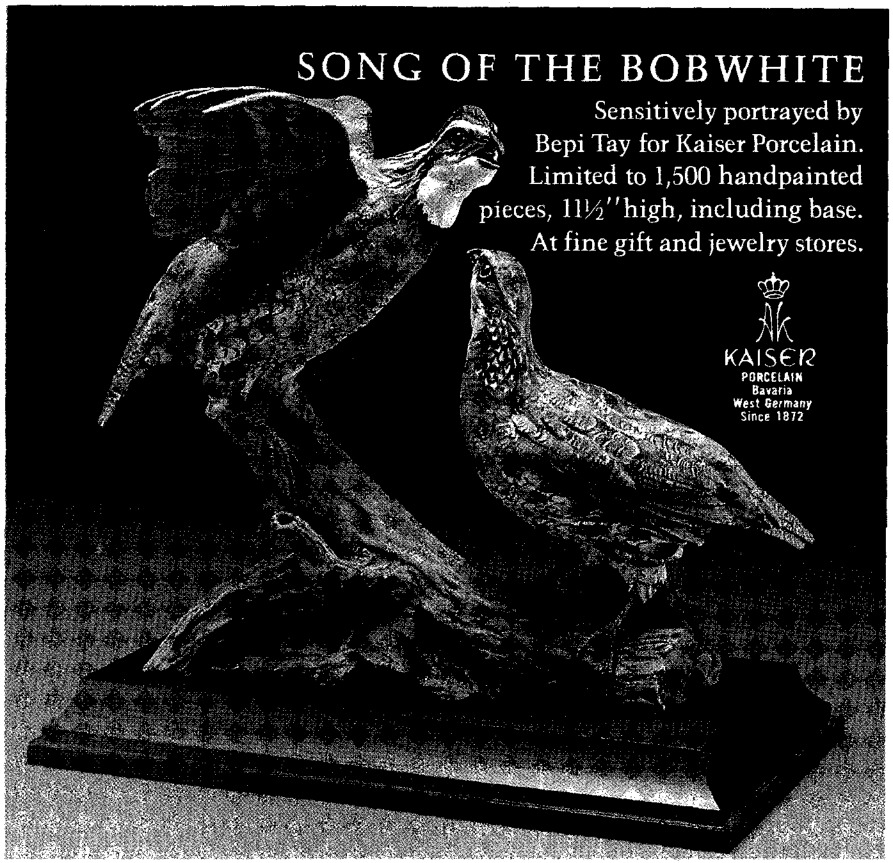
to seem impulsive, but he's really a chess player," says one former American Ambassador. In his personal style, Hussein is very different from de Gaulle, who was not only aloof but occasionally visionary, and astringent. Hussein is more outgoing and less romantic, has a simpler personal style and distinctly simple tastes. Besides liking to operate airplanes and cars, he is a ham-radio buff. He also has an absorbing interest in the state of the art of various technologies. One of his closest friends is Ali Ghandour, the president of Royal Jordanian Airlines (Alia), and Ghandour says, "He is a perfectionist. He wants the latest and most modern aircraft and equipment. He is concerned with everything from the airplanes' electronics to the traffic forecasts." People who know Hussein well make strikingly similar comments on him. By all accounts, he is highly intuitive—no intellectual but very astute. I asked one diplomat who has known both Hussein and King Hassan of Morocco well to compare them. "Hassan is a considerably subtler and cleverer person than Hussein," he said. "Hussein has no intellectual side. He is a lot more direct, likable, and honest than Hassan. Both Hussein and Hassan are courageous and skillful, but Hassan can speak at length in classical Arabic without notes and never repeat himself. I saw him do it once for forty-five minutes. Hassan is also a more skillful practitioner of the art of the royal presence. When it comes to beautiful women, it's a tie."

Hussein's foreign policy, as some American and British diplomats (active and retired) have described it, is uncomplicated and unchanging. It relies on a strong connection with a major power, which was Britain once and is now the United States. It also requires a close link with a key Arab state other than Saudi Arabia; a link of this sort helps Jordan to avoid becoming a Saudi fiefdom. For now, the other Arab state is Iraq, although many would argue that it should be Syria. Because of his special problems —the West Bank, Jordan's Palestinian majority, its lack of military power —Hussein must avoid provoking Israel; that means preventing incidents on the border. His foreign and domestic policies converge on the Palestine problem. Sorting out Hussein's feelings about Palestinians is difficult, probably even for him. Although he speaks of the Palestinian people with sympathy and warmth, and feels that they have been cynically encouraged



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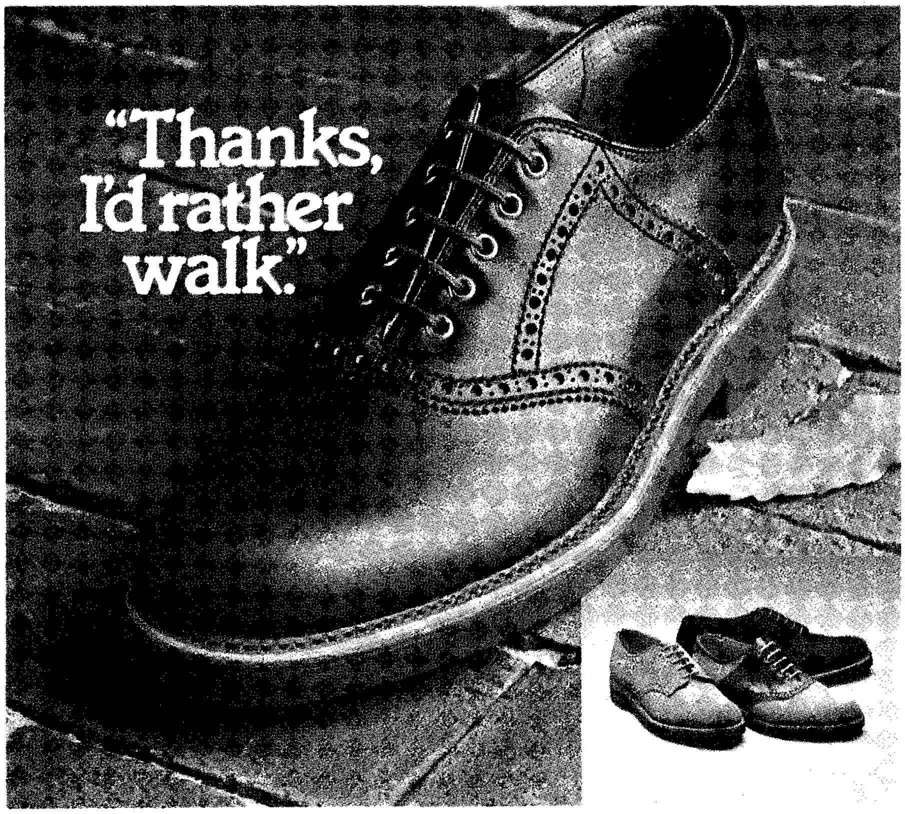

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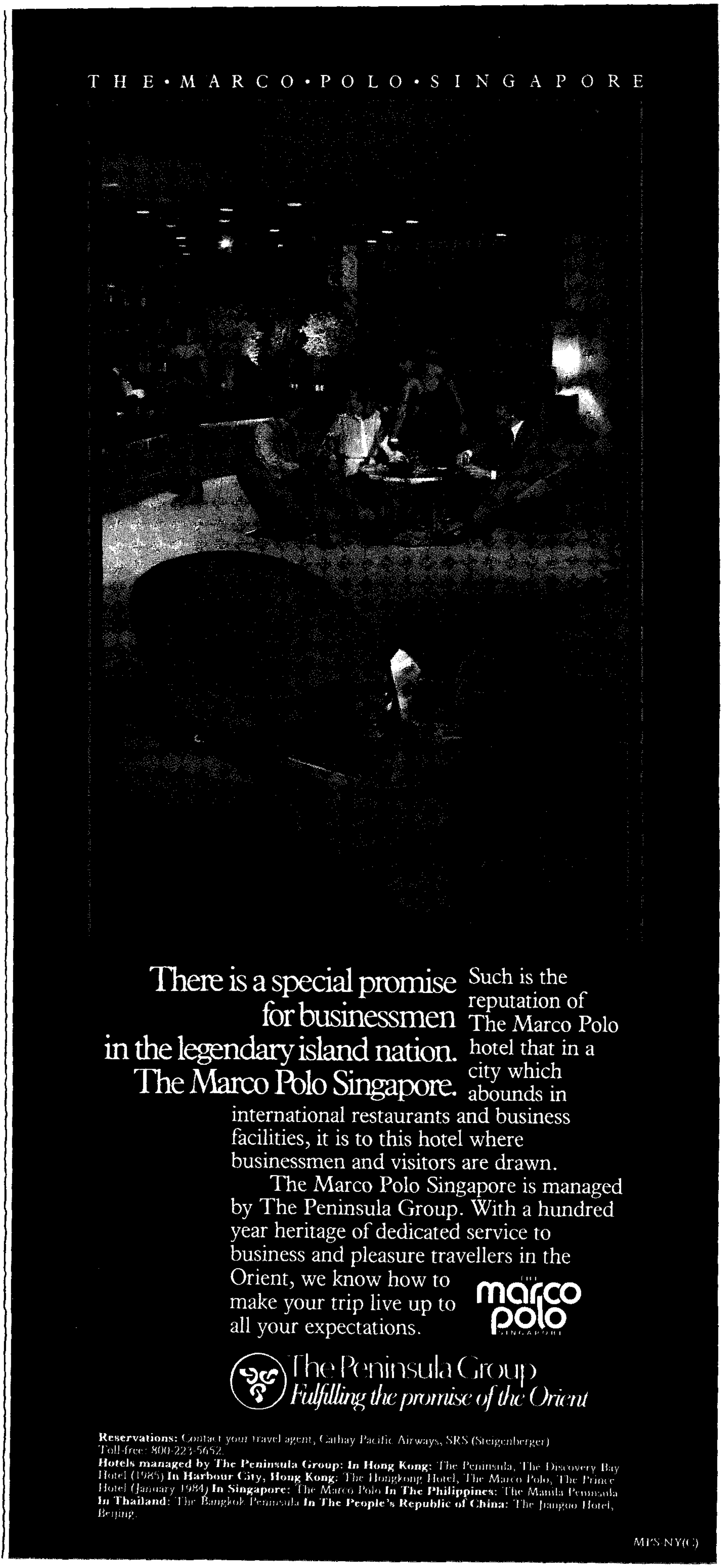
by some Arab states to seek unattainable goals, he has had to struggle with them on occasion for control of Jordan. Moreover, his grandfather's murder was planned and carried out by Palestinians. Jordan, he feels, has done a great deal for the Palestinians besides making citizens of them. It has probably lost proportionately more soldiers in the wars with Israel than any other Arab state has. At times, especially in the nineteen-sixties, Hussein has perhaps been unnecessarily severe in his dealings with his large Palestinian constituency. On both sides—his and the Palestinians'—feelings are mixed. The role of the Hashemites as guardians of Jerusalem and the West Bank lacks tradition; it is an accident of the Arab-Israeli conflict. Still, the accident seems to have cemented the Palestinians to Jordan.

Hussein's life, if it were to be reduced to a phrase, could be described as a series of narrow escapes. He has been shot at more often than he can probably remember. (He has missed some appointments with assassins simply by being late; Hussein is notoriously unpunctual—a trait that can upset even well-planned conspiracies.) In November of 1958, he narrowly escaped an attack by Syrian MIG aircraft while he was en route to Europe at the controls of his own airplane. The more bizarre conspiracies have included replacing his medicated nose drops with an acid strong enough to dissolve the chromium in a bathroom washbasin when a suspect vial was tested. The carcasses of several dead cats lying about the palace grounds unveiled an especially clumsy plot to poison him; the poison had been pretested on the local cat population. Jordan, I was told, has never had a political execution, and most of those who have been caught plotting against the King have been exiled or else imprisoned and eventually set free. One explanation of Hussein's tolerance of his enemies is that because Jordan is such a small country, with so many people related to one another, executions, even of assassins, make bad politics. But that is not the whole story. A British friend of mine who has known Hussein for a long time asked him several years ago for his opinion of the internal policies of the late Shah of Iran. "He thought the Shah's repression was disgusting," my friend recalls. "He also said the Shah was pushing the country too fast and had lost touch with the people." The best-known example of Hussein's leniency



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involves a once close friend of his named Ali Abu Nuwar, who as a young Army officer had been rapidly promoted by the King and made commander of Jordan's armed forces, three months after Glubb's departure. Glubb had always thought that Abu Nuwar was disloyal, and so he proved to be. A plot in April of 1957 to turn the Army against Hussein and bring down the monarchy was linked to Abu Nuwar. Hussein, when he learned of it, reacted by making a late-evening visit to units of the Army deployed outside Amman. As it turned out, they were confused by what disloyal officers had told them but were still intensely loyal to their king. The conspiracy dissolved on the spot, and Hussein returned to Amman in triumph. Abu Nuwar was allowed to go to Syria the following day. Eventually, he returned to Jordan and later joined the diplomatic service and served for a time as Hussein's Ambassador to Paris.

I asked Hussein what had since become of him.

"He is here in Amman—in the private sector," Hussein replied, without elaborating.

What, I asked, explained the King's tolerance of conspirators?

"I've never treated any individual harshly," he said. "Differences should be settled through a process of argument. The alternative becomes too personal, and the results are devastating. Many have left and come back. Charity begins at home. We must serve as an example. In the nineteen-fifties, people were wandering around politically. They were asking themselves what it meant to be an Arab or a Jordanian."

Many a Plantagenet or Lancaster king—perhaps most of Shakespeare's kings—would have recognized the hand that Hussein was dealt: the isolation of the realm and its quest for allies; the shadows of madness and violent death over the family; betrayal and the conspiracies and other threats from without and within; too little military and economic strength; preoccupation for some time with producing an heir. They would have understood his reluctance to trust anyone completely; his tendency to play off members of the inner circle against one another; and, finally, his sense of melancholy, which has deepened with time, in part, perhaps, because his life's work may have been disfigured by one flawed decision—the decision to join forces with Egypt in the Six-Day War, in 1967. Hussein does seem to be

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Hussein lurched from crisis to crisis in the early years. His monarchy ran directly against the grain. The dominant regional force was the pan-Arabism that had gathered behind Egypt's Nasser; to Arabs, Nasser seemed to be their most heroic figure since Saladin, the twelfth-century conqueror of Palestine, who wasn't an Arab, either, but a Kurd. In contrast, Jordan's monarch—pro-Western and politically conservative by virtue of his background and the influence of Harrow and Sandhurst—resembled a small obstacle in the path of a locomotive. He was impressionable then, and was especially vulnerable to clever friends of his own age, none of whom had any political experience. The result of their influence was a fairly brief flirtation with such liberalizing steps as freeing the press—it turned instantly against Hussein and championed Nasser—and giving political parties more latitude. Amman in those days was a turbulent place, as frontier towns often are; there was no place in the Middle East quite like it. The Palestinians were a combustible force, but actually no element of the population—not even the Army—was immune to the contagion of political unrest. Hussein's early steps risked destroying him. He was ignoring his major legacy—the handful of people who had helped Abdullah run the country and were there to help his grandson. Gradually, Hussein gave major responsibilities to these known quantities. But his feelings about one senior figure—General Glubb, who in the mid-fifties still commanded the Arab Legion—led to his first major crisis. Hussein never questioned Glubb's loyalty and devotion to the crown, but at a time when any vestige of British imperialism, real or imagined, was exploitable by the King's numerous enemies Glubb was a political burden. Hussein decided to fire him; he asked Samir Rifai, who was Prime Minister, to tell Glubb. Rifai did so, on March 1, 1956, and Glubb left for England with his family early the next morning. He had served Jordan for twenty-six years. Hussein was then twenty years

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old. The British were furious. Prime Minister Anthony Eden cabled Hussein, urging him to change his mind. The British Ambassador told Hussein that the consequences of the step could be injurious to Jordan and to himself. He may have meant that Britain would discontinue its subsidy to Jordan, because that is what happened. Shocked Western capitals felt that Hussein had committed a self-destructive act. Without Glubb and the other senior British officers, who left shortly after he did, Hussein's Army, on which he was wholly dependent, was rudderless and certainly faction-ridden. "Glubb left with the crown jewels," an American diplomat stationed in Amman wrote in his diary on the evening of Glubb's departure from Jordan. He recalls Glubb as "a rather saintly man with no malice in him."

Glubb and most Western diplomats thought that they saw the hand of the King's ambitious and possibly disloyal friend Ali Abu Nuwar in the Glubb affair. "I was not influenced by Ali Abu Nuwar," Hussein told me. "My decision was not taken lightly. I did what had to be done. Jordan and its armed forces had to stand on their own. Glubb is one of the people I most deeply respect. Our friendship is very deep, and has grown over the years. He is a bigger man than most I have known. We talk of his visiting Jordan." Glubb is living in Sussex now. "He hasn't come yet." The role of Abu Nuwar was greatly exaggerated, according to Zaid Rifai, who agrees that Hussein's decision was a carefully considered one. "It was very important," Rifai says. "Overnight, it catapulted him into the mainstream of Arab politics." For Hussein, firing Glubb was a declaration of independence from Britain.

Hussein replaced Glubb with Ali Abu Nuwar, and then dissolved Parliament and announced new elections. In July of that year, Nasser, who was deeply hostile to Hussein, excited the Arab world by nationalizing the Suez Canal. Politically, Jordan was becoming a mine field. Although the conspiracy apparently hatched by Abu Nuwar in 1957 failed, it confronted Hussein with evidence of disloyalty and the risk of potential mutiny within his Army, elements of which had been radicalized by Nasser's febrile pan-Arabism. And a far worse crisis did lie just ahead. Early in 1958, Jordan and Iraq, the Hashemite monarchies, formed a union. At the signing ceremony in Baghdad, on February 10th,

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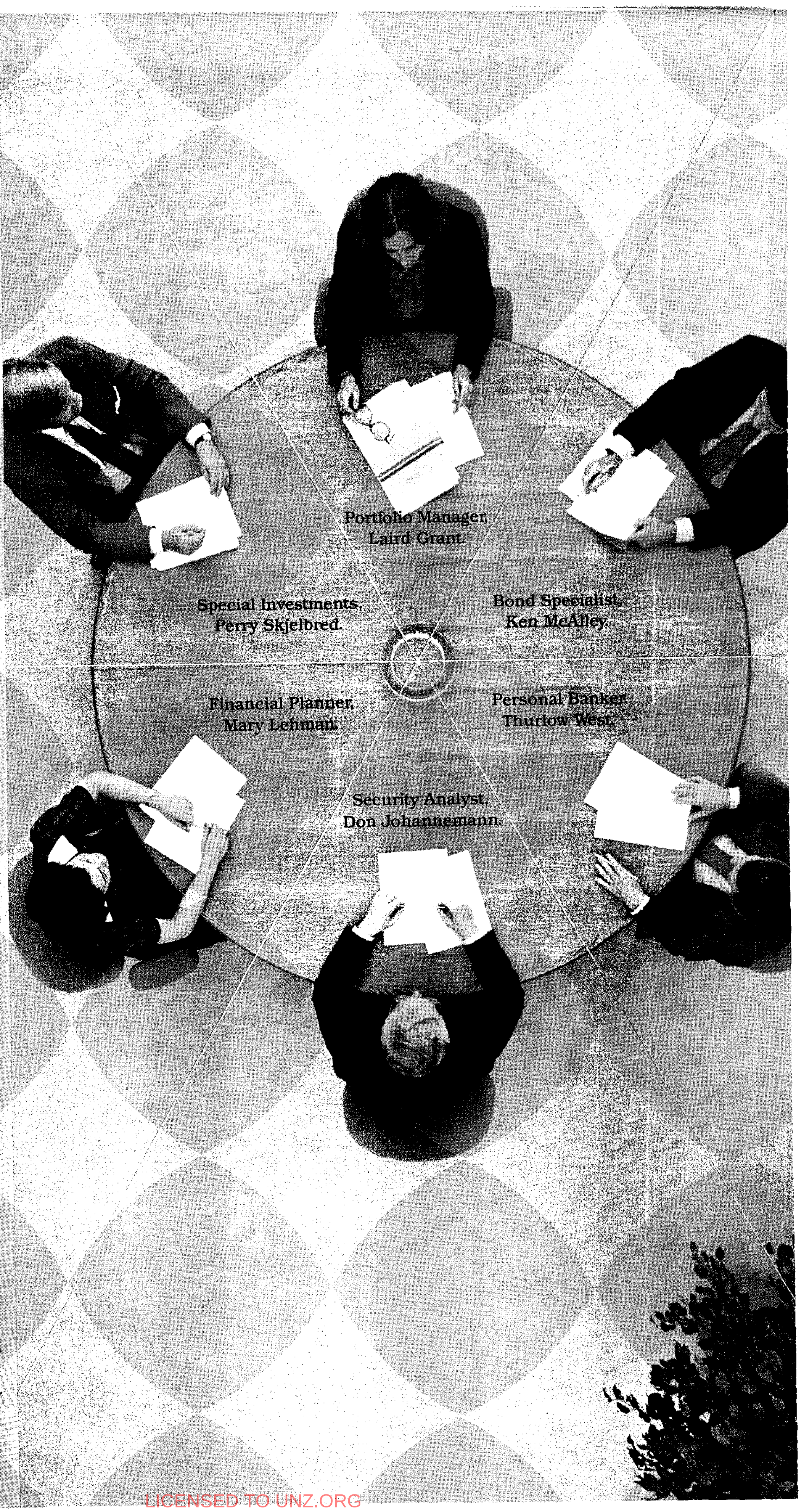
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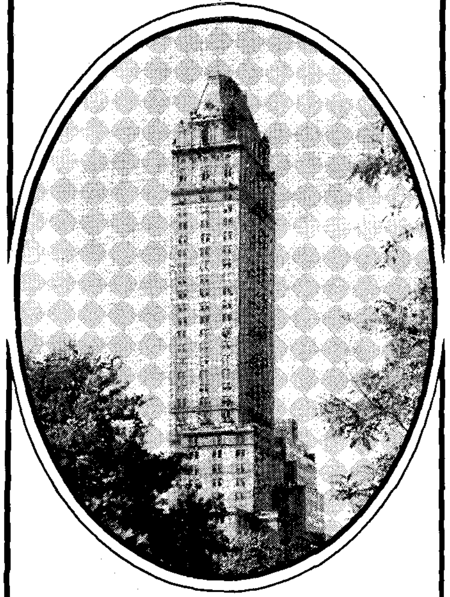

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a Jordanian official warned Nuri Said, who was Iraq's Prime Minister and wielder of power, that a conspiracy against his regime had come to light in Amman. Nuri was skeptical, however, even when he was given some of the details. "You just look after yourselves," he said—a remark that many Jordanians still remember. Early in July, a military plot against both Hussein and his cousin King Feisal was uncovered in Amman. Again, the Iraqis were warned. "On the day before it happened, I sent a warning and suggested they be careful," Hussein recalls of that episode. "They replied, 'You had better worry about yourselves.'" On July 14, 1958, King Feisal and his family were killed, along with Nuri Said, in the putsch that brought to power General Abdul Karim Kassem. Hussein announced the news in a press conference. "I have now received confirmation of the murder of my cousin, brother, and childhood playmate King Feisal of Iraq and all his royal family," he said. "They are only the last in a caravan of martyrs." It seemed to him "ironic that my cousin should have been murdered instead of me," he says in his memoir. "I was the one who might have expected death. I was the one who took stands that had made enemies. But Feisal, a few months my senior, never harmed anybody and never had enough control of events to make a single major political decision that could have angered anybody."

The summer of 1958 was as bad a time as Hussein has known. The full extent of the plot against him had not emerged. Nasser, the Jordanians felt, had either inspired or approved it. And Jordan was isolated; its borders with Syria and Iraq were closed, and its access to oil was cut off. Hussein asked Washington for help, and it was instantly agreed that American cargo aircraft would ferry oil from the Persian Gulf across Saudi Arabia to Jordan; the first shipment arrived the following day, and then, abruptly, the airlift stopped, because Saudi Arabia forbade flights over its territory. In a fury, Hussein telephoned King Saud, who told him, according to Hussein's account, that if he had been informed earlier he might have been able to do something about it. But it was too late. His government, he said, "had taken its decision." Jordan urgently needed the fuel, and Washington then arranged to carry it from another direction; this meant flying the cargo airplanes over Israel, whose government

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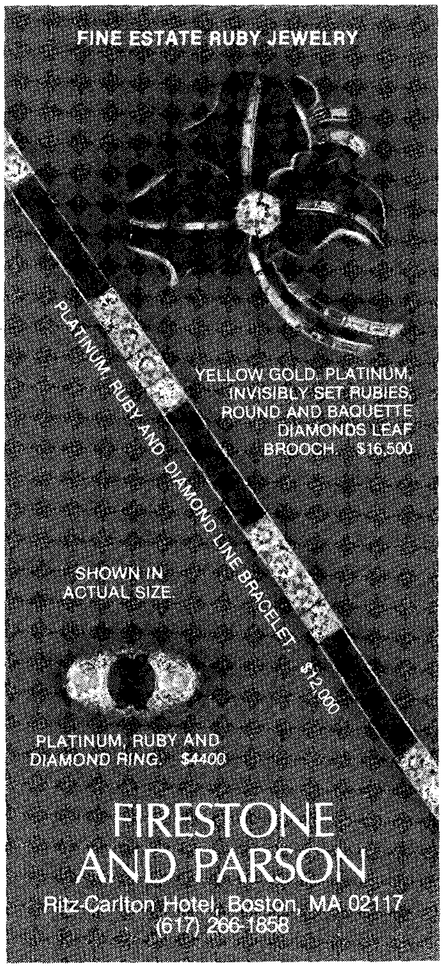

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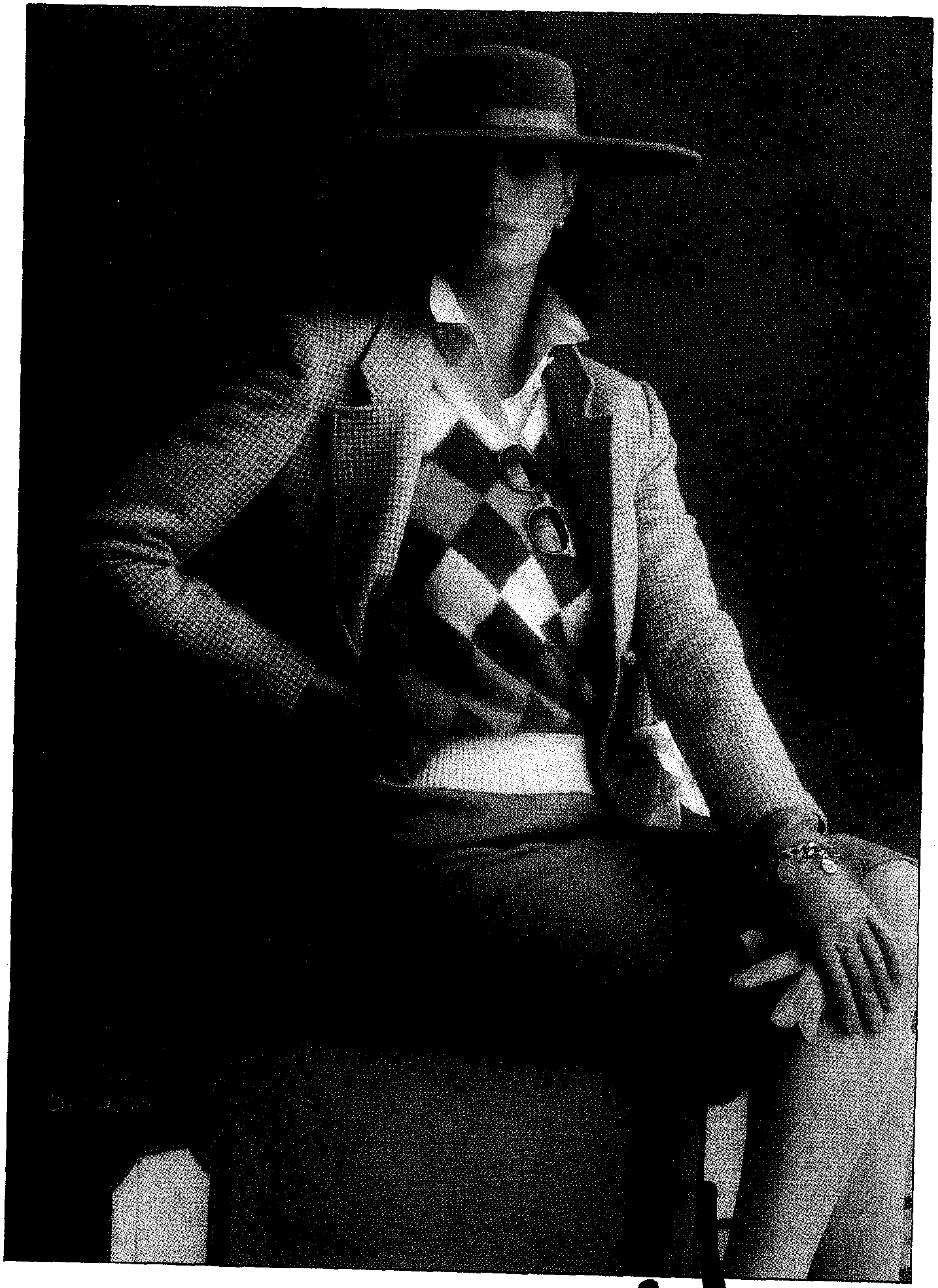

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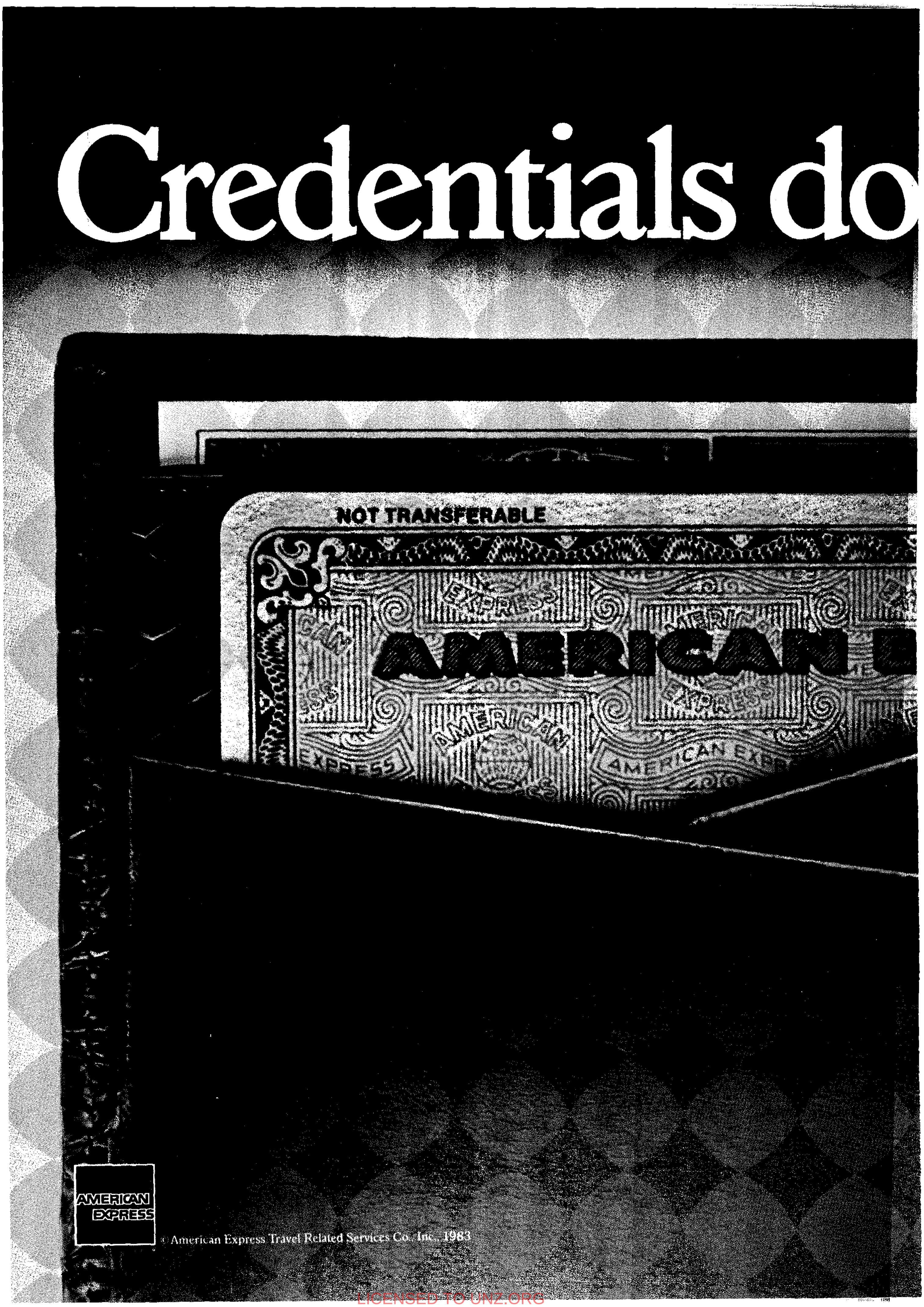

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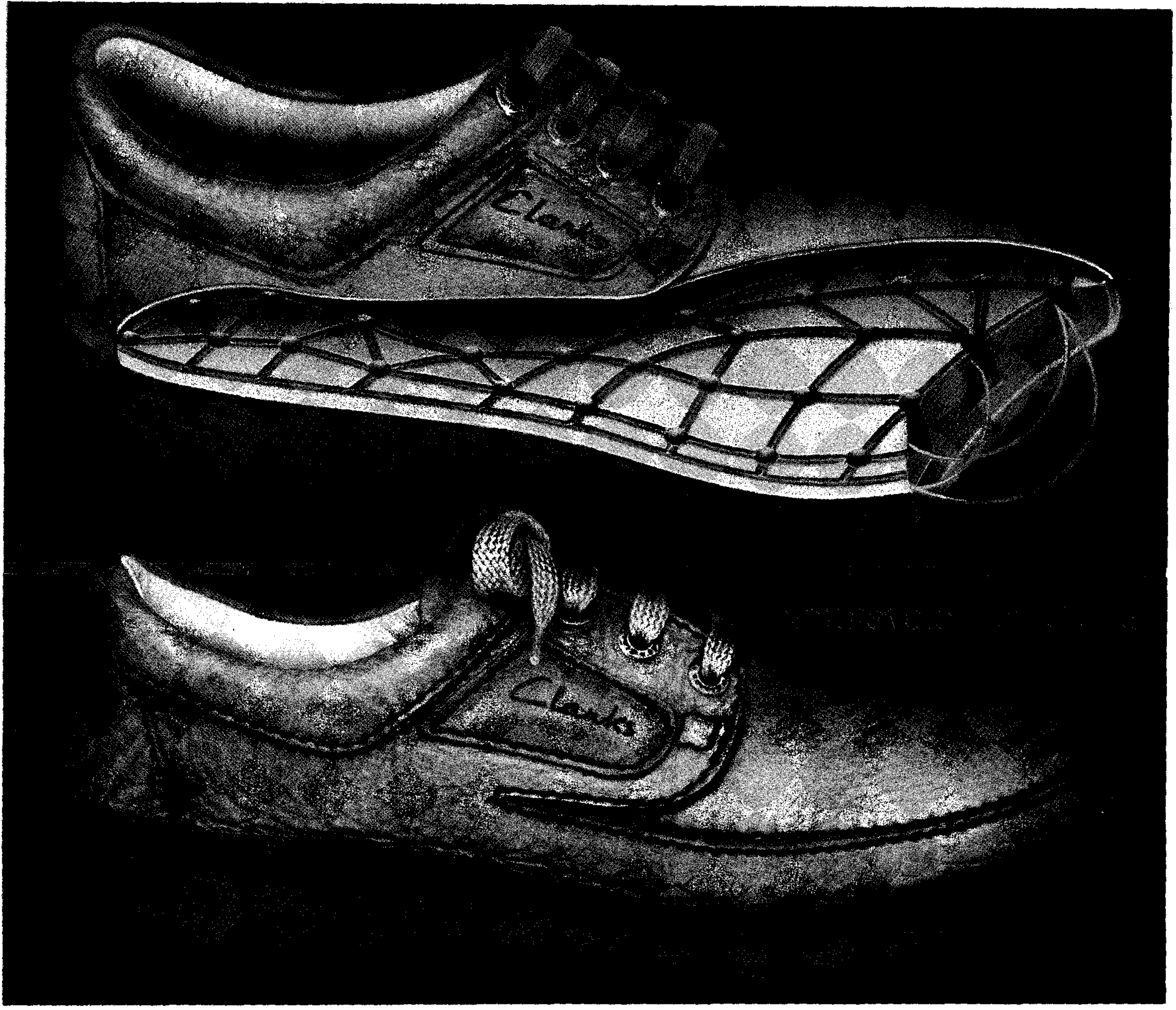

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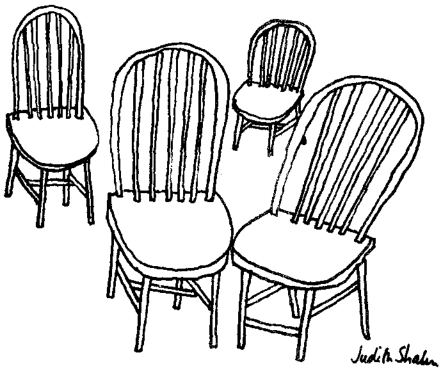
agreed. Hussein described the arrangement as "humiliating." His gravest concern, however, was the Army; many of its officers, aroused by Nasser's call for unity under a common banner, had plotted against Hussein. The Bedouin troops were above suspicion, but by 1958 they were a less dominant element of the Army. Jordan's Palestinian majority was for the most part strongly pro-Nasser. Within and beyond Jordan, it seemed unlikely that Hussein could hold his Army aloof from the mainstream of public opinion for much longer. It seemed a good bet that unless he abdicated he would share his cousin's fate. Hussein never considered abdicating; he turned instead to London and Washington for help. American Marines had just arrived in Beirut, mainly to discourage the troubles there from producing a radical political change of the kind that had occurred in Baghdad. Although by then the United States had also taken up the responsibility for paying Jordan's bills, it was jointly decided that Britain would shore up Hussein by sending a brigade of paratroopers based in Cyprus to the airport in Amman. I happened to be in Amman for the first time during the summer of 1958, and remember well the tension and sense of foreboding. Many prominent people who were believed to harbor pro-Nasser sentiments were under house arrest. Beyond the airport and the British troops who were settled down there, élite units of Jordan's Army formed a protective ring around the entire city. In the evenings, one saw dozens of Jordanian soldiers armed with clubs, riot shields, and Sten guns bedding down on the roofs of public buildings. During the day, soldiers drilled, often to the music of Scottish bagpipes. (Their style, because of their training, seemed as British as that of the paratroopers at the airport.)

Gradually, the situation became less ominous; Jordan's Army seemed to be



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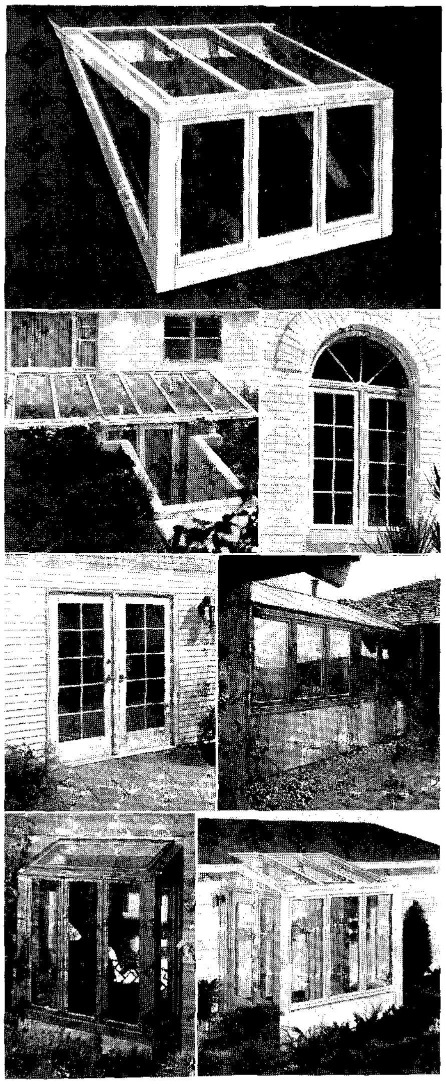

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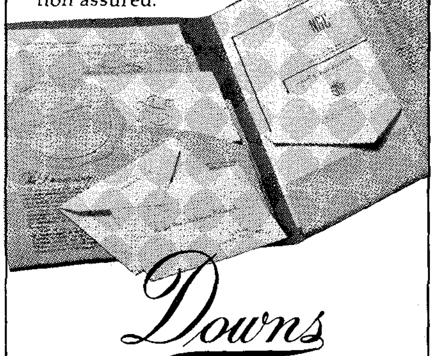
in control of itself, and the British were able to leave. Politically, Hussein was stronger for having endured and survived a crisis of world-class proportions. His first thought when I asked him about it recently was of his unfortunate cousin and the government of Nuri Said.

"The chemistry wasn't there," he said. "There was no contact with the people. In fact, there was a rift." However serious his own problems have been, Hussein feels that he has never lost touch with Jordan.

HUSSEIN's private life in those early years, although it was less tumultuous than the affairs of state, was volatile and, it seems, unsatisfactory. A great many women passed in and out of his life, but he was unable to find someone whom he could talk to and feel comfortable with. He professes to have been very lonely as a young man. He was married at nineteen, to an Egyptian girl named Dina Abdul Hamid, whom he knew well and was strongly attracted to. She was a great-grandniece of Sherif Hussein of Mecca, and hence was a distant cousin. The marriage lasted only eighteen months. Dina, who was an intellectual, with a degree from Cambridge University, had no fondness for the more rugged interests of the King, and she missed the worldly environment of Cairo. "Hussein liked being convivial," says a retired diplomat who knew him in those days. "But it wasn't easy in that environment. There were parties with games—paper chases, that kind of thing. The rules were cooked so that he always won. Dina didn't like that, and showed it. He didn't like it any more than she did, but he knew that many of those around him just could not have understood their king not winning." In 1971, Dina married a Palestinian commando—one of those who took part in an uprising against Hussein that occurred in 1970. In May of 1961, nearly five years after the marriage to Dina ended, Hussein married again. This time, he frightened two governments—his own and Britain's—by selecting an English girl. She was Toni Avril Gardiner, the daughter of an English colonel who was serving as an attaché in the British Embassy in Amman. Hussein's entourage feared that marriage to a girl who was neither Arab nor Muslim and was actually British would add considerably to his political burden. The British worried about being



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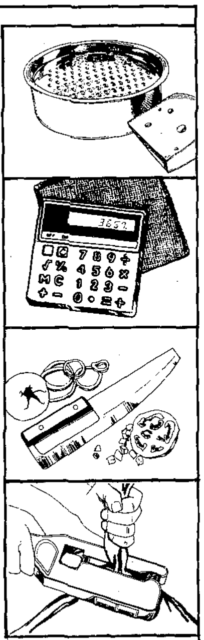

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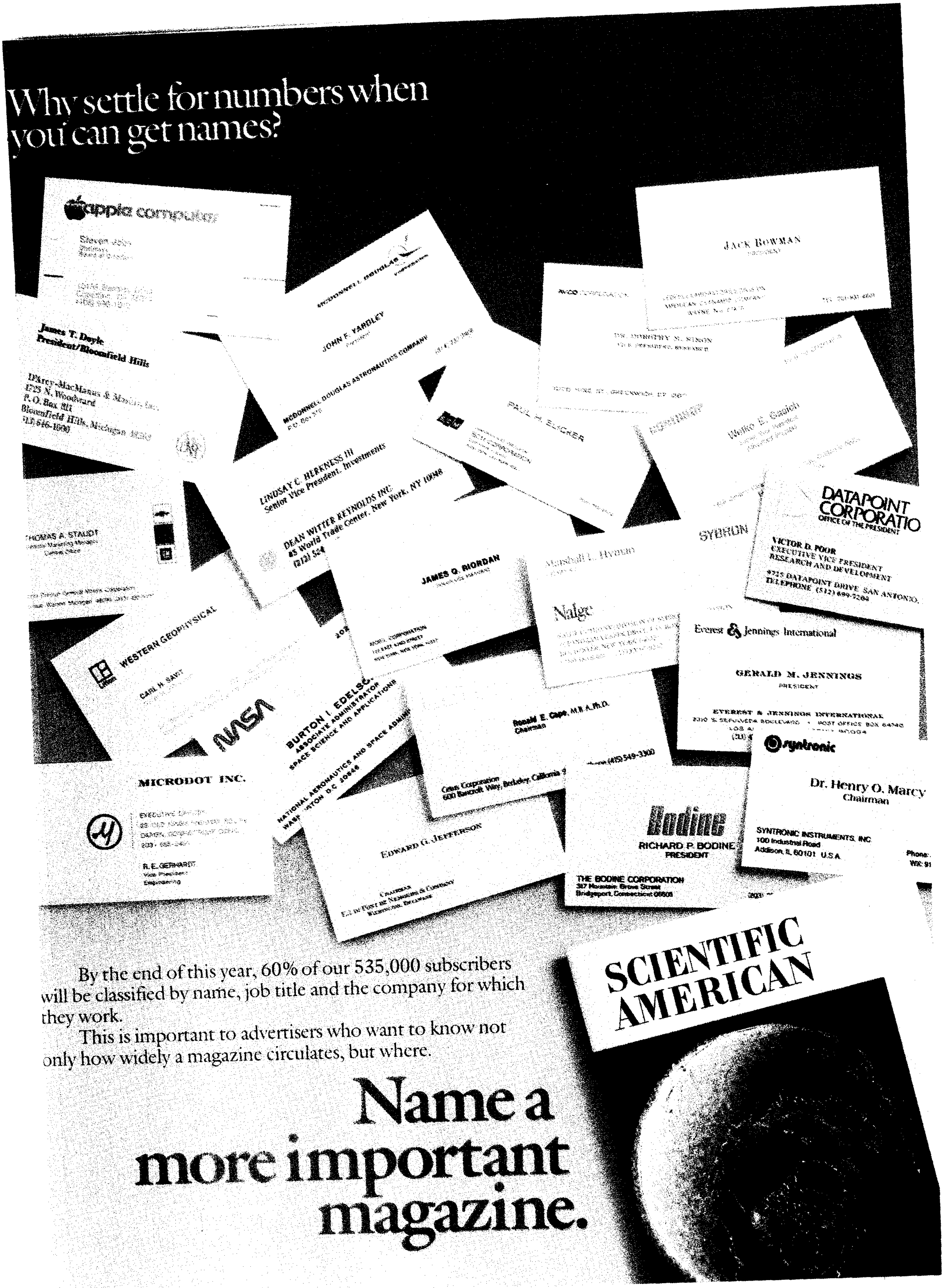

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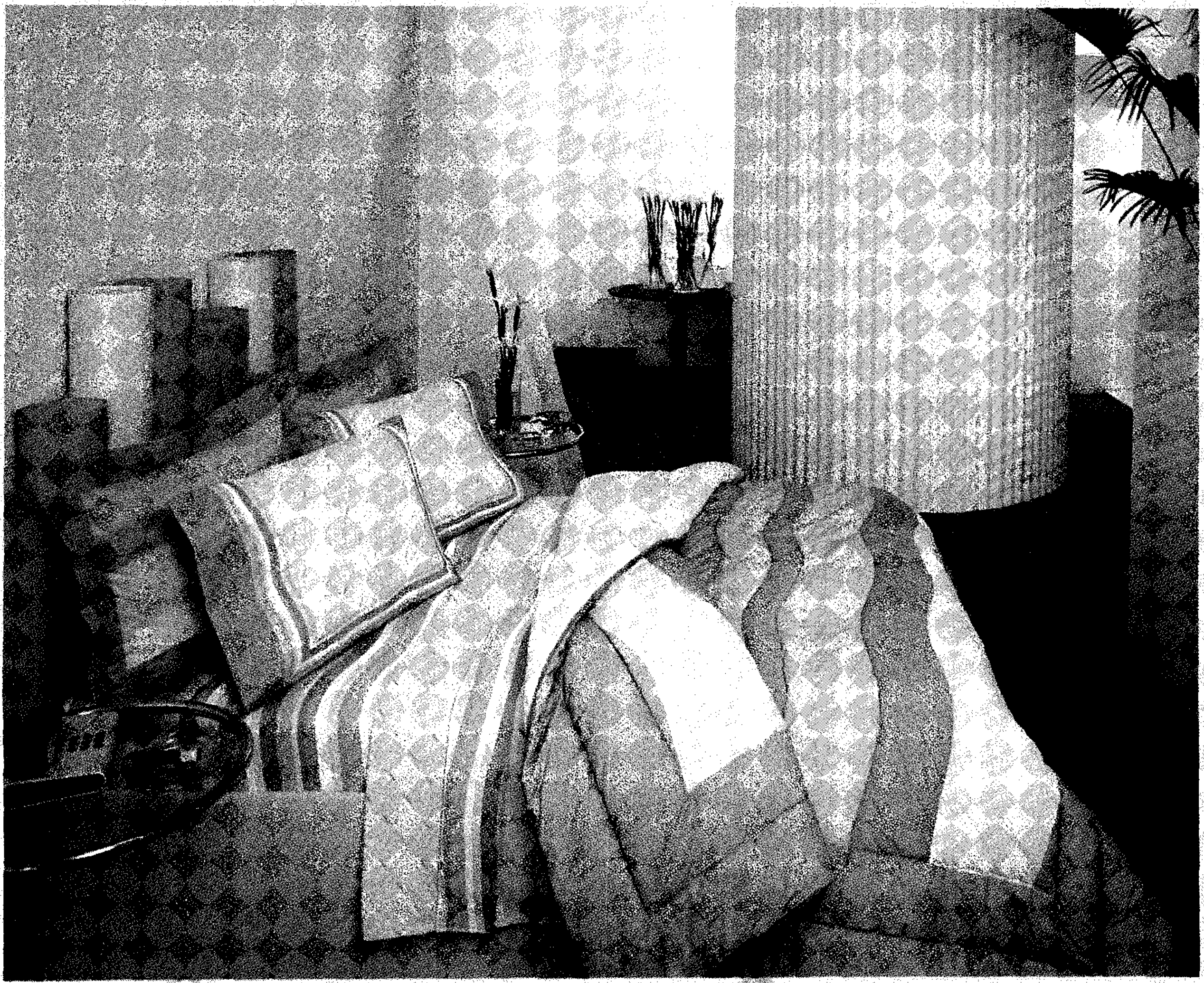

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accused of trying to regain control of Jordan by manipulating the marriage of its king to one of their subjects. In vain did their Ambassador and Hussein's close friends and his Prime Minister try to turn him away from the marriage; he was determined. Miss Gardiner is described by people who met her then as a thoroughly nice, conventional girl of simple tastes—very like the daughters of British officers whom Hussein must have met at Sandhurst. He has written that for him Muna—the Arabic name adopted by Miss Gardiner—was the uncomplicated, understanding woman and friend he had been seeking. As for the realm, Hussein's sense that he understands it better than his entourage didn't betray him; his decision seems to have been equated with his happiness, and it caused no difficulty. The marriage produced four children and was a happy one until the early seventies, when the King began to lose interest. He and Muna were divorced in 1972, and he has since tried marriage twice again. His third wife, Queen Alia, was the daughter of a prominent Jordanian diplomat (a Palestinian), and she was a graduate of Hunter College. She bore Hussein two children and was killed in a helicopter crash early in 1977, a little more than four years after their marriage. Alia was flying at night. The pilot was an especially experienced nighttime flier, who had flown Hussein by helicopter to numerous late-evening rendezvous in Israel with various Israeli Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers. ("They had become too casual about nighttime flying," says a former diplomat who worked closely with Hussein and observed his grief.) Hussein was shocked and stricken by the accident. His present wife, Queen Noor, is an American—the daughter of Najeeb Halaby, who is a former chairman of the Federal Aviation Administration and a former chief executive of Pan American World Airways. They were married in June of 1978 and have three children, the last of whom, a girl, was born in April. Hussein is now the father of five sons and five daughters, most of whom are normally with him in Amman. However, the Crown Prince, Hassan, is not a son but, rather, the youngest of Hussein's two brothers. The King and the Crown Prince are alike in that both are shrewd, hold many similar views, are the same height, and bear a family resemblance; but they are very different in style. Hussein is trim, has

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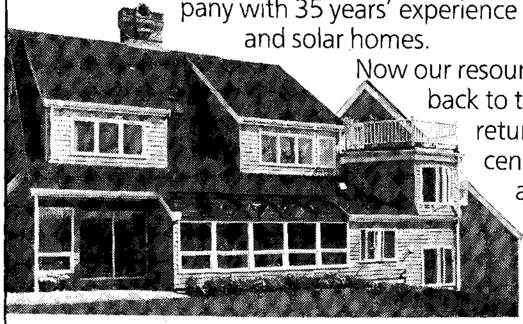

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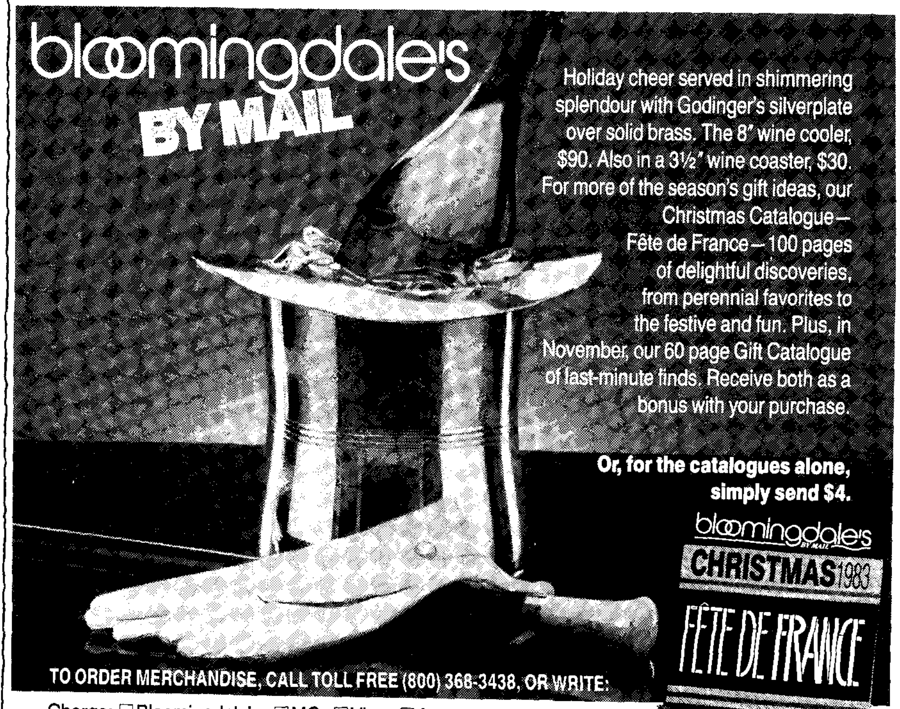

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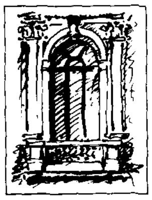

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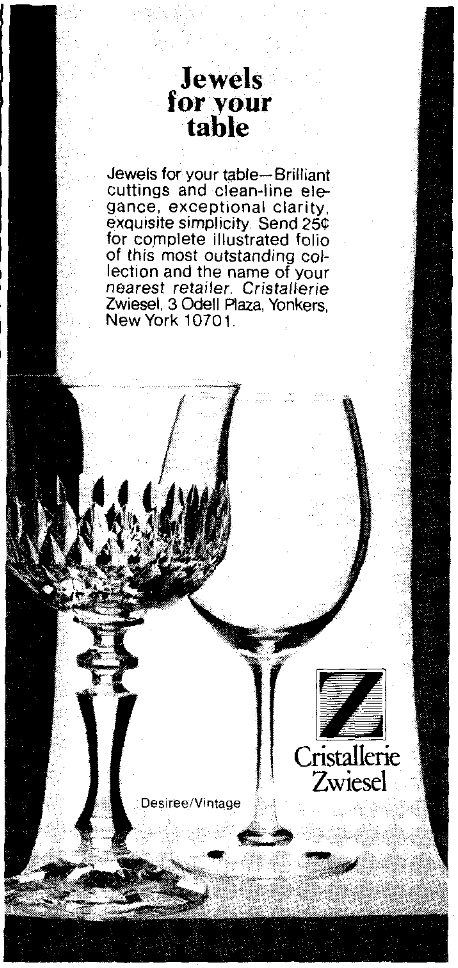
an almost military bearing, and seems taller than he is. Hassan is a stocky and more relaxed figure. Hussein speaks slowly, precisely, and solemnly; his voice is deep and resonant, and its effect is rather magnetic—one can understand his hold over tribal leaders and the Amman hierarchy after talking with him. Hassan speaks rapidly—occasionally in torrents—and flavors his speech with American and British idioms. Hassan, unlike Hussein, is an intellectual. He attended Christ Church College of Oxford University and took his degree in Oriental Studies. Hassan is clearly an omnivorous reader and has a rather donnish air. He is also very amiable, and if there is an amusing or ironic side to a topic he finds it. In describing a trip he made to Southern California, for example, he recalled meeting John Wayne, who said to him, "You seem so damned decent it's hard to believe you're royalty." On one of his favorite subjects—political change in the Middle East—Hassan is interesting, although discouraging; he sees moderate elements being weakened almost everywhere by immoderate populist tendencies. "Current trends in Israel, for example, are changing the character of the body politic," he says. "Whereas Israel once identified with European and American liberalism, it is now taking on the neoconservative tendencies one sees in America." Hassan serves officially as a kind of ombudsman for Jordan's economic development, and he writes by the yard—especially on the Palestine problem. "He is extraordinarily bright, sophisticated, and a bit jaded," says an American who has known him well for many years. And he is more openly critical than Hussein of the flaws he sees in America's Middle East policies. Hassan is thirty-six and has been married for fifteen years. His wife, Princess Sarvath, is a member of a Pakistani family that seems to have prominent connections in much of the Islamic world. They have four children. Hassan's offices and those of his staff are in the compound of the royal palace, but in a section that is separate from the King's offices and living quarters.

The palace is perched on a hill overlooking the town. The main part is a rambling and agreeable, though undistinguished, structure of no particular style. The grounds are not impressive, and it doesn't look as if any great effort had been made to enhance them. My meetings with Hussein took place in a rather formal sitting room



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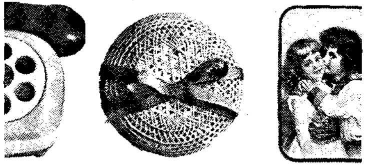

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in the main structure, and in a smaller one in his living quarters. (None of the rooms that I saw were especially grand or opulent.) Our longest conversation—a little over two hours—covered the period between the Six-Day War and the present. In discussing Arab leaders whom he has tilted with over the past fifteen years or so, including some who, like Nasser, conspired against him, and may even have tried to have him done away with, he was curiously detached and analytical, speaking without a trace of hostility. Sadat, he feels, by launching a politically useful war in 1973, created an opportunity for a major settlement of regional problems but failed to exploit the opportunity, partly because he insisted on doing everything himself. Hussein pays tribute to Sadat's accomplishments and says he admired many of his qualities. However, Sadat was aloof and in his contacts with Washington and Israel sought to keep Hussein well away from the center of events. Hussein seems to find it easier to forgive Nasser, whom he genuinely liked, than Sadat, who applied his considerable gifts to the goal of excluding Jordan from the peace process. "Toward the end of his life, we saw eye to eye," Hussein says of Nasser. "His death was a blow. What he could have contributed! We worked together closely during his last years." I asked him if Nasser had learned a lot as the years wore on, and Hussein said quickly that he had.

In the spring of 1967, Nasser was edging toward a war with Israel that he could not really have wanted, since he wasn't prepared for it. He was probably counting on a reprieve of some kind. "Nasser thought he could bluff his way to the brink and get away with it," one of Hussein's former advisers says. In March, just three months before the war, Nasser told an American diplomat that Israel was stronger than the Arab states and that there would be no war "except at a time and a place of our choosing." But by late May it was clear to Hussein that war was inevitable. For him, the question was whether Jordan should align itself with Nasser or stand aside, as virtually all the other Arab states elected to do. "We felt the West Bank was a prime target," he says. "We couldn't survive an Israeli onslaught. Our only defense lay in coming together with the others." He and some of his advisers also worried that not supporting Nasser in a war against Israel would provoke uncontrollable

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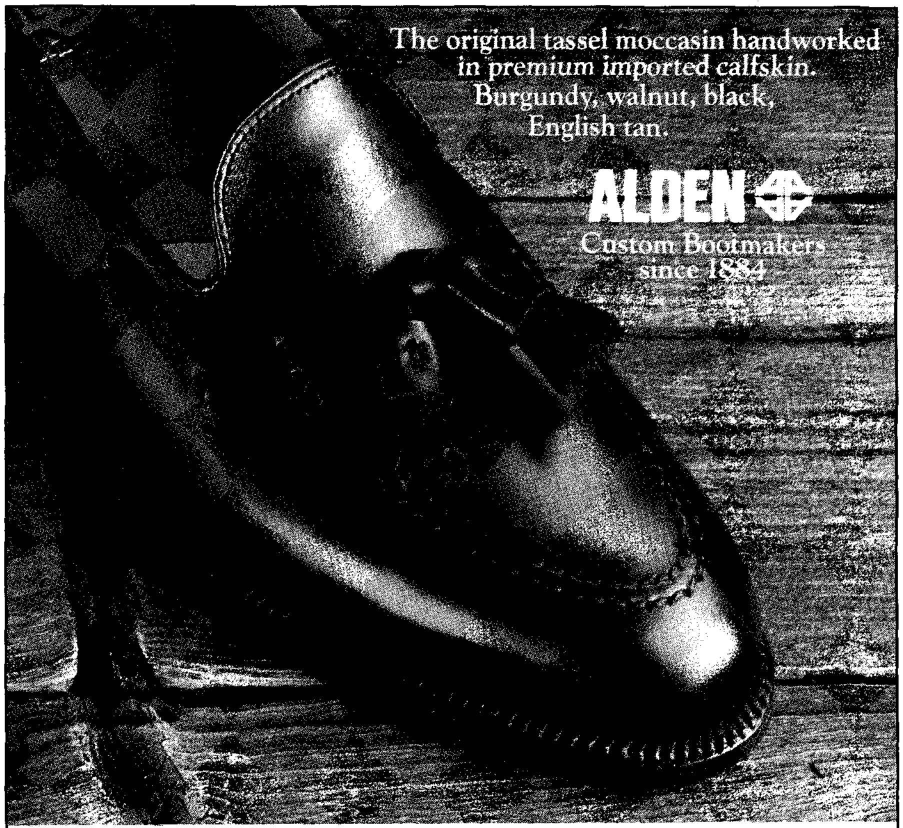
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rioting by Palestinians on both banks, and that the riots would be used by Israel as a pretext for pouncing on the West Bank, and possibly the East Bank as well. "The whole of Jordan would have been in great danger," Hussein says.

Although his relations with Nasser were poisonous at this time, Hussein, to everyone's surprise, abruptly flew a Jordanian airliner unescorted to Cairo on the morning of May 30th; many of those who were closest to him didn't know he had gone until his arrival in Cairo was disclosed. This was the fateful step in Hussein's life. He and Nasser swiftly formed an alliance and agreed that when, or if, the war began Jordan's forces would fight under Egypt's command.

The outcome of the war was decided in the brief time it took Israel's Air Force to destroy Egypt's on the early morning of June 5th. Jordan was not attacked; Israel's Prime Minister, Levi Eshkol, informed Hussein through an intermediary during the morning that Israel would not involve Jordan in the fighting unless Jordan made it necessary to do so. He had his answer a few minutes later, when Hussein's aircraft began bombing targets in Israel—hours after Nasser's aircraft had been destroyed on the ground. At midday, Nasser called Hussein and, instead of conveying the bad news, gave him a strongly upbeat, wholly misleading account of the fighting. Over the next two hours, *Israel destroyed Hussein's small Air* Force. By the evening, he was ready to make a deal, but was told by Israel that Jordan had missed its chance to stay out of the conflict. Over the next three days, Jordan lost a large part of its Army and the entire West Bank.

Several diplomats and some Jordanians I spoke with feel that Hussein could have avoided the war with Israel. Before risking so much, they think, he should at least have waited a day, to get a sense of how Egypt was faring. That is what Syria and most of the other Arab states did. Militarily, they were no match for Israel. Another, more speculative view is that even if Hussein had tried to avoid the war Israel would have managed somehow to drag Jordan into it, in order to seize the West Bank and old Jerusalem. Five months later, Hussein met in Washington with President Lyndon Johnson, who asked him why he had entered the war. Hussein is said to have replied that he would have been overthrown if he hadn't fought. The chief business between him and Johnson then was a draft of Resolution 242. Hussein was told that if he accepted it Washington would put pressure on the Israelis to withdraw within six months from the territories they were occupying. "We misled Hussein on 242," says a former State Department official who dealt with him then. "We led him to assume that once it was adopted it would be implemented. The Israelis seemed to accept 242, but they equivocated." The State Department had persuaded itself that in return for a minor border rectification Israel would withdraw from the West Bank. Eshkol had encouraged this impression, saying, "We want peace, not an inch of Arab territory." However, by the time the United Nations Security Council adopted 242, in November of 1967, Israel's position had hardened. The notion of trading territory for peace had become less attractive. And Washington's unwillingness to make good on its commitment to force, or try to force, the Israelis from the occupied territories partly explains the typically skeptical Arab attitude toward all subsequent American-made peace plans.

Hussein was shattered by the consequences of the war—so much so that Findley Burns, the American Ambassador in Amman, asked to be recalled; he felt that he had been exposed to more anguish in the upper reaches of the monarchy and government than an Ambassador should be. Hussein became utterly absorbed in trying to recover the West Bank and East Jerusalem. "Just after the war, there was a lot of speculation about what he'd do—whether he'd go it alone, as Sadat did later," a former State Department official recalls. "He sent us a telegram saying that he'd decided to take a chance and make peace by himself. He wanted the United States to back him up. We told him that it was his decision—that he was on his own. He may have felt then that he could get it all back. Allon and Dayan"—Yigal Allon and the late Moshe Dayan, prominent Israeli leaders—"both made statements that were very encouraging." Another former diplomat says that Nasser encouraged Hussein to see if he could make an acceptable deal for Jordan with Israel. Even before the Six-Day War, Hussein had been in contact with Israeli leaders; afterward, he met with them often and regularly until Begin became Israel's Prime Minister. But agreement was never in

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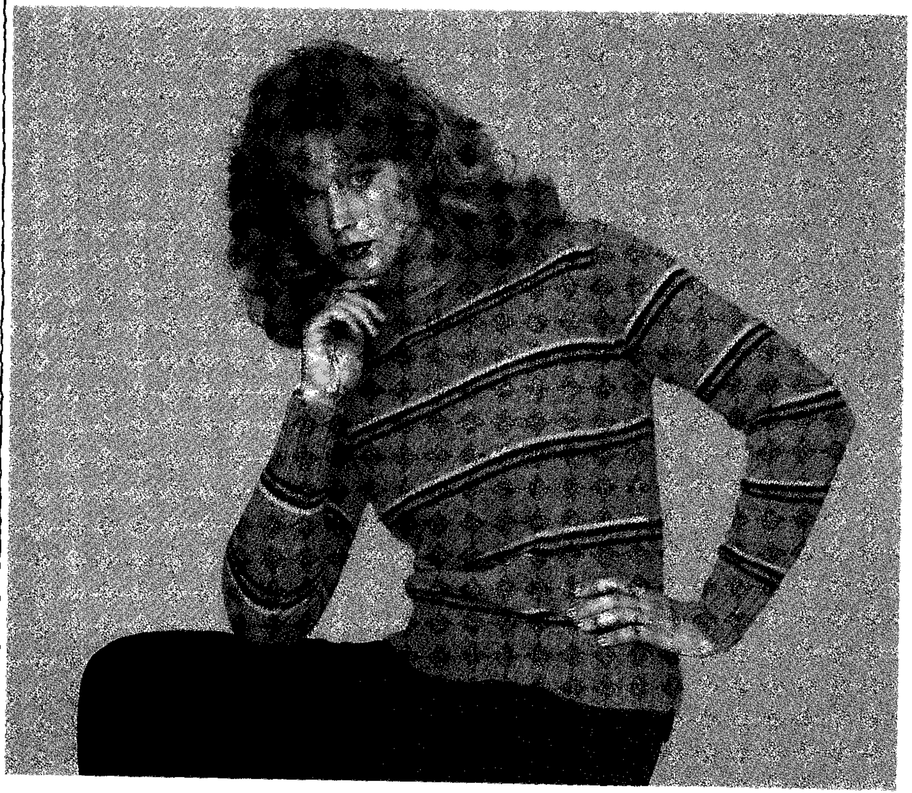

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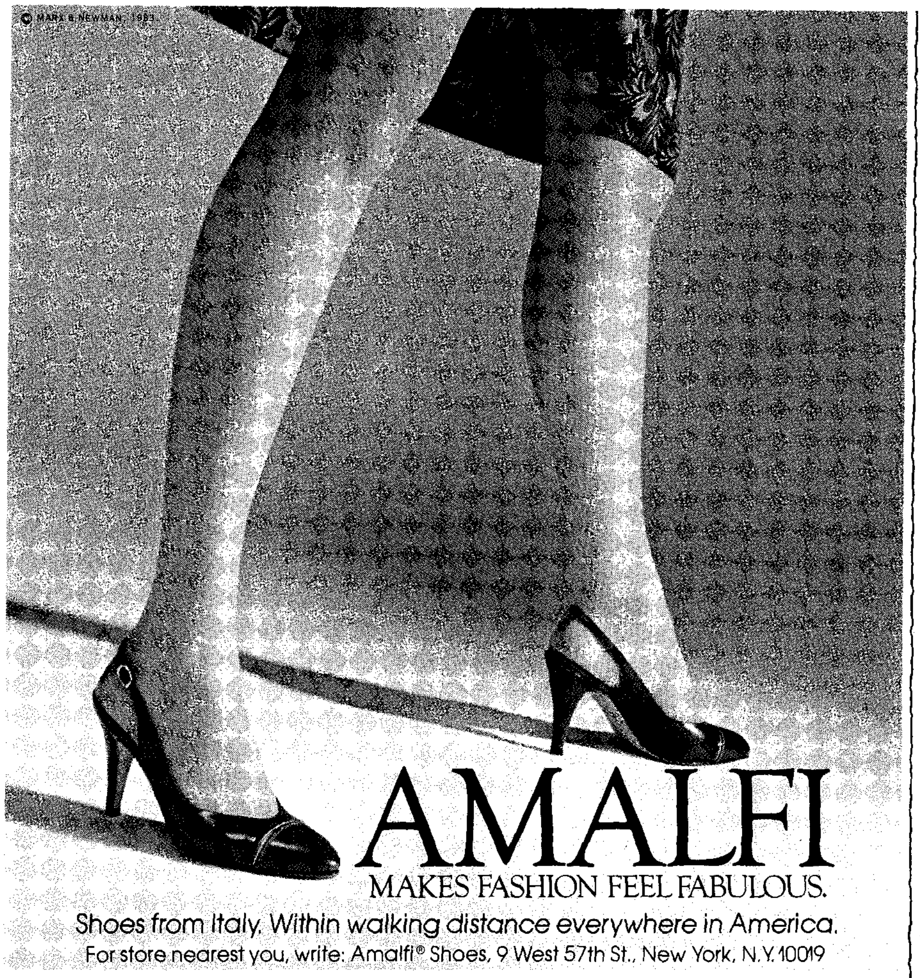
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sight, if only because recovering East Jerusalem was essential to Hussein, and Israel's Labor governments wouldn't agree to that. Israel was willing to withdraw from certain densely populated areas of the West Bank but insisted on holding other portions as security zones.

The Israelis have never known what to think of Hussein. They were attracted to his moderate and sensible style but irritated by his unwillingness to make a deal with them. At times, especially after meetings that seemed to have gone not badly, they felt warm toward him. Then, when it was clear that a deal would not be made, they reacted with hostility, and adopted the attitude that Jordan didn't matter. The question that some Israelis asked themselves in frustration was: What can Jordan buy us? They saw a larger need for an accommodation with Egypt and the more powerful Arab states; Hussein, they felt, could always be brought aboard later. Still, it was Hussein they were dealing with. And he, of course, had little room for maneuver. Even the hint of a deal that involved less than the recovery of East Jerusalem and all or most of the West Bank would by Hussein's lights have been both unjust and suicidal. (In simply meeting with Israelis, Hussein was risking his life. He remembers better than anyone else what befell his grandfather, who also negotiated with them. Many of Hussein's meetings were held late at night in Israel, others on a boat in the Gulf of Aqaba, and some in hotel rooms in London. The secrecy was immaculate while the meetings were going on; more recently, after they had ceased, some knowledge of them seeped out—notably in an account of the Camp David meetings by Moshe Dayan, in a book called "Breakthrough.") As the loss of the West Bank and old Jerusalem sank in, Palestinians grew angry and militant. The P.L.O. became much more of a factor than it had been. Toward the end of the nineteen-sixties, the idea of an independent Palestinian state became fashionable in the Arab world. Jordan came to be a base of operations against Israel for the P.L.O.'s guerrilla forces, who gradually adopted a proprietary attitude toward Jordan, as they did later toward southern Lebanon. Some of the P.L.O.'s leaders favored forcibly removing Hussein and replacing him with a radical left-wing regime. A wave of terrorism began. Hussein came under pressure from East Bank

Jordanians to take charge of the situation and move against the guerrillas. Yet the P.L.O. and its cause had become the rallying points for Arab opinion; to oppose the P.L.O. was tantamount to supporting injustice and the enemies of Arabs. Hussein played for time, but the situation became steadily more serious, and by the summer of 1970 it was anarchic. P.L.O. guerrilla units were kidnapping and killing Hussein's police, along with Army officers. Arafat seemed to hold the high cards. The chief of staff of Jordan's Army at the time was close to the P.L.O., and Arafat guessed that about half of Jordan's Army would defect to his side. He had assurances of Syrian support if fighting should break out. And he seemed to be in control in Amman. "No one—adult or child—could be sure on leaving his house whether his family would see him again," Hussein recalls. "Amman became a virtual battlefield. No Regular Army people could enter the city in uniform, as they would be fired on by the P.L.O. I tried my best. Twice, I was ambushed. And I almost lost control. The people in the armed forces began to lose confidence in me. A great part of my time was spent answering calls that we had failed to stop this or that company or battalion from leaving their garrison to fight the P.L.O., and that I alone could reason with them. The best I could do was persuade them to stop where they were. At that point, some captain in the Army might have actually been able to rally the rest behind him."

In mid-September, Hussein's closest advisers urged him to strike against the P.L.O. He and Arafat had been negotiating, but to no effect. Two days before the fighting began, it is said, Arafat told a few members of Jordan's Parliament that the one thing he would do for Hussein was give him twenty-four hours to leave Jordan. Hussein confirms the incident, and says that one of the parliamentarians sarcastically asked whether, since the King had been in Jordan a long time, he couldn't have forty-eight hours to leave. Hussein struck early on the morning of September 17th by invading the guerrilla bases in Amman with his armored units. Slowly, the Army acquired the upper hand; then, at 2 A.M. on the twentieth, Syria invaded Jordan. This was one of the low points in Hussein's life. His northern forces were able to hold their own, however, mainly because of Syria's reluctance to commit its Air Force to the

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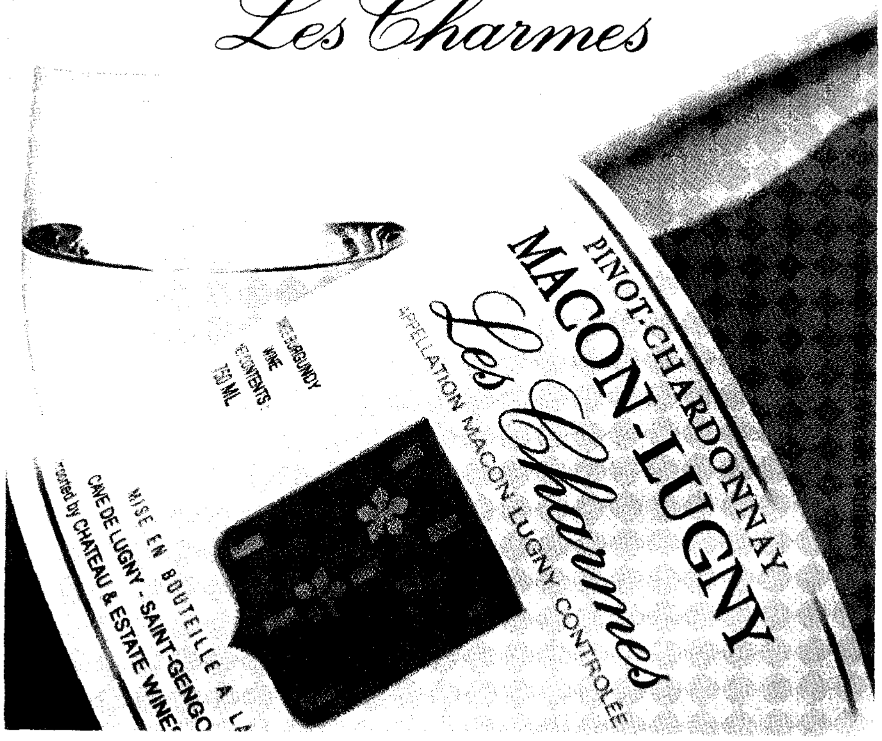

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fighting. On Tuesday, September 22nd, the Syrians began withdrawing their troops. Their decision was influenced by Israel's obvious preparations to intervene against them and by pressure from Moscow to stop the fighting; Hussein's crisis had been on the verge of creating a major East-West confrontation. The Russians had reinforced their Mediterranean fleet, and the United States had placed about twenty thousand combat troops in Europe and America on alert. In the end, the P.L.O. guerrillas and the P.L.O. leadership, having lost a protracted and bloody civil war, moved their operations into Lebanon. Since then, Hussein's authority on the East Bank has never been in doubt.

Within the Arab world, however, his authority to speak for the people of the West Bank was questioned, not because he had lost the territory but because of the P.L.O., which claimed to be the sole and legitimate voice of the Palestinian people. At a meeting in Rabat, Morocco, in October of 1974, Hussein's fellow Arab leaders stripped him of authority to take part in negotiations aimed at recovering the occupied territories and the rights of Palestinians. (They asked first if he could give assurance that the Americans would, in effect, shove Israel out of the occupied territories; Hussein said he couldn't.) It was a painful but not unexpected blow. "I knew beforehand what the outcome would be," Hussein says. "What I didn't know was that Sadat and our Moroccan brethren"—King Hassan—"would also be against me." Washington, too, was surprised, having been assured by Sadat that he wouldn't undermine Hussein. "I tried very hard in Rabat," Hussein's account continues. "It seemed that Jordan was an embarrassment to the others. What they did was a way of avoiding responsibility. We were and remain a country with two communities. Anyone who says this is a 'Palestinian problem' is creating a void."

I asked Hussein if Sadat had consciously tried to exclude him from the peace process.

"In retrospect, I've wondered," Hussein replied. "Rabat gave him the opening. Yes, I've wondered many times."

The comment reflects Hussein's detachment in discussing rivals and adversaries. No one else who is familiar with these matters has "wondered" whether Sadat wanted to exclude Hussein. He did exclude him. "Sadat disdained Hussein, who had a rival claim

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to Washington's affections," according to one American who dealt closely with both of them. Another former American official, who greatly admired Sadat but criticizes his treatment of Hussein, says, "Hussein was negotiating in secret with Israel before Sadat was born politically." And a friend of Hussein's says, "In the Arab world, politics is the chemistry between leaders. The chemistry between Sadat and Hussein wasn't good. To Hussein, Sadat was a Johnny-come-lately. He himself had had twenty years of experience with America and important relationships in Washington."

In Washington, Cairo, and Jerusalem, the peace process and the agreements worked out at Camp David in September of 1978 by Presidents Carter and Sadat with Prime Minister Begin are looked upon as one and the same. But what began there as an effort to end the state of war between Egypt and Israel *and* create arrangements for settling the Palestine problem only half succeeded. Begin obtained the peace treaty that neutralized Egypt, and Sadat got back Egypt's Sinai Peninsula. The other Arab states deplored the outcome of Camp David; in neutralizing Egypt, the accords appeared to deprive Arabs of much, possibly most, of their leverage on Israel while doing nothing to discourage Begin's plan to absorb the West Bank and hold on to East Jerusalem. The Carter people proposed a five-year moratorium on Israel's settlements, and eventual self-government by Palestinians. Hussein's approval of whatever was agreed to seemed essential, since the land is generally recognized as belonging to Jordan and he would have been expected to help administer interim arrangements leading to Palestinian self-rule. But Hussein wasn't invited to Camp David, mainly because Sadat didn't want him there, arguing, not unreasonably, that another Arab—especially one who might have to consult still other Arabs—would inhibit progress. Sadat always tried to silence Washington's concerns about the reactions of other Arab leaders to his venturesome diplomacy by saying he would confront them with results that they would have to live with. "Let me handle the Arabs," he would say. A negotiation with Israel and the United States was one that he was especially reluctant to share with others. "Sadat didn't want Hussein involved," says Eliyahu Ben-Elissar, a confidant of Begin's. "I heard it from Sadat." Ben-Elissar was Ambassador

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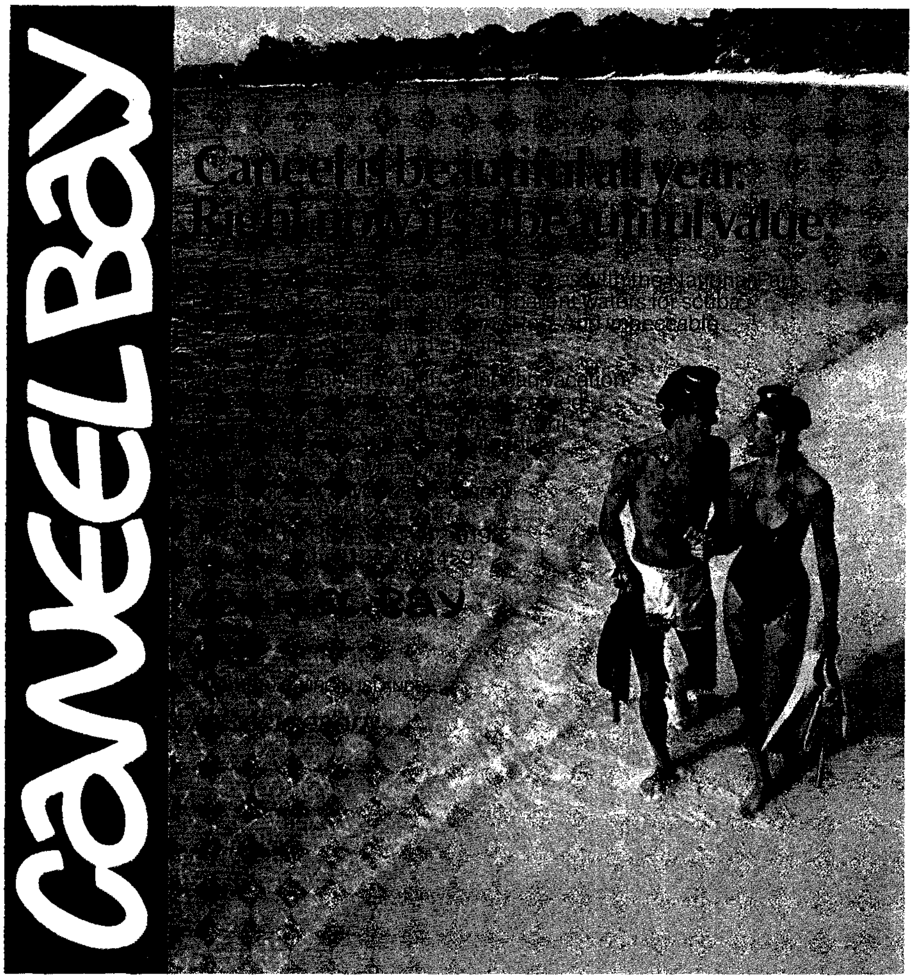
to Cairo after the Camp David accord, and probably knew Sadat better than any Israeli other than Begin. And Sadat, according to an Israeli who took part in the negotiations, "felt far superior to Hussein." This man said, "Who, after all, is Hussein? That was Sadat's attitude. The point is that he didn't want to share this—his chapter in history."

The most contentious issues at Camp David involved Jerusalem and Israel's settlements on the West Bank. The Americans and the Egyptians had one view, Begin another. Toward the end of the conference, Sadat became convinced that Begin would never agree to arrangements acceptable to Arabs. On Thursday, September 14th, he called Hussein, who was in London. They were supposed to meet in Morocco after the conference. "When I asked him how things were going," Hussein recalls, "he said, 'Terrible. I'm packing my bags and leaving tomorrow. We'll put the responsibility for the failure where it belongs.' That was the last I heard. I was in Spain when the announcement"—of the agreement—"was made. I was shocked. I left for home immediately." On the morning of Friday, the fifteenth, Sadat told Secretary of State Cyrus Vance that he had decided to leave. Vance instantly informed Carter, who persuaded Sadat not to leave. On Saturday night, Carter and Vance met with Begin; Moshe Dayan, Israel's Foreign Minister; and Aharon Barak, its Attorney General. It was a final effort to reach agreement on the issues of the West Bank and Jerusalem. Begin eventually agreed to write a letter to Carter saying that no new settlements would be built while negotiations on self-rule were to be carried on—a period not to exceed five years. But Carter made the awful mistake of not getting this commitment from Begin in writing—the only commitment to anything in the Camp David negotiations by any of the parties that wasn't put in writing. Sadat was informed of Begin's supposed commitment, and the Camp David agreements were signed the next day—Sunday, the seventeenth. On Monday, Begin's letter arrived; instead of confirming the five-year moratorium, it tied the settlement freeze to a three-month period in which Egypt and Israel had agreed to work out the details of their peace treaty. The letter was a shocking disappointment to the others. Begin denied ever having made the commit-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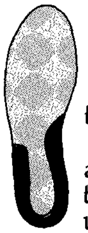

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ment that Carter says he made. In his memoir, "Keeping Faith," Carter writes, "My notes are clear—that the settlement freeze would continue until all negotiations were completed—and Cy Vance confirms my interpretation of what we decided. This was the only serious post-Camp David disagreement about our decisions, so our batting average was good."

The people who advised Carter take a far less positive view of Camp David. In *Foreign Policy*, Hermann Eilts, who was the American Ambassador to Cairo at the time and was a member of the negotiating team at Camp David, characterized this part of the negotiations as a "fiasco," and wrote, "In the eyes of Europeans and friendly Arabs, such an ignominious collapse of the U.S. position on that issue was inexplicable. It destroyed the last chance of obtaining moderate Arab support." Another member of the American team says, "It quickly became clear that nothing in the agreement would appeal to any of the Arab states except Egypt. And the other Egyptians who were there knew better than Sadat what the outcome represented. He, too, was gloomy. In fact, the mood in general was sombre. There was no sense of a breakthrough having been made. The mood was also apprehensive. We didn't have Israeli agreement on a settlement freeze—the one element that would have shown the Arabs that something good had come of it all." In the days just after Camp David, Begin announced plans for new settlements and proclaimed the permanence of his policy for the West Bank. Carter and Sadat did nothing. Carter called Hussein the day after the agreements were signed, and asked him to say nothing.

The Carter people, however, struggled to involve Jordan and Saudi Arabia in the agreements. "After Camp David, Sadat made a big mistake in not going to Amman and also to visit the Saudis," Cyrus Vance says. "He assured us he would do that, and he didn't. It would have helped if he had." Vance himself went. The Saudis rarely say no directly; instead, they allow events or non-events to speak for them. King Fahd, who was then the Crown Prince and deputy prime minister, would say to Washington emissaries, "I don't know—what do my neighbors think?" Several months elapsed before Washington abandoned hope for a Saudi endorsement of Camp David. Hussein submitted a list of fourteen questions about the agree-

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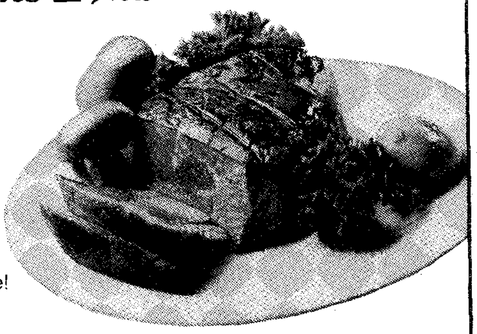

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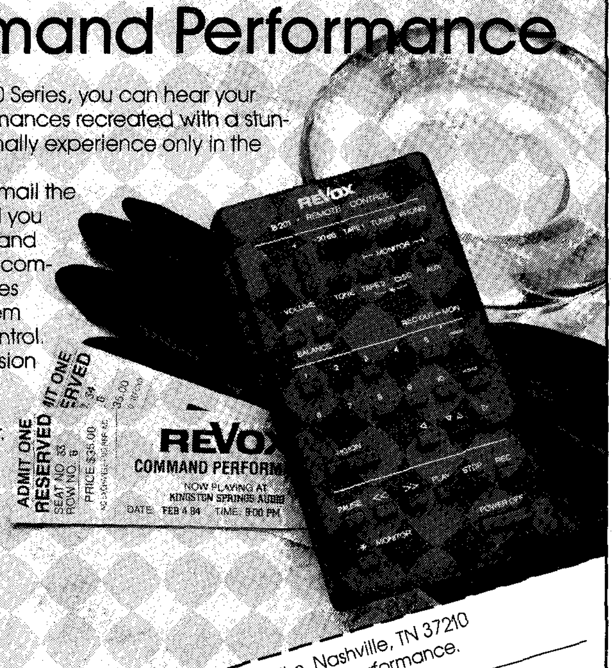

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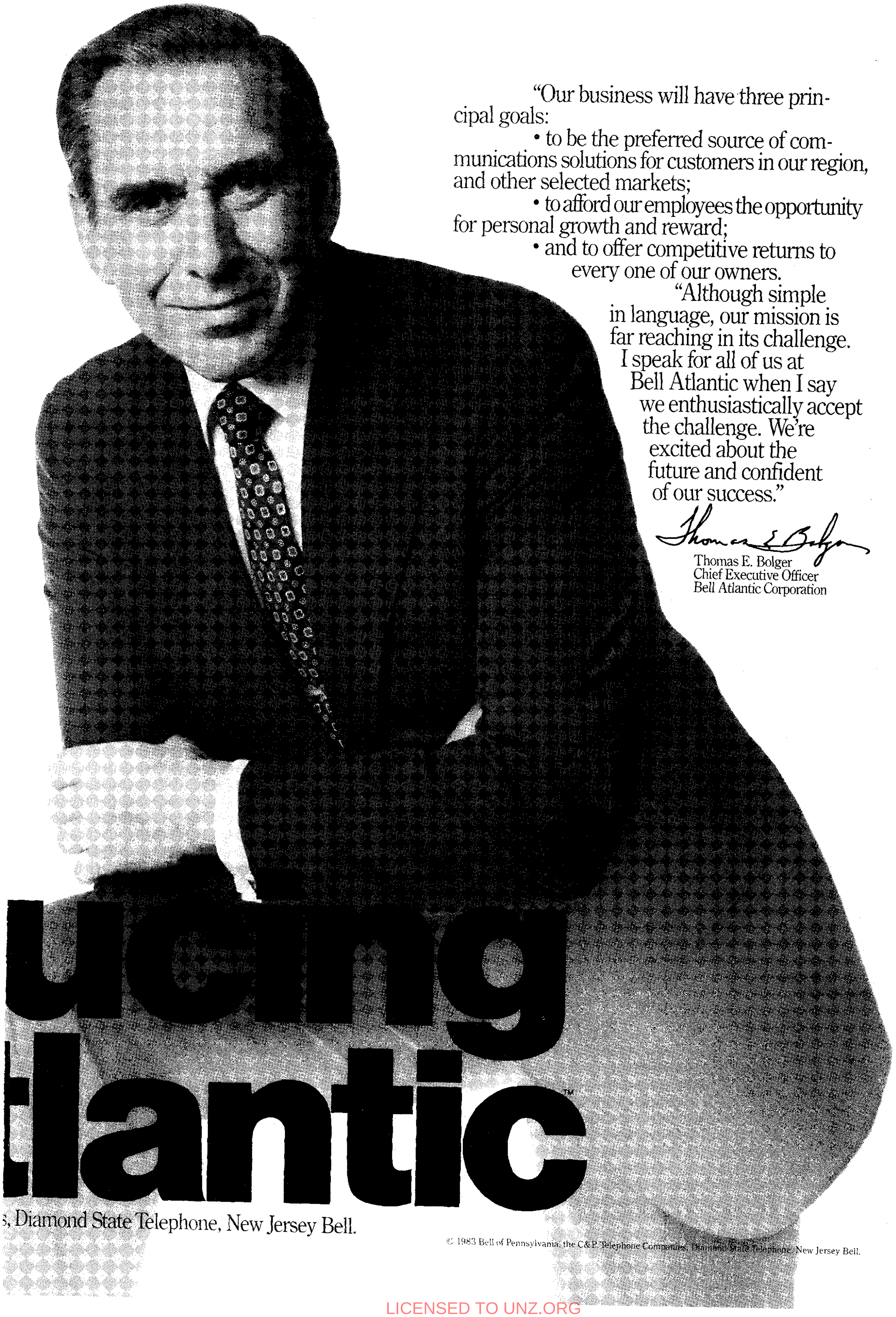

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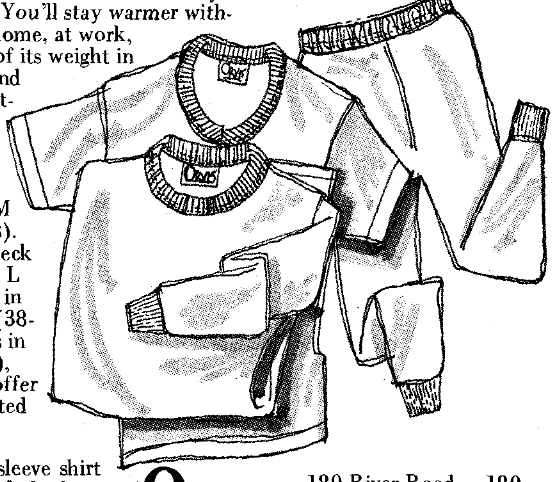

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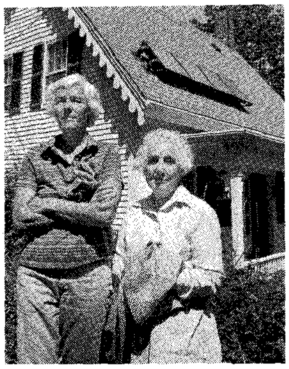

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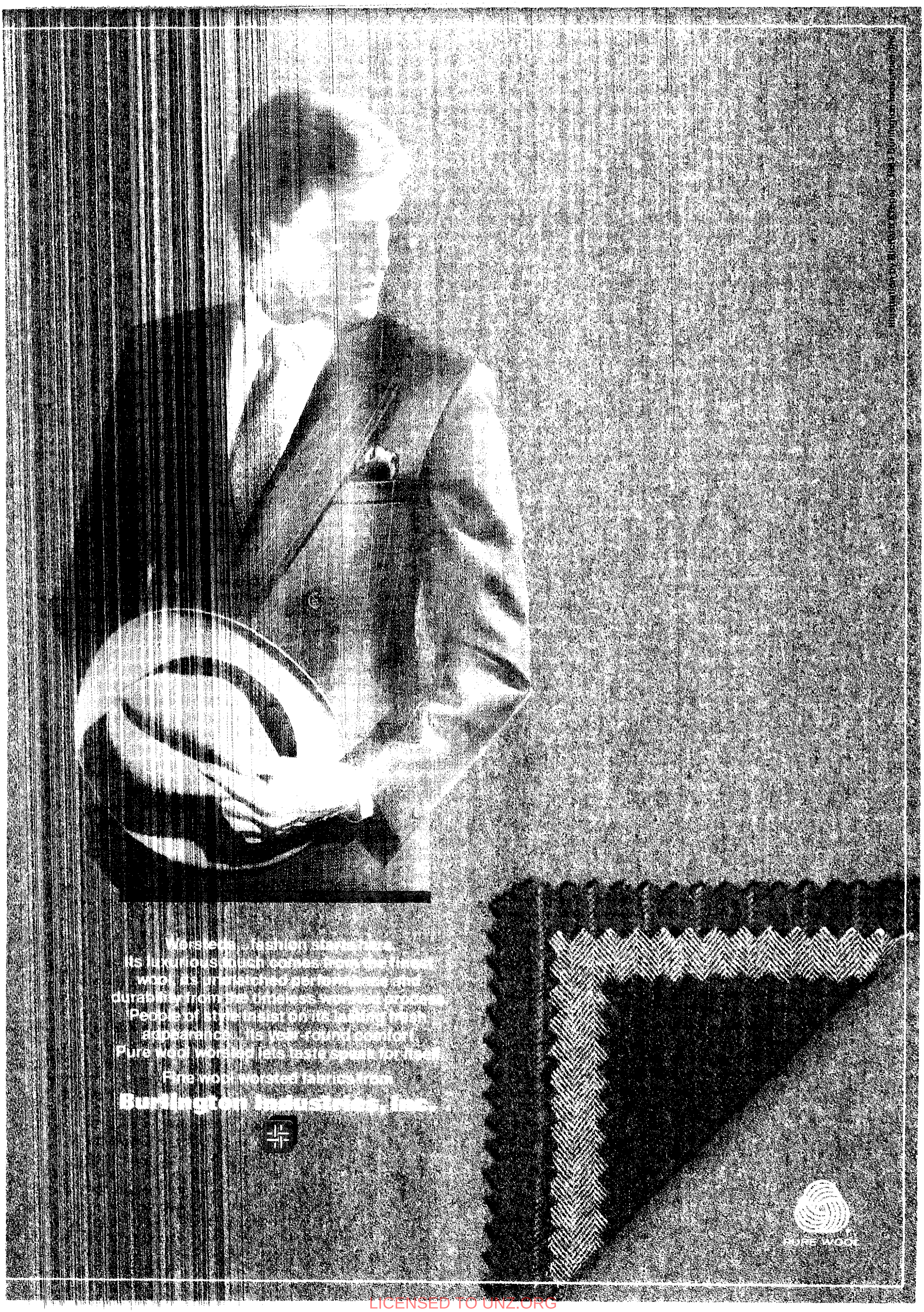
ments but never encouraged hope that he might participate. Most, though not all, of his friends in Amman and his admirers in Washington feel that if he had he would have been taking unacceptable political and personal risks. "You don't ask questions about a process you are not interested in joining," says one Jordanian who has different views. "But his government was opposed, and so were the people in the palace. The point is, we must be involved. Egypt is a chip. It must be used or we are out in the cold with no military option. Hussein could have said, 'I accept the American and Egyptian interpretations of the settlements freeze. Get me a freeze and I'll take part.' We could then have pressured Sadat not to sign the implementation agreements until we were satisfied. We Arabs made it too easy for Sadat."

I asked Hussein about that.

"Let's be very clear," he replied. "I was never consulted or invited to take part. My first knowledge of what was happening came from reading about it. This wasn't Resolution 242, which I was involved in drafting, and which I helped persuade Egypt to accept, and which amounted to total withdrawal"—from the occupied lands—"for total peace. It was well within the power of any Egyptian leader to have pulled those things together." Hussein had a spiky relationship with Carter—the worst he has had with any American President—and this added to the difficulties. To Carter, Sadat was an authentic hero, who could do no wrong. But Carter deeply resented Hussein's unwillingness to endorse the agreements, and people who worked with him say he described Hussein as lacking courage. "Sadat was constantly bad-mouthing other Arabs, especially Hussein, and this also affected Carter," says one of the Americans who were at Camp David. Vance doesn't share Carter's view. "Hussein is brave and thoughtful," he says. "He walks a very difficult line. The pressures he faced at the time of Camp David were such that it isn't surprising that he wouldn't undertake the risks—the economic risks to his country, the physical risks to himself. He depends heavily on subsidies from the Saudis. And it's a tough balancing act with Syria and Iraq, plus the well-known problems with the Palestinians."

Camp David was a laudable and intelligent enterprise, carried on by resourceful and dedicated people. On



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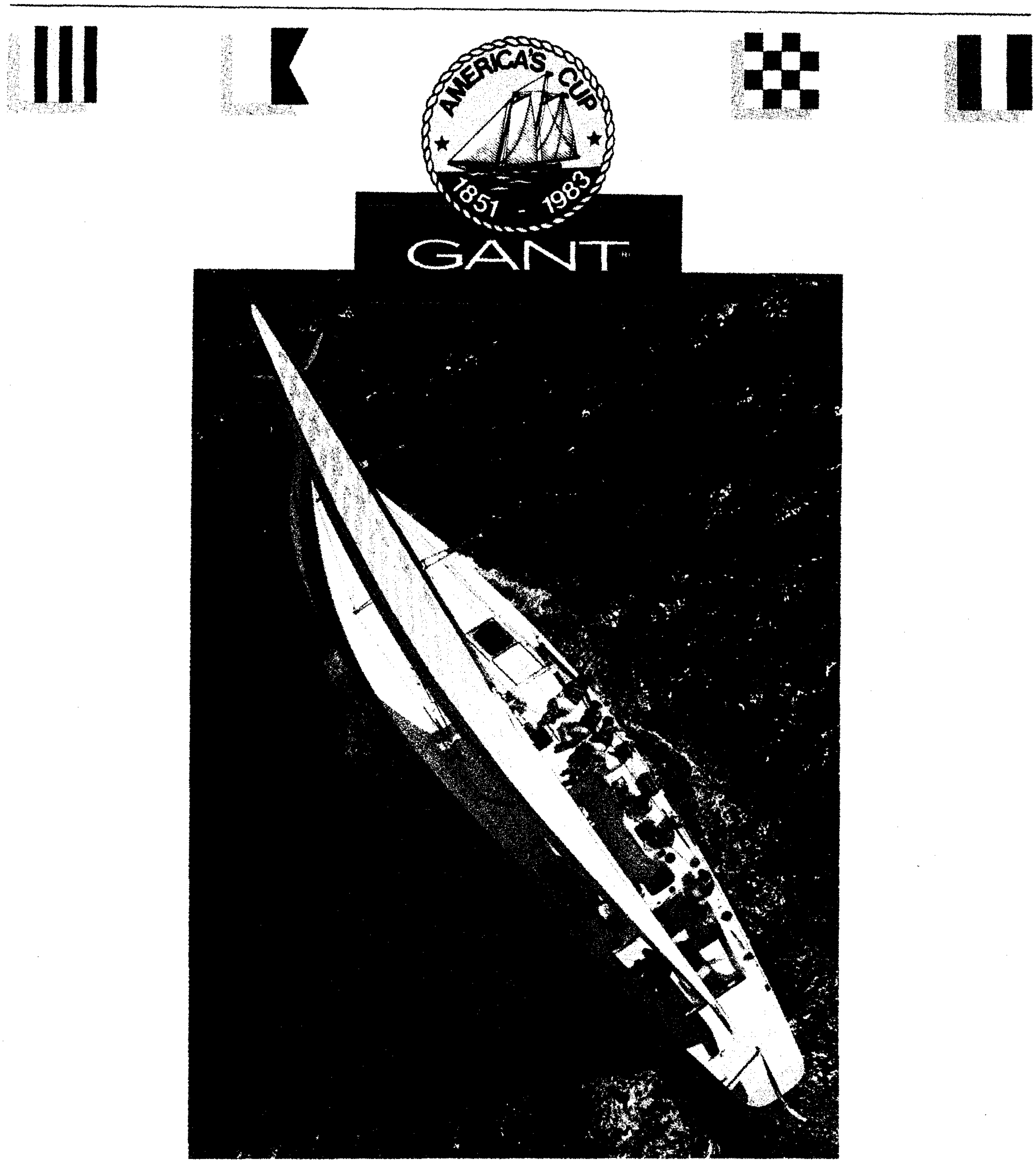
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balance, however, its flawed outcome weakened the peace process in the Middle East, partly by causing the exclusion of the one Arab, Hussein, who not only wants to be involved but has to be involved.

FLYING east over Lebanon at night, one sees the lights of Beirut below and those of Damascus off to the left. To the south, the lights of Jerusalem and Tel Aviv cast a glow. Amman's lights are concealed by hills. This small, compressed territory should have become one country, many would say, instead of an arena in which multiple tragedies are routinely played out for reasons that are almost always difficult to see clearly. "Begin's game was to exclude the other Arabs —especially Hussein," says an American who dealt with Begin often. "And that was the big change from Labor to Likud." (Labor is the party that headed previous Israeli governments. And Likud, the biggest member of which is Herut, the party Begin has headed for thirty-five years, is in power now.) "Likud didn't want Jordan in the peace process." The peace plan unveiled by Reagan in his speech last September had even harder going than Carter's. Whatever chance for success the plan may have had was lost in the early stages, because Begin, who loathed and instantly rejected what was being proposed, was given an opportunity by the Administration to derail it, and did so, mainly by exploiting the situation that his invasion of Lebanon had created. Two weeks after Reagan's speech, Lebanon's President-elect, Bashir Gemayel, was assassinated, and a few days after that the world was horrified by the massacres of Palestinian refugees at the Sabra and Shatila camps; the deed was done by units of Lebanon's Phalange, which the Israeli Army had sent into the camps to round up suspect Palestinians. A contingent of American Marines, which had been withdrawn from Lebanon, was sent back in, and the Reagan people, perhaps inadvertently, linked their plan for the West Bank and other disputed territories with the role of mediator in Lebanon which they had adopted. Reagan himself declared that Lebanon's problem would have to be solved so that the other matter could be taken up. Solving Lebanon's problem meant first obtaining an agreement that provided for the withdrawal of Israel's forces from the country. The Administration said that the agreement should be com-

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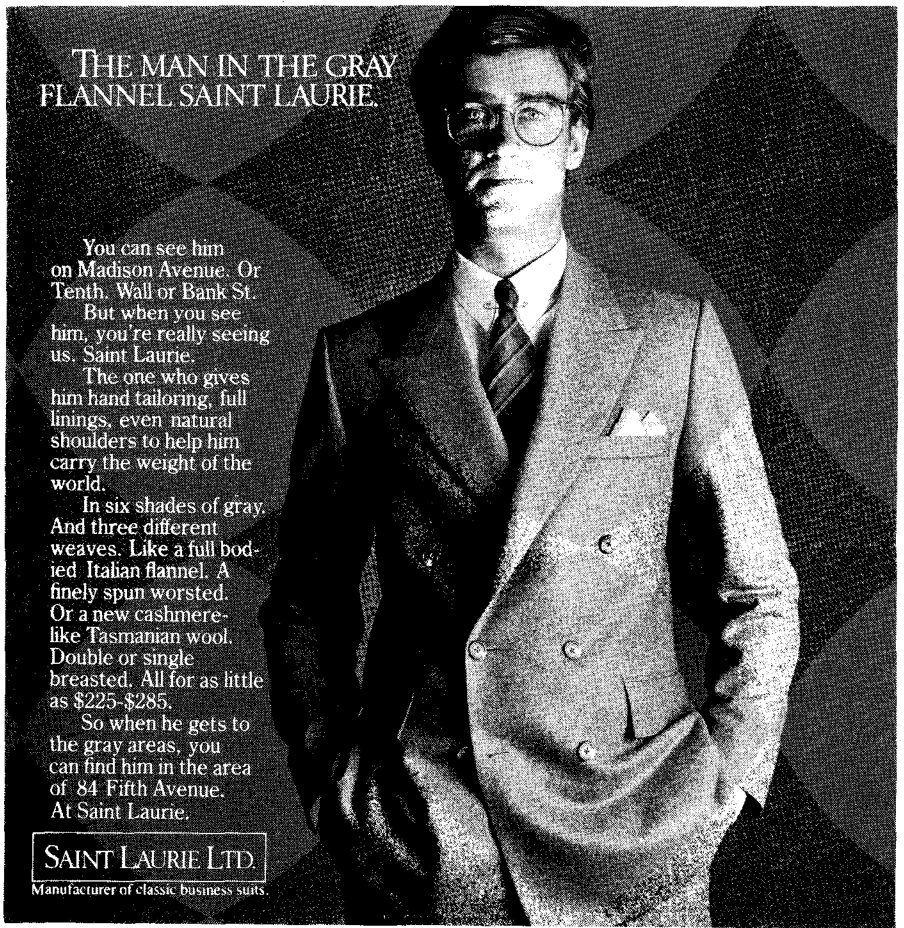
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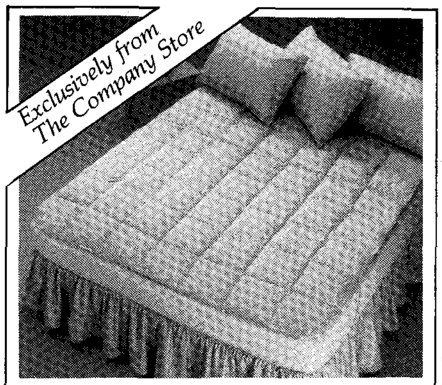

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pleted by the end of 1982. The link between the Lebanon negotiations and the Reagan initiative was strengthened by a decision to give Ambassador-at-Large Philip Habib responsibility for both projects. Predictably, the initiative became hostage to the negotiation over Lebanon—a process that Begin could control. Other governments understood that if Israel delayed a settlement in Lebanon long enough Reagan's initiative would be stillborn: it had little support from the Democratic Party, and if by the spring of 1983 nothing had happened nothing was likely to happen, either because the Arabs would have given up on it or because Presidential political skirmishing in America would have been near enough at hand to discourage measures aimed at driving Israel from the West Bank and Gaza.

Neither Hussein nor any other Arab could enter negotiations about the West Bank unless a freeze on the settlements there had been arranged. And if Israel couldn't be persuaded to withdraw its forces quickly from a country it had invaded no one on the Arab side would believe that a settlement freeze could be imposed. In December, Hussein visited Moscow and then Washington. "It was my first exchange with Andropov," he said. "He made it very clear that he expected to see a lot of pressure on Jordan to involve itself in the Reagan plan, but said he saw no future in it. He said the Israelis and the Palestinians would oppose it, and so would he—with all his weight. I replied that we were familiar with pressure; that we knew we were small but were accustomed to dealing with intimidation. It went on like that. Andropov was very courteous and cordial, though. I've always had frank contacts with the Russians."

Before his trip to Washington, Hussein had warned the Administration that the credibility of its initiative would suffer gravely unless Israel withdrew from Lebanon by December 31st. He agreed to take part in negotiations under certain conditions, which to him were minimal. The Administration told him just before he came to Washington that it expected to have the Israeli troops out of Lebanon by the end of February, and on December 23rd, the last day of Hussein's visit, Reagan gave him a letter in which he committed himself to trying to halt the Israeli settlements and to arrange some military and financial assistance for Jordan. Reagan and Hussein like each other, and the visit seemed to have

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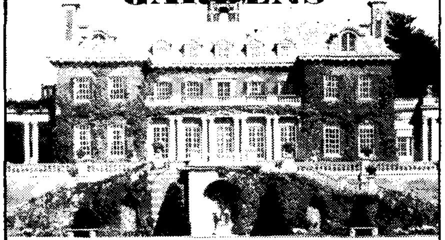

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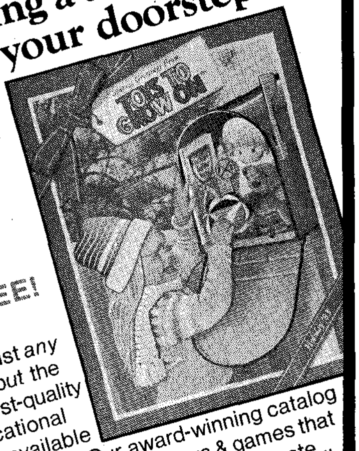

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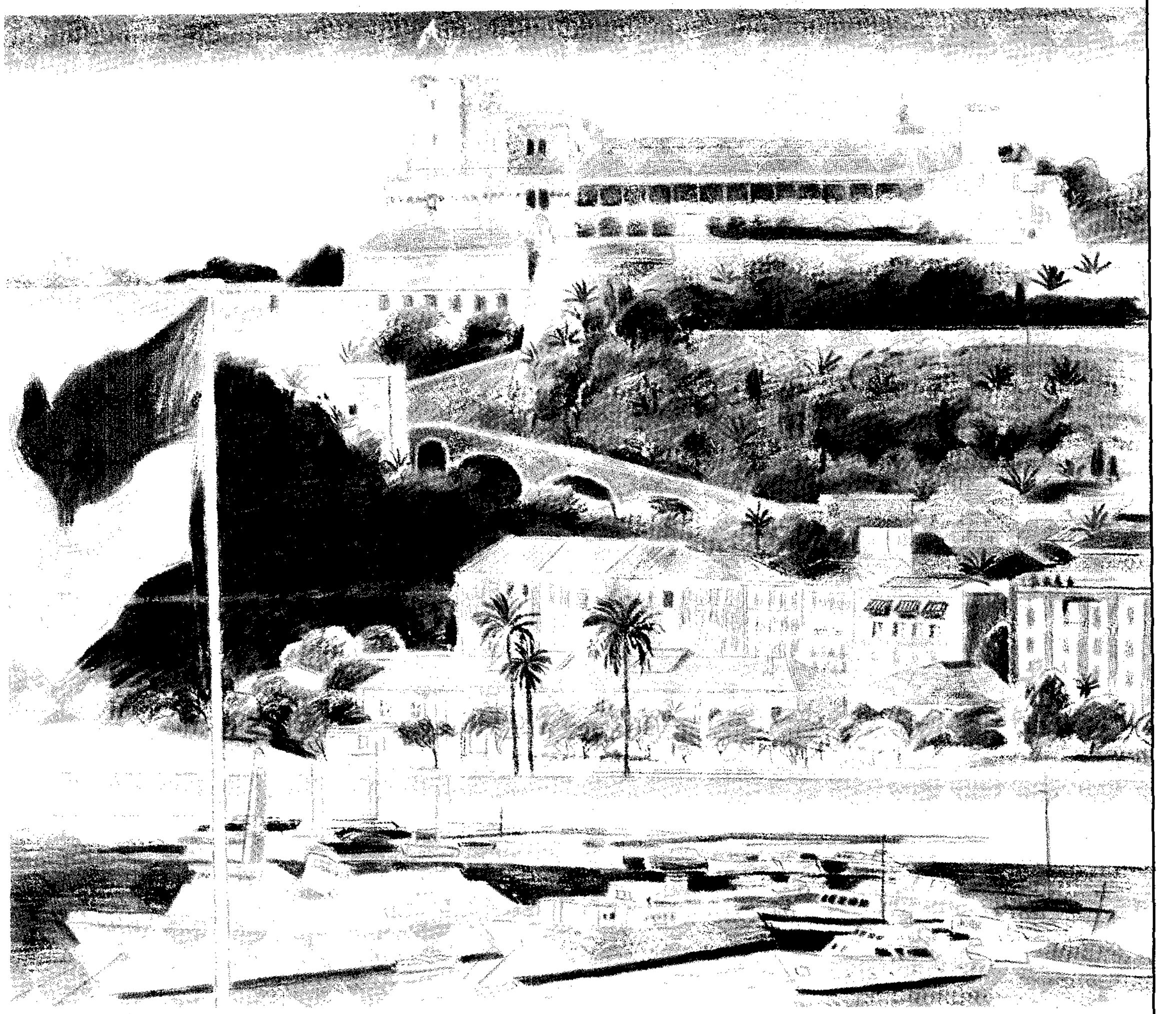

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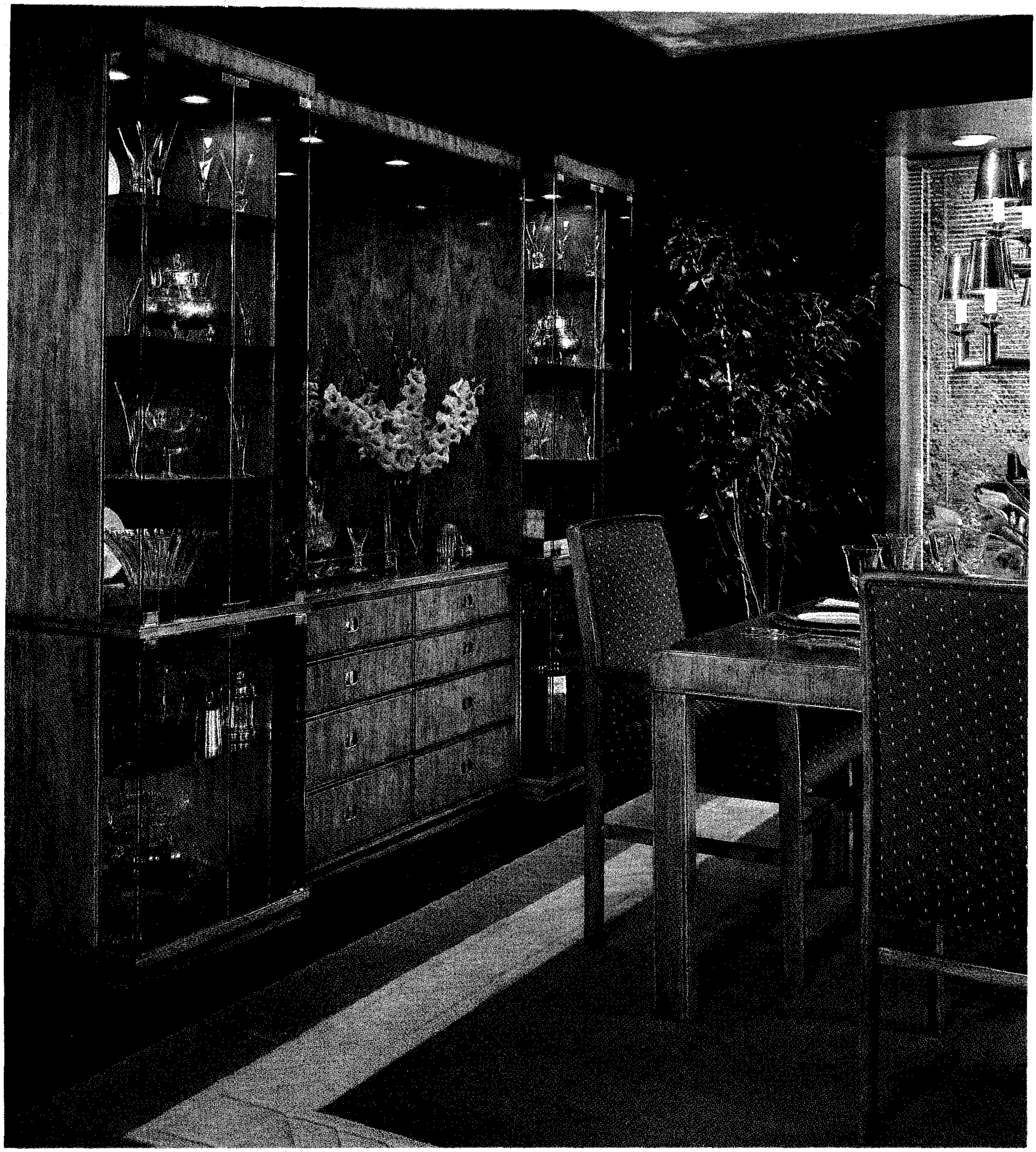

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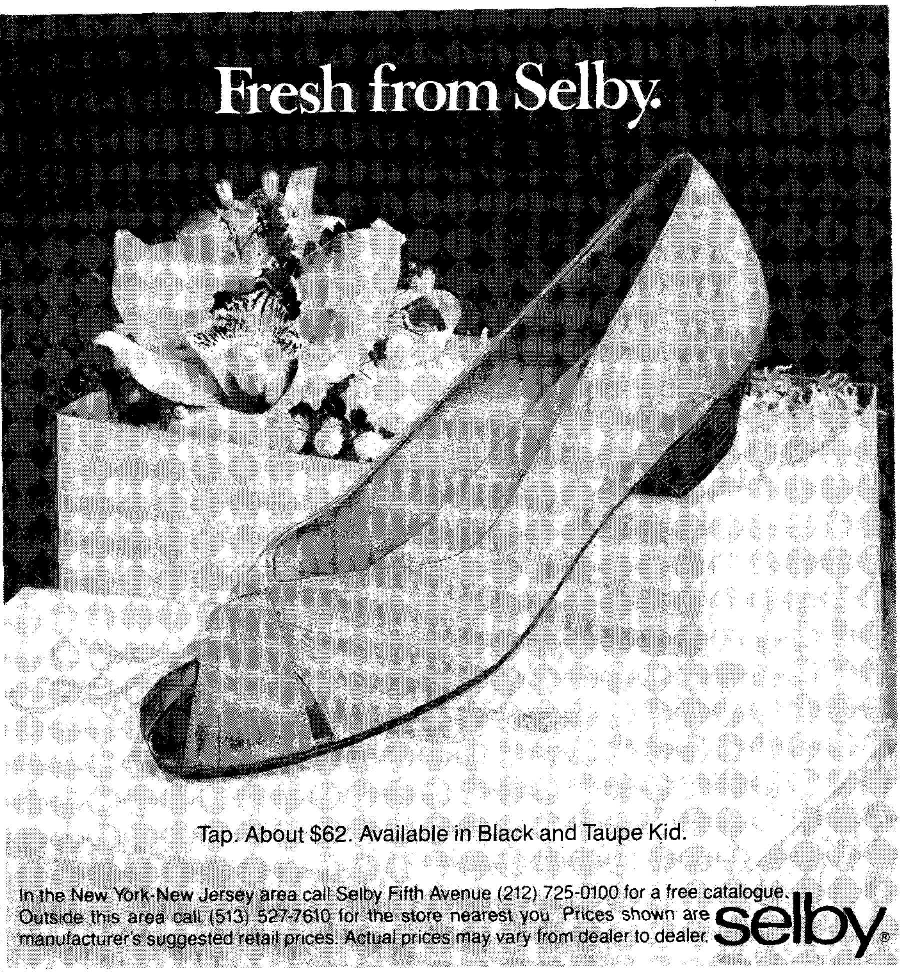
been a success. But nothing happened. The negotiations in Lebanon dragged on, and Hussein had difficulty in maneuvering the support he required from other Arabs, and especially the P.L.O. He knew better than anyone else that the longer the negotiations continued, the less likely it would be that the P.L.O.'s numerous factions would decide in favor of the Reagan plan. In February, a Lebanese delegation actually urged the Administration to cease linking its country's difficulties to Reagan's peace plan. There had been talk of Begin's also coming to Washington in February, but the Administration hinted that the visit should await an agreement on the Lebanese problem. Begin was not unhappy to wait; early in January, his government disclosed plans for a major advertising and promotion campaign to encourage Israelis to settle on the West Bank. He clearly had no interest in having a conversation with Reagan and Secretary of State George Shultz about a settlement freeze and related matters. By then, Hussein was telling the Administration that the Israeli forces *had* to be out of Lebanon soon—by the end of March at the latest.

The main and long-awaited event at this time was a meeting in Algiers, beginning on February 14th, of the Palestine National Council—a kind of parliament of the P.L.O., consisting of about three hundred and fifty delegates (plus another hundred and eighty delegates who represent the West Bank and Gaza but are not allowed by Israeli authorities to attend such gatherings; Israel restricts political activity on the West Bank and in Gaza). Also present were about a thousand journalists and some two thousand observers, from ninety countries. The Council hadn't met in nearly two years, and nearly nine months had elapsed since Israel invaded Lebanon and all but destroyed the P.L.O. as a military force. The atmosphere was tense. Arafat had called the meeting to acquire backing for negotiations he had been carrying on with Hussein about the Reagan plan. He had decided to help Hussein try to start a process that would halt Israel's colonization of the West Bank. Some P.L.O. figures argued in favor of letting Hussein negotiate on their behalf and pocketing any benefits. If there were none, they could denounce the King and put the blame for failure on him. Other and probably more numerous elements of the



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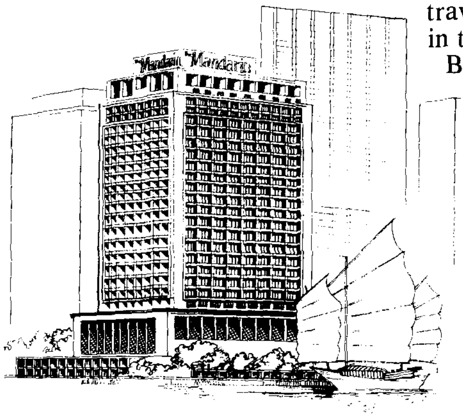

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P.L.O. were hostile to the Reagan plan, for three reasons: because they doubted whether Washington would put pressure on Israel; because they were fearful of the reaction of Syria, the P.L.O.'s new host; and because they worried that Washington and Hussein, if they combined forces, would make the P.L.O. irrelevant to the cause it serves.

Arabs have a tendency to kick the ball through their own goal. At Algiers, Arafat didn't get the authority he had been seeking for several months; at best, he got a faintly amber, rather than a green, light from his oversized and divided Council. He would have done better, the experts say, if the delegates from the West Bank and Gaza had been able to come; they are considered more realistic than the other Palestinians, because it is their land that is at issue. Arafat would also have been helped if there had been a call from Washington for a freeze on the Israeli settlements, or a sign of significant progress in the Lebanese negotiations. The real failure, however, was Arafat's, in that he put the trappings of unity ahead of progress. If he had tried to push through a resolution endorsing his position, he would have won, because a majority of Al Fatah, which amounts to eighty per cent of the P.L.O., would have approved it. Any such step would also have split the Council and probably led to the dismemberment of the P.L.O.—an outcome that most knowledgeable outsiders would have applauded, and something that may come about anyway, although Arafat appears for now to have contained the mutinous elements.

The Administration seemed to be hoping that, whatever happened, Hussein would announce that he was willing to go forward on his own. "We're waiting for Hussein to move," a senior official told me in March. "If he moved without conditions, Begin would be under heavy pressure in Israel. Hussein can pressure Begin from within Israel." The comment struck me as a significant misreading of Hussein's position. He cannot put pressure on Israel, and he cannot commit himself to a negotiation with Israel while its troops are occupying another Arab country. The Reagan initiative, it bears repeating, may entail some political risk to its namesake; but for Hussein it poses risks to the stability of his country and to his life. It was also posing risks to Arafat's life, as he made clear to Hussein during their

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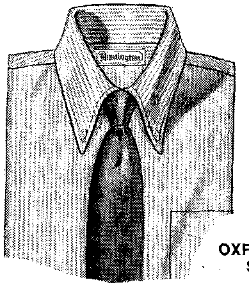

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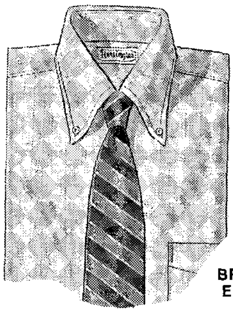

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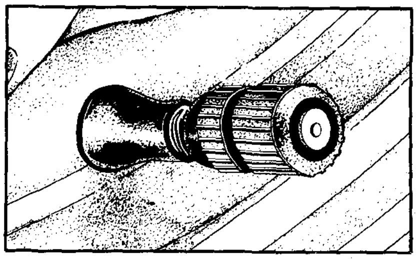

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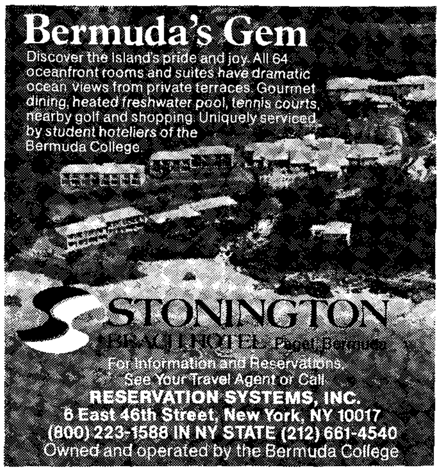

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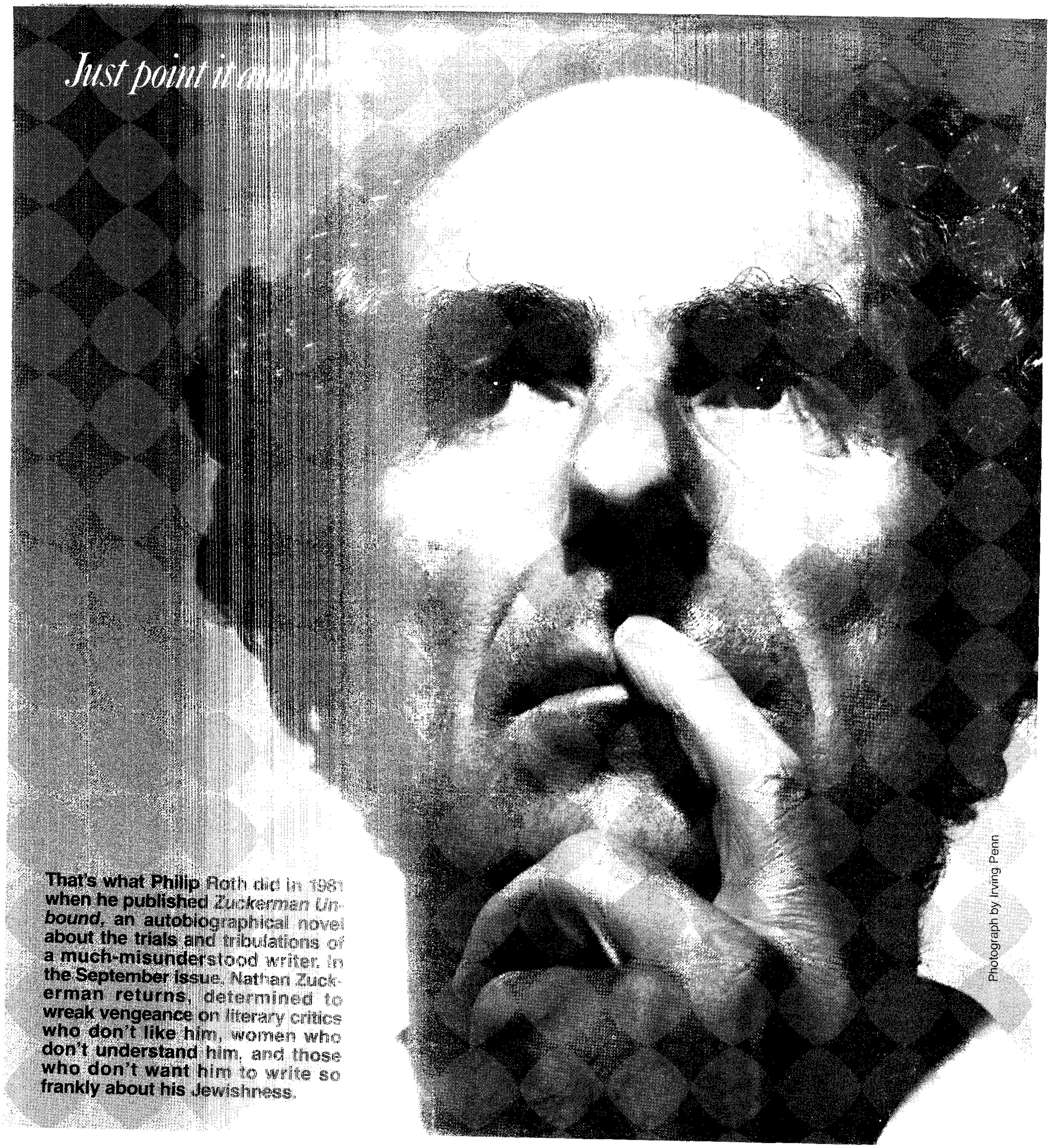

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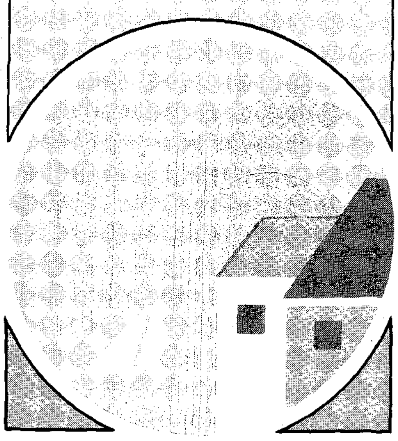

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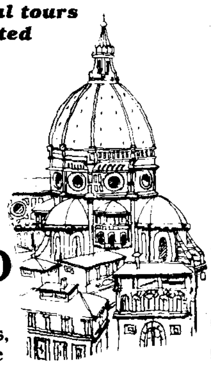
negotiations. (A former leader of Al Fatah called Abu Nidal, or Father of the Struggle, who was expelled several years ago, now runs a gang of terrorists and is believed to have conspired recently to kill Arafat.) For several weeks after the meeting in Algiers, the two leaders played cat-and-mouse. Hussein, fearful that time was draining Reagan's plan of whatever credibility it had, kept after Arafat through intermediaries, trying to extract a decision from him. Arafat avoided Hussein, but, as always, was in continuous motion—travelling from one Arab city to another in search of the support he had failed to obtain in Algiers. On Saturday, April 2nd, the two master survivors—frequent adversaries and occasional collaborators—finally had the meeting that was expected to produce a decision. Hussein was holding reasonably good cards; Arafat, after his defeat in Lebanon, wanted to regain some access to Jordan for his troops, and, perhaps more important, he wanted to involve himself in the American peace plan. On either count, he needed Hussein. Still, each knew that Jordan couldn't take part in any peace talks without support from the P.L.O. They spent ten hours over the next two days trying to work out a set of principles that would permit Jordan to lead a delegation to talks with Israel based on the Reagan plan. By Monday, they were very close to agreement on a text that would put Jordan and the P.L.O. in harness and pulling in the same direction. But then Arafat said he would have to make a quick trip to Kuwait to touch base again with various associates in Al Fatah. Hussein agreed, provided that he was back in Amman within forty-eight hours. By Thursday, April 7th, Arafat hadn't returned, and, according to associates, he wasn't planning to. The next day, the Reagan Administration announced that it would try to bring about a halt to the Israeli settlements on the West Bank if Hussein agreed to join the peace negotiations. It was far too late in the day for this move to affect the course of things. On Saturday, April 9th, two of Arafat's aides arrived in Amman with three proposed alterations of the text. These would have deleted any reference to the Reagan initiative; provided for P.L.O. participation in the negotiations; and guaranteed the right of Palestinians to self-determination—a right that would permit the creation of a separate state. None of the altera-



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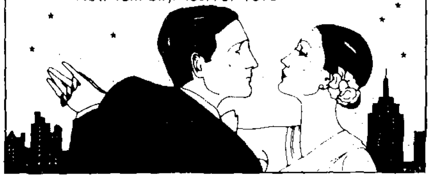

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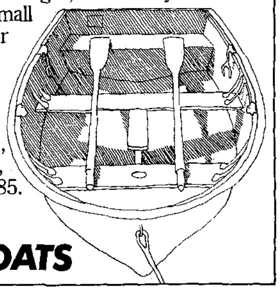

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tions would have been acceptable in Washington, and the Israelis have always said they wouldn't negotiate with the P.L.O. or agree to a fully independent Palestinian state. Hussein, when he saw the proposed changes, knew that the Arab rejectionists had beaten him, and, for that matter, had beaten Arafat as well. On Sunday, April 10th, Hussein said as much to the world. His statement read, "We in Jordan . . . will neither act separately nor in lieu of anybody in any Middle East peace negotiations."

DIPLOMATS, foreign and American, who follow events in the Middle East feel that the Reagan Administration allowed its admirably realistic initiative to fail partly through tactical errors and partly through neglect. Linking it to the negotiation in Lebanon was only one of several mistakes, they believe, and some say that another was not forcing the pace. "If we had stepped out after Reagan's September 1st speech, we could have exploited a great opportunity," an American official says. "There was momentum then. That was the time to move." Others argue that the initiative should have been delayed until the Lebanese negotiation was completed—a tactic that might have simplified matters by shortening that process, since it would have deprived Begin of a device with which to stall the initiative. And it is generally agreed that Philip Habib, for all his undoubted gifts, should not have run the negotiation *and* managed the initiative. A project of that scope and importance, in the opinion of most diplomats I have spoken with, needs the direct involvement of the Secretary of State; no one else has sufficient weight. But Shultz worried that if he involved himself directly with the initiative he wouldn't have time for anything else. Habib wanted to handle it, and Shultz let him. Another mistake was asking Hussein to do more than he could. "They overloaded the fragile Jordanian bark," a European diplomat says. And when it was clear that Hussein couldn't exceed the political tolerance of his position the Administration turned to the Saudis, insisting that they take a conspicuously leading role. Pressure frightens the Saudis; they reacted by trying to persuade Washington to do more for the P.L.O. than Washington had told Hussein it could do (and that wasn't much). Predictable misunderstandings arose.

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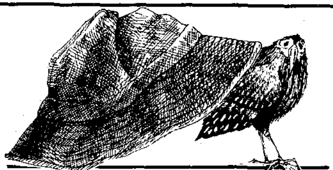

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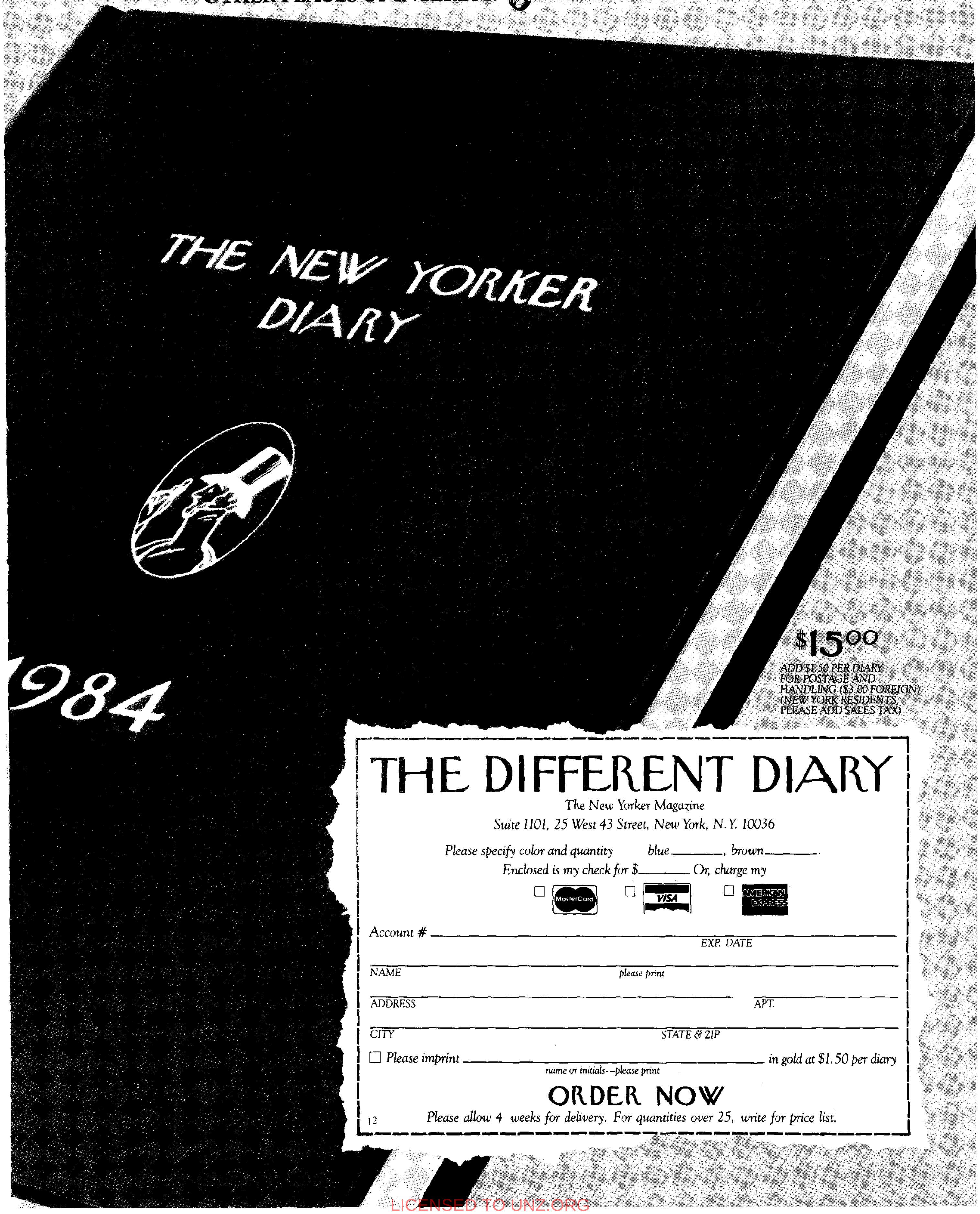

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many diplomats, the Administration should have spoken with Arafat and his associates, and perhaps partly recognized their organization. The tactic might not have cost much politically, and would have deprived the rejectionists of a talking point against the initiative. A considerably more serious lapse in judgment was not involving Syria in the plan. Syrians equate the Golan Heights, which were seized and held by Israel for strategic reasons, with the West Bank. The role of spoiler is an easy one for them to play, if only because they are not vulnerable to pressure and intimidation. That is their strength, and it argues for neutralizing them—or trying to. "Much of what has just happened ignores an Arab proverb," says Ahmad al-Khalil, a prominent Palestinian lawyer in Amman, who was at the Aqsa mosque when King Abdullah was shot. "We cannot have war without Egypt. We cannot have peace without Syria." The Administration made no serious effort to neutralize the Syrians, even though Assad did ask questions about the initiative from time to time. A few days after Hussein detached himself from the Reagan plan, Washington announced that the Golan Heights fell within its scope. By then, it was probably too late to impress the Syrians. They were, and are, bitterly suspicious of the plan, for they see it as a probable extension of the hated Camp David accords, but they also feel out of the mainstream of political life. "Assad doesn't like Arafat, and doesn't even favor the idea of an independent state on the West Bank," says an Arab political figure who knows him well. "Assad hates the Russians, and hates dealing with them." Americans who have dealt with him in the past confirm that.

Hussein denies having ignored the Syrians himself. "Golan was included," he says. "That point was conveyed by me to the Syrians, the P.L.O., and the other Arabs." However, he seems to distinguish between the Golan Heights ("very precious but not really inhabited") and the West Bank and Gaza ("a painful problem"). Assad, too, sees the difference, and wasn't impressed by Hussein's message. ("Hussein tried and failed to consult Assad," says a Palestinian with links to all the parties.) Nor is it likely that Assad would have been impressed by assurances from Washington that the Golan Heights would be treated as no less important than the West Bank. Not unless and until he is invited into the political mainstream

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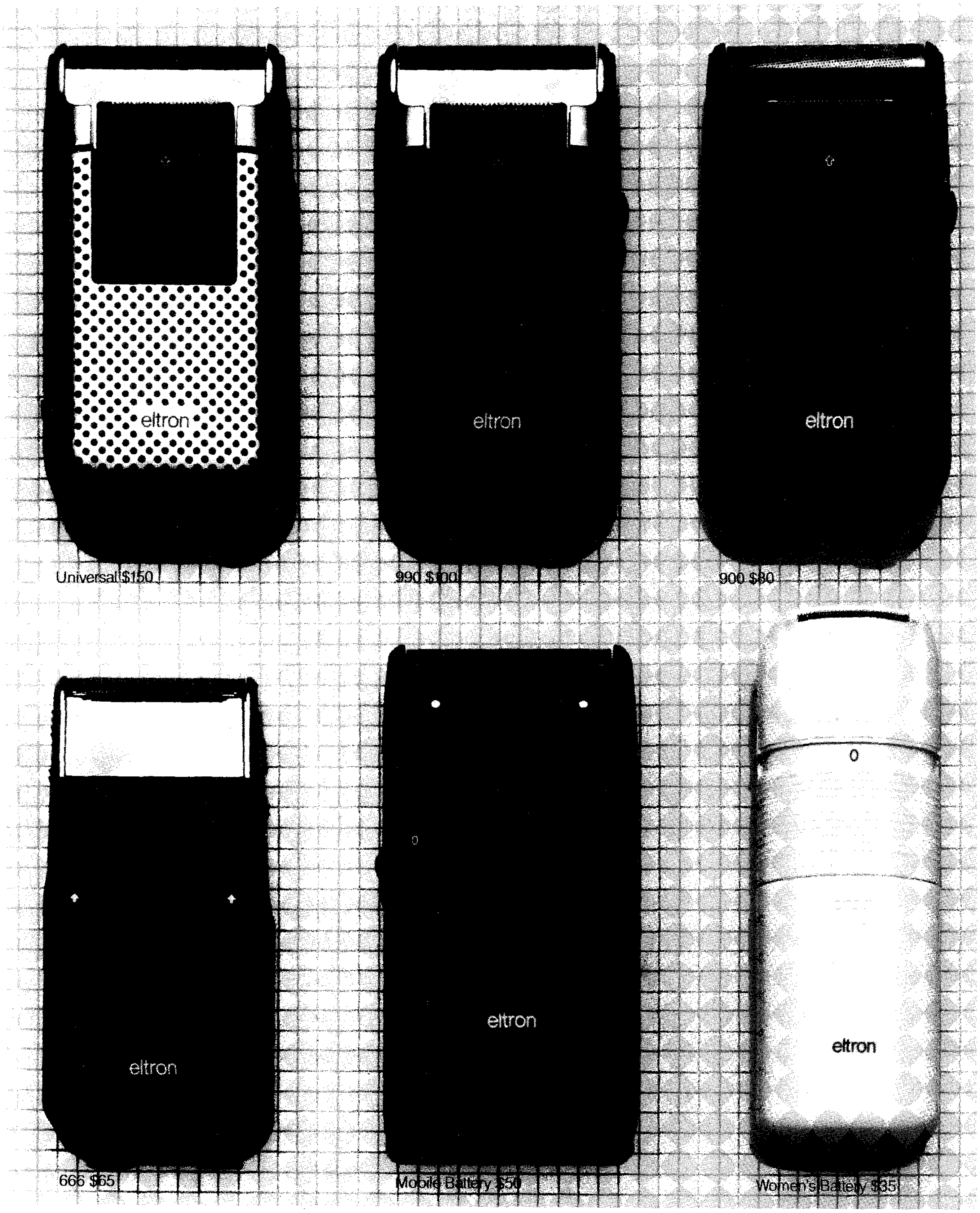
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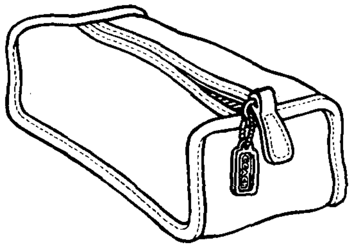

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and treated as a figure of major and continuing relevance is Assad likely to moderate his position, let alone take any risks on behalf of American initiatives. Hussein, I suspect, feels pressed to revive the good relations he once had with Syria—in the mid-nineteen-seventies. That could mean having to distance himself from Iraq, because, for reasons that are embedded in regional arcana, and aren't clear even to experts, it isn't possible for Jordan to have good relations with both Iraq and Syria. The problem is best portrayed by an anecdote: During the mid-seventies, not long after the border between Jordan and Syria had been reopened and diplomatic relations were resumed, the Iraqi radio attacked Jordan and its king—at the time, the first such incident in several years. Iraq's Ambassador in Amman was instantly expelled and told not to return until an apology had been made and he could provide a satisfactory explanation of the incident. He returned to Amman a few days later and reported that it had all been a misunderstanding—the attack, he said, hadn't actually been directed against Jordan but, rather, against Syria. Zaid Rifai was Prime Minister during the period of Jordan's sunny relations with Syria, and there are signs that he may soon return to official life, either as Prime Minister or as head of the palace executive staff, which can be a more important job. If Hussein does bring Rifai back, it will be read as a sign that he is ready to play the Syrian card—or try to play it.

Opinion is divided on the question of whether Reagan's people should have tried to force Israel to halt the settlements—a gesture that would have impressed every Arab. Several people who have worked on these matters, including Cyrus Vance, feel that Washington should tell Israel that the American aid on which it relies will be reduced by whatever amount continues to be invested in the settlements program. "The settlements are illegal," Vance says. "The Israelis are spending our money for illegal purposes." Persuading both houses of Congress to approve a punitive measure against Israel might be all but impossible. But a joint congressional resolution condemning the settlements, if the Administration had proposed one, would almost certainly have passed, as lobbyists for Israel privately conceded. The settlements, unlike Israel itself, are not popular on Capitol Hill. But the Administration never considered proposing a joint resolution on the settle-

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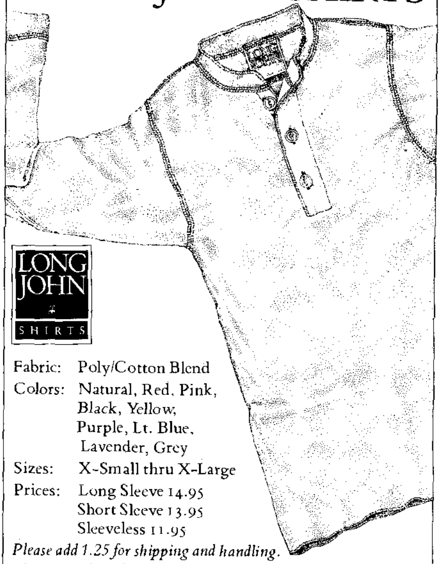

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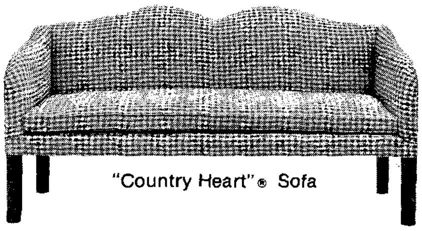

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ments. And now, with an election year approaching, the policy toward Israel appears to be one of indulgence squared. On August 2nd, for example, the State Department, in explaining an American veto of a United Nations Security Council resolution condemning the settlements, said it would be "impractical" and "unrealistic" to dismantle the settlements when "you look at the reality on the ground." This "reality" is one that only Washington can affect, but the statement and similar gestures have moved the Administration far afield from the initiative it took a year ago.

Israel's government seems to have emerged a clear winner from the diplomatic wars of the past several months. The Reagan plan is probably dead. The position of the Arab moderates—Hussein's especially—has been weakened, and as their influence recedes Israel expects its own to become correspondingly greater in Washington. Just after Hussein's announcement on April 10th, Habib's Lebanon negotiation began to move ahead, and Shultz arrived on the scene to take charge of pinning down the agreement, which was concluded early in May and provides for the withdrawal of Israel's forces from Lebanon. It isn't binding, however, unless Syria withdraws the forces it has in Lebanon. Assad may eventually do that, if only to avoid a war with Israel, but it was never likely that he would accept an agreement about which he wasn't consulted. One week after it was signed, he rejected it. Here, again, Israel seems to be the winner. Syria and its arms supplier and patron, the Soviet Union, get the blame for the agreement's not taking effect, and Israel's government, which wants to keep a military presence in southern Lebanon, can do so. A de-facto partition of Lebanon could be under way, and communal strife is fragmenting the country.

All this, however, may be a trifle clearer than the truth. Israel today has reliably good relations with very few of the world's major governments and sources of political and economic power. Its relationship with the United States—a country on which it is heavily dependent—would often be in some jeopardy but for the unwillingness of Congress to ruffle Israel. Even so, an American diplomat who works directly with Israel characterizes the relationship as a "roller coaster." Another one says, "It is out of control." So far, over five hundred Israeli soldiers have been killed in

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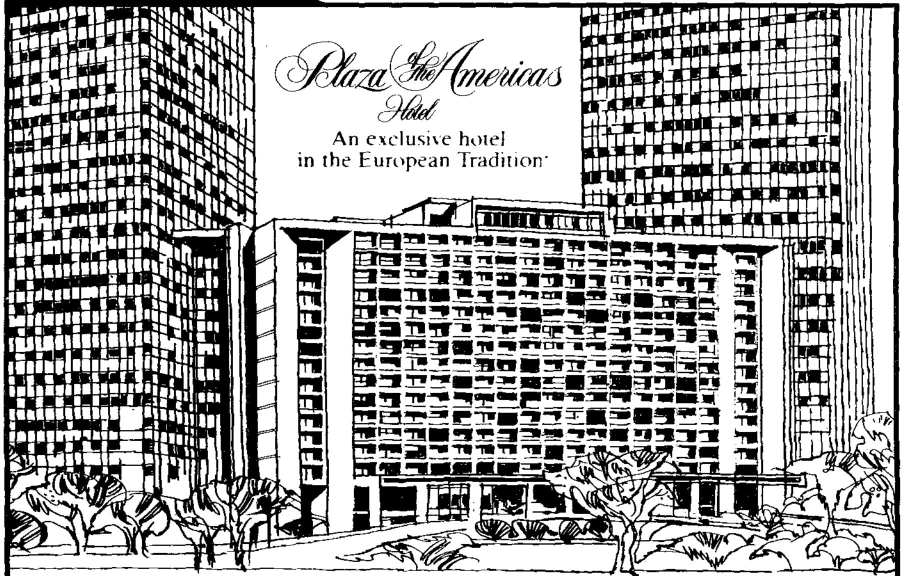

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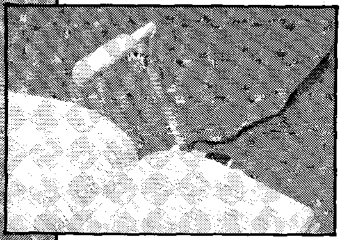

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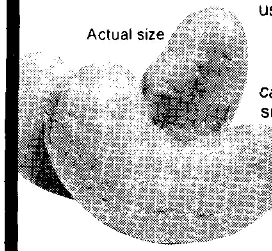

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Lebanon; a growing strand of public opinion in Israel compares that figure unfavorably with the number of casualties—five—that occurred during the negotiated cease-fire on the northern border, which had lasted nearly a year before Israel dissolved it by invading Lebanon. There are frequent reports of soldiers who refuse to wear Lebanon campaign ribbons and others who object to serving there, or on the West Bank, either; the amount of dissatisfaction within the Army probably isn't great, but it is great enough to attract attention. And Begin's standing in the polls, which until recently had been very high, fell noticeably, in part because of Israel's soaring rate of inflation—currently running at a hundred and thirty per cent annually. His (and Likud's) political problems, mostly having to do with the bitter harvest of the Lebanese adventure, plus a depressed economy and a fractious government, are thought to have provoked his decision to resign.

Arabs like to say that Israel can have the West Bank or it can have peace, but not both. Ahmad al-Khalil was a member of an armistice commission established after the struggle for Palestine in the late nineteen-forties. His Israeli opposite number, he says, was Moshe Dayan, and he recalls that Dayan used to say, "Ahmad, we'll never yield an inch"—of what the Israelis had won—"but we will settle for these boundaries." That is not the case now. Israel is determined to hold the West Bank and Gaza. It probably won't annex these lands formally, because that would mean enfranchising the Palestinians and granting them citizenship—a step some senior figures in the Likud would take, because they feel certain that the Arabs would reject citizenship if it were offered. Instead, Israel's policy is generally characterized as de-facto annexation. "Begin doesn't have to annex the West Bank, since he thinks that it belongs to us anyway," one Israeli told me when I was there a few months ago. An Israeli journalist who follows this situation described it to me as "semi-apartheid." Meron Benvenisti, an Israeli who was deputy mayor of Jerusalem for five years and, before that, administrator of the Old City for several years, seems to agree. "Human rights stop at the ethnic divide," he says. "Arabs will always be seen as an enemy, and that will justify disenfranchising them. We have separated the land from the people. We've solved one problem but created another: what

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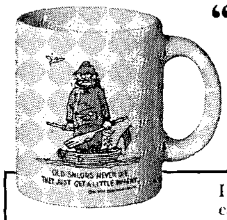

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to do about the Arabs. We will have to learn how to deal with this new problem." Benvenisti has written an exhaustive study describing what Israel has done on the West Bank and in Gaza; de-facto annexation, it says, "has very nearly been completed and only through tremendous efforts can the trend be reversed, and the egg unscrambled." Many of the settlers are animated not by religious spirit—some aren't religious at all—but, rather, by the wish to live more comfortably. A Western diplomat told me that a three-room apartment in Jerusalem is likely to cost about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, whereas a five-room villa on the West Bank can be bought for fifty to sixty thousand dollars. Israel's government is subsidizing this "suburbanization" of the West Bank, and doing it partly with American money.

Ben-Elissar, who is now chairman of the Defense and Foreign Relations Committee of the Knesset, and was once a senior official of Mossad, Israel's intelligence service, doesn't mince words. In expressing his and Begin's view of the Reagan plan, he says that "the main issues" are Jerusalem and the settlements. "The United States and Egypt failed to impose their views on Israel in the Camp David negotiations, and so the United States is bringing them up again. That isn't fair play. It isn't honest. We see this initiative as a United States attempt to go beyond Camp David and get Israel to make concessions it wouldn't make there, and after we've implemented one part of it"—the Egypt-Israel settlement. The position of the Labor Party in relation to the West Bank issue is less clear than the government's. "Labor has a more humanistic edge and greater sensitivity," says Benvenisti. "But there is no fundamental difference on the basic West Bank policy." No one I spoke with in Israel feels that a Labor government would agree to freeze the settlements —except, perhaps, under pressure. Still, a Labor government would probably be more vulnerable to pressure from Washington on this issue—especially since its leaders take a less fundamentalist attitude toward the land than Likud does.

I asked Hussein if he saw much difference between Labor and Herut, Begin's party.

"Labor had a chance to do something," he said—a reference, I supposed, to his own talks with them. "But they didn't take it. Basical-

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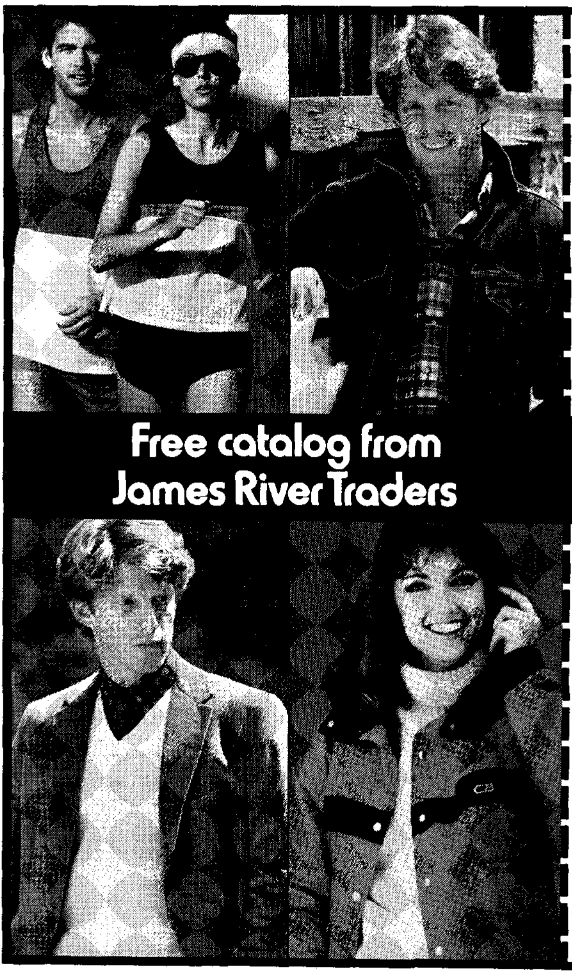

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ly, their attitude isn't very different."

"If you were Begin, what would you do?" I was asked by an old Israeli friend who strongly opposes all of the Likud's policies and goals. "The Iraqis are engaged in a crazy war with Iran. Egypt has been taken off the board. The Syrians can always be beaten. Lebanon no longer matters. Jordan is impotent, and our American protector is not just maintaining agreed levels of assistance but actually increasing them, thanks to Congress. Why should he play the American game, or anyone's game?" Some other Israelis fear that the best reason for changing course will be discovered slowly and painfully. Until now, they say, Palestine has been an Arab problem, but once the Arabs realize that the West Bank and Gaza cannot be recovered the problem will belong to Israel, which is going to have to deal, perhaps permanently, with a huge and disaffected Arab minority. "We've always seen the threat to our security as external, not internal," one Israeli says. "Our Arab minority has been docile. The difference between us and the South Africans is that they take the blacks seriously and see them as a threat to their society. We may find ourselves confronting a new crisis every day." He wonders whether Israel could handle such a situation without becoming a different kind of society altogether. A great many Israelis are afraid that what is being done to the Arab people of the West Bank and Gaza will have a demoralizing effect on the country. Before retiring as Israel's chief of staff this spring, General Rafael Eitan said that more settlements would have the useful effect of causing Palestinians to run about, in his phrase, like drugged cockroaches in a bottle. The attitude reflected in that sort of comment is what is most worrying now to many Israelis.

"I'm very deeply disappointed," Hussein said when I asked him about trends in Israel. "I had hoped to see a different attitude, not this fortress cast of mind. One will have to deal with the situation as it evolves. The likely next steps are ominous." In dealing with the situation, he cannot do much. Jordan's survival depends less on its own policies, however sensible, than on the policies of others, and on events. In the failure of Reagan's initiative and in Israel's truculent style lies the risk that Hussein will be swept aside—and Jordan with him—by forces he has held off for three decades.

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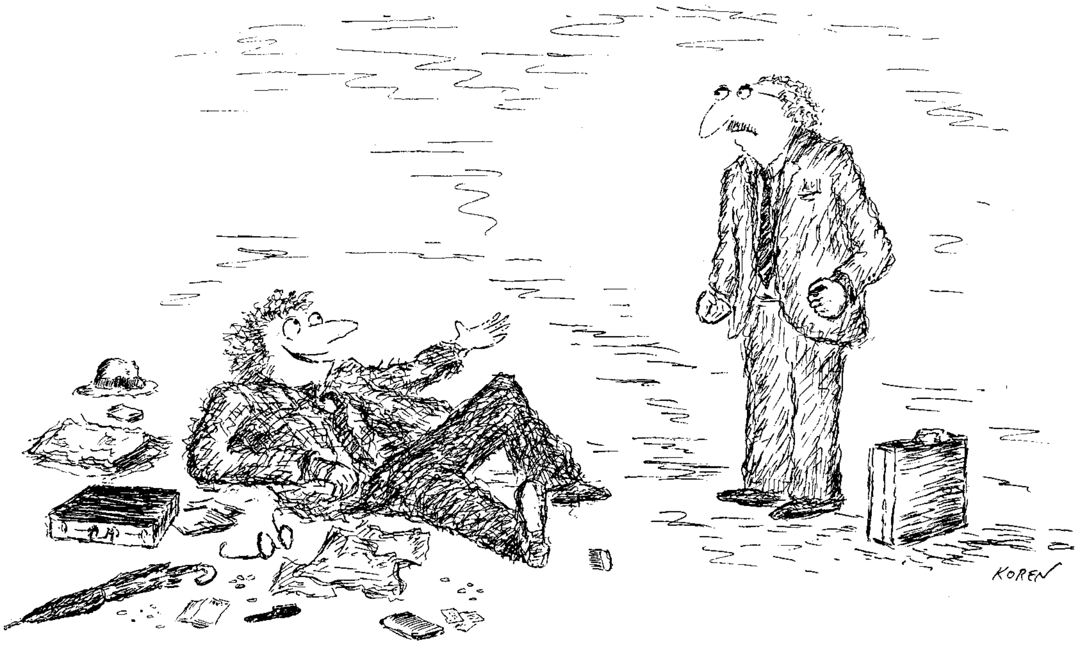
COMING right after Jean-Jacques Beineix's directing-début film "Diva," "The Moon in the Gutter" may be a shock, but it's the kind of excruciatingly silly movie that only a talented director can make. (Hacks don't leave common sense this far behind.) The trashy chic of Delacorta's novel "Diva" (which was written like a script) gave Beineix something to play with. This time, he takes the 1953 American novel "The Moon in the Gutter," by David Goodis, as the basis for a romanticized tragic vision. With Gérard Depardieu in the frayed T-shirt of a poor, honest workingman and Nastassia Kinski in spangles "created by Marc Bohan for Christian Dior," and the two of them gazing soulfully at each other across a chasm of class distinctions, the picture cries out for giggles and hoots. Yet Beineix's damn talent gets in the way, so you can't even have a good time razzing it.

The opening words of the narrator are enough to give you a premonitory pang: "In a port nowhere in particular, in a dead end in the dockside area, a man came nightly to escape his memories." This man—he's a stevedore—is called Gérard, and that's the only simplifying step Beineix permits himself. Gradually, we pick up the idea that Gérard is obsessed with the death of his sister, who killed herself after she was raped. It takes a long time to get the reason for his moping straight, because the images of his sister traipsing along at night in the waterfront area in spiky high heels and a starlet's shimmery wisp of a gown certainly don't suggest the pure, virginal girl he talks about, the one who took her own life because she felt defiled. (Beineix doesn't seem to have much interest in representational details.) For most of the movie, Gérard lunges from table to table in a waterfront dive that features two haglike painted whores out of the Expressionist past dancing together, and he stares meaningfully into the faces of drunken men who he imagines might be the rapist. Two of the prime suspects appear to be his father and his brother, so naturally we begin to think that there's some Freudian hanky-panky going on: Was Gérard himself in love with his sister? Is he himself the criminal he seeks? The way Beineix works here, it's not for him to show us what's going on—it's for us to wonder. In an interview in *Film Comment*, Beineix explains Gérard's swinish, slobby brother (played by Dominique Pinon, the small blond killer in "Diva" who looked like a mutant) and Gérard's besotted father (Gabriel Monnet) in these terms: "The character of the brother stands for the *idea* of a brother, and that of the father for Father, rather than his own parent." Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Gérard also has a standard-issue fiery, tempestuous, but loving girlfriend, Bella (Victoria Abril), who, through a quirk of casting, has a black mother (Bertice Reading). The role of Bella was initially scheduled to be played by the black American actress Diahnne Abbott, and that probably accounts for the black mother; presumably, when Beineix recast the role he was carried away by his idea of an indefinite, universal place inhabited by people of unspecified backgrounds and didn't think mother and daughter needed to match up. It may also come as a surprise to the audience that a stevedore who goes to work on the docks every day is so poor and deprived that he lives in a decorator shanty—it's rag-strewn, with what might be burlap sacks dangling from the walls. Gérard and Bella and their relatives are the lower-depths poor, doomed to live in crumbling hovels. The rich moon-goddess Kinski, who has the bewildering Anglo-Saxon name Loretta Channing, lives "uptown," in a sumptuous mansion, with her dissolute-dude brother, Newton Channing (Vittorio Mezzogiorno). Loretta has glazed, zombie eyes, and she may be Gérard's wish fulfillment. She doesn't talk like a person—she talks like the essence of femme fatale. She seems to come from the world of the movies, by way of Coppola's "One from the Heart," and this has to be deliberate.

Beineix takes movie conventions and clichés of the past as iconography and creates a fake-poetic world for himself. If we supply the name Marseilles for his stylized nameless port, it's because it's based on the Marseilles of the French films of the thirties, just as the decent, trapped Gérard is based, primarily, on the decent, trapped Jean Gabin of those films. Gérard is an ordinary "little" man reaching (hopelessly) for the moon. He and the other characters come from movies processed by Beineix's memories and imagination. They're movie myths masquerading as mysterious characters. And so they don't talk; they make utterances—



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gnomic Freudian utterances such as "There's no such thing as chance."

Like Scorsese when he called our attention to the fake grove of trees in "New York, New York" as if to shout, "Look, I'm shooting on a studio set, just the way the directors in the forties did!," Beineix shows off the studio-made look of his alley, his warehouses, his wharf. The movies made in the old Hollywood studios used their sets and their lighting to create an atmosphere that would intensify the power of the story. Beineix—like Scorsese before him, and like Coppola in "One from the Heart" and "The Outsiders"—makes the audience conscious of his style. He's celebrating the poetry of the movies, which for him is the poetry of artificiality. So Nastassia Kinski is posed like Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers;" she's the unattainable—the moon that shines on poor Gérard down there in his Brando T-shirt in the *film noir* gutter. Of course, when you're playing the moon there's not much you can bring to your role; Kinski is used like a wax figure—she's tilted this way and that, her lips parting, her neck flung back. And Victoria Abril's Bella, who tosses her curls and gives off heat, is like a parody of generations of sensual, jealous spitfires—Rita Moreno redux. The music is an exaggeration of Hollywood's old soaring and slurping scores—the kind that make you wince during revival showings. The whole movie is layered; you can see the detritus of dark-shadowed French tragedies of the thirties and American films of several decades, and it's made in thick, nocturnal color—the color of a bad dream.

Beineix is fond of saying things like "In my film, the filmmaker reflects on his own art" and "The entire film is an attempt to stop time. . . . This is what an artist does—freezes a moment in time and explores it." At Cannes, in May, where "The Moon in the Gutter" was first shown, he informed the press that his film was "a symphony of images." In the *Film Comment* interview, he said, "It's a film that talks about institutions, about the rich and the poor, without being interested in either wealth or poverty. It shows the existential suffering of two human beings (Depardieu and Kinski) which comes out of the gap between them—he, who lives in the gutter, and she, who comes from fantasy-land." Temporarily, at least, Beineix is a master of foolishness. I think he means all the hundreds of ready-made phrases that

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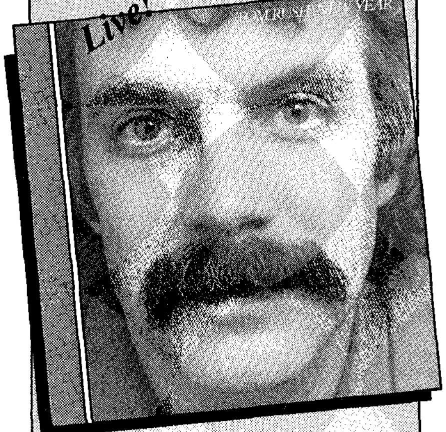

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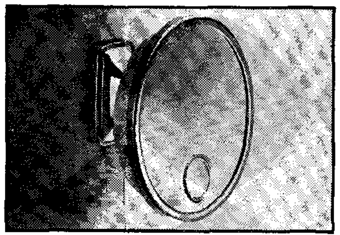

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pop out of his mouth, such as "There is no story. It's symbolism." He's right about that, alas. How else can you explain Gérard's giving his father (or Father) a violin for a birthday present, when the shaky old boozer not only doesn't play the violin but can barely stand up?

What it comes down to is that Beineix doesn't have the impulse simply to represent; his impulse is to represent representations. André Téchiné, who made "French Provincial" in 1974 and "Barocco" in 1976, also worked in a layered style and with movie-derived characters, but his films were lighter, more illusionist in manner. Beineix is suffocatingly passionate about what he's doing, and this is what trips him up: his material is so far removed from actual experience (and is so familiar) that it can't support the weight of his emotions. The film becomes both oppressive and stupid.

In the sixties, the recycling of pop culture—turning it into Pop Art and camp—had its own satirical zest. Now we're into a different kind of recycling. Moviemakers give movies of the past an authority that those movies didn't have; they inflate images that may never have compelled belief, images that were no more than shorthand gestures—and they use them not as larger-than-life jokes but as altars. Beineix and Scorsese and Coppola become worshippers of film, and their filmmaking religion leads them to re-representation. Like the humbug Wizard of Oz, they rig up overblown, monumental effects to impress us or scare us; the effects ultimately point to the little guy pulling the levers—the little guy behind the curtain who is trying to put on a big show. These directors are so proud of their manipulation of images—they're so caught up in the filmmaking process, and have so much emotion invested in it—that they expect their re-representations to wow people. They can't understand why audiences are cold. But audiences are cold for the best of reasons: the new "mythic" films are made up of images without substance. The directors' "larger-than-life" stylization is empty.

In "The Moon in the Gutter," the actors are not supposed to be anyone in particular. They're supposed to evoke, and what Beineix wants them to evoke is all those classy bad ideas he cherishes. Gérard, according to Beineix, is supposed to be "seeking to reconcile himself with his other half, his better half." How on earth does an

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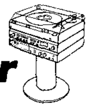

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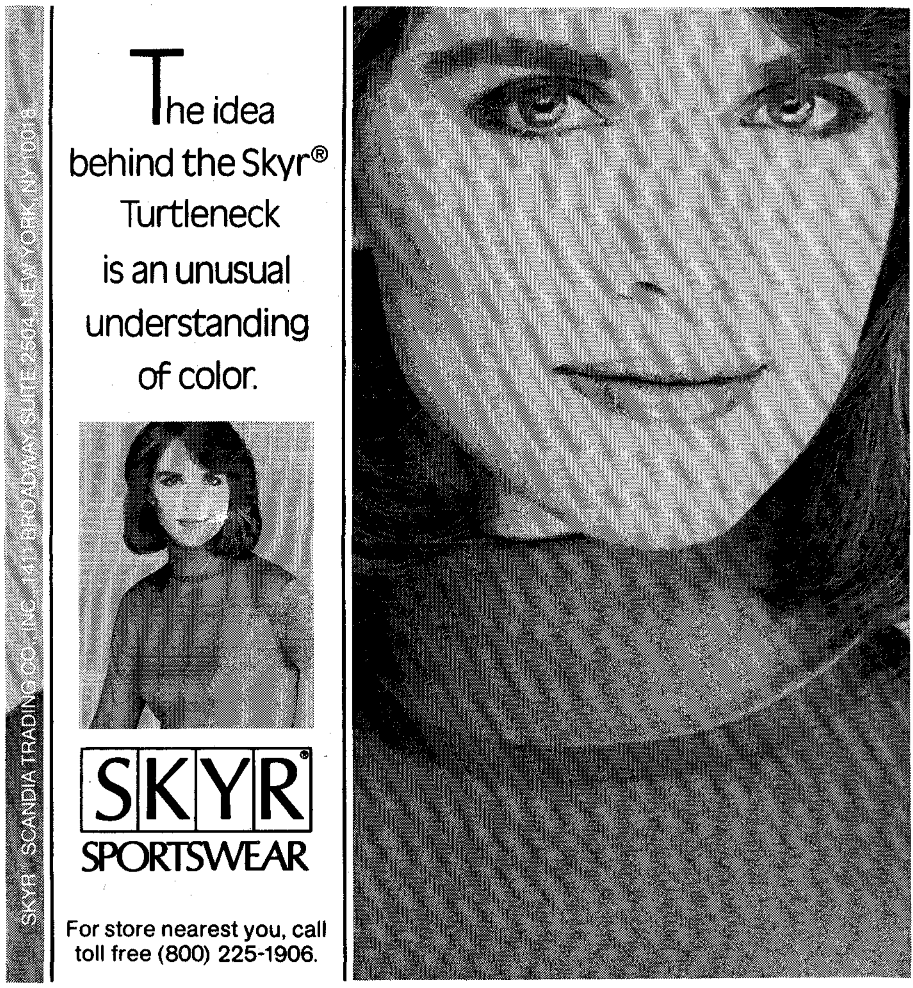
actor show you that? He can't; all he can do is what Depardieu does—wander about somnambulistically. The actors in "The Moon" are helpless, because the movie isn't about their characters' emotions—it's about Beineix's swooning response to the earlier movie stars that they are standing in for. Although Depardieu is in the Jean Gabin role, he doesn't actually suggest Gabin; he's been in too many Depardieu roles for that. And he has a special problem: something in him has been sucked out by so much exposure to the camera. The volatility that made him seem raw and funny in "Going Places" has been lost. He hasn't turned into a bad actor, but he has become a pro, and "sensitive" in a dull, pictorial way. His edges are smooth, and though he gives conscientious performances, they all seem to be in just about the same range. (The only surprise in "The Moon" is the crude, loud sound of the black mama's—or Mama's—speeches; the actress is made to sound like someone bellowing in a TV commercial.)

Having cancelled out the actors, Beineix is left alone with his effects. Against all odds, he can sometimes engage us by imagery that isn't about anything in particular. This is especially true of the sequence with Gérard and the other dockhands at work loading and unloading cargo. The men and the equipment are stylized silhouettes, abstractions of men at work. Maybe we watch these compositions so intently because we've never seen anything quite like them—and because for a moment we're spared the warmed-over romanticism. From time to time, there are dazzling flourishes, such as the exterior view of the cathedral where Gérard and Loretta go for some sort of dream marriage ceremony: it's perched on top of a cliff, and its improbability gives the scene an awesome craziness. (Beineix's victories here are the equivalent of an actor's magnetizing us by his reading of a menu.) Beineix is a real technician, and he knows how to make images flow into each other, even though he's working with a palette that suggests manufactured rot. "The Moon" is primarily a nighttime movie, yet the highlight color is green—a thick green shellac with hallucinogenic overtones. (Asked by an interviewer to explain his color scheme, Beineix replied, "Color is a vibration that stems from our unconscious." Talk about humbug wizards!) The rapist wears red shoes, and the red of the raped girl's blood is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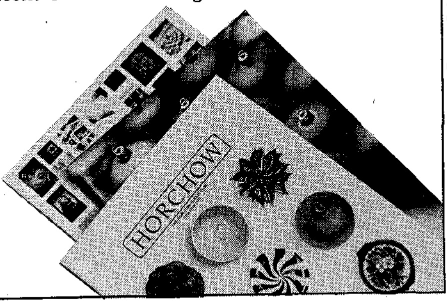

as lacquered as Loretta's lipstick and her sleek red roadster. The picture is color-controlled to look poisonous, yet it undeniably has its *own* poisonous look.

In the street outside Gérard's family hovel, there is a brightly colored advertising billboard with the slogan "Try Another World." Beineix puts it in scene after scene; it's his big irony—that honest workers like Gérard can't win in *this* one. But a viewer can get fed up with the bad news. After a while, I thought the poster should have said "Try Another Movie."

IT'S deeply satisfying to see, finally, Luchino Visconti's magnificent 1963 film "The Leopard" in Italian, with subtitles, and at its full length—three hours and five minutes. It had been cut to two hours and forty-one minutes when it opened in this country, in a dubbed version that didn't always seem in sync, and with the color brightened in highly variable and disorienting ways. Now the movie has its full shape, and it couldn't have arrived at a better time. The new movies—especially the new American movies—have reached a low, low point. And here is a work of a type we rarely see anymore—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind." Set in Sicily, beginning in 1860, it's "Gone with the Wind" with sensibility—an almost Chekhovian sensibility. It doesn't have the active central characters that the American epic has; there's no Scarlett or Rhett. But it has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively well by Burt Lancaster. And it's so much better at doing the kind of things that "Gone with the Wind" did—showing you how historical events affect the lives of the privileged classes—that it can make you feel a little embarrassed for Hollywood. "Gone with the Wind" is, of course, a terrific piece of entertainment; "The Leopard" is so beautifully felt that it calls up a whole culture. It casts an intelligent spell—intelligent and rapturous.

The Visconti epic is based on the posthumously published, best-selling novel by Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa—an impoverished Sicilian prince, like his hero. (The Lampedusa coat of arms bore a leopard.) The movie isn't what we normally call "novelistic," though; everything comes to us physically. Visconti suggests Don Fabrizio's thoughts and feelings by the sweep and texture of his life. The

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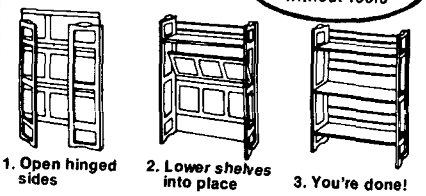

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fabrics, the medal-laden military uniforms, the dark, heavy furniture, the huge palaces, with their terraces and broad marble staircases, and the arid, harsh landscapes they're set in are all sensualized—made tactile. Burt Lancaster has always been a distinctively physical actor, and this is a supremely physical role. We know the Prince by his noble bearing and the assurance of his gestures—they're never wasteful. He's at ease with authority; you can believe that he's the result of centuries of aristocratic breeding. There's grandeur in the performance, which Lancaster has acknowledged he modelled on Visconti himself (who, though not a Sicilian, was a count whose family titles were among the oldest and most noble in Europe). It is not merely that the Prince is in tune with his surroundings. They have formed each other: he and the Salina country palazzo basking in the yellow light outside Palermo are one.

The Prince's estates have dwindled, money is running low, but he keeps up the family traditions. He's not a romantic—he's a realist. He'll protect aristocratic values for as long as he can, and he'll do his best to protect the future of the Salina family—his wife and seven children, his nephew—and the household priest and all the other attendants. He bends to the times only as much as he needs to. In 1860, Italy was in the middle of a revolution. Garibaldi and his followers—the Redshirts—were trying to unify Italy and free the south and Sicily from Bourbon rule. The Prince's favorite nephew, the spirited, gallant Tancredi (Alain Delon), goes off to join Garibaldi; he goes with the Prince's blessing and a small bag of his gold—the Prince understands that the Bourbons will fall. He's a man with few illusions, a man of sense who suffers fools all the time and tries to cushion his impatience. When Garibaldi lands on Sicily with an army of about a thousand men, and there are skirmishes in the streets of Palermo, the Prince's neurasthenic wife (Rina Morelli) becomes hysterically frightened—she's a whimperer—and he, recognizing that they may be in danger, takes her and their brood to safety at the family holdings across the island in Donnafugata. Along the way, the servants lay out a picnic—they spread a vast white linen cloth, and dish after dish, while the grooms take care of the horses. (Corot should have been invited.) At Donnafugata, the Prince leads the procession of his people, weary, and covered with dust

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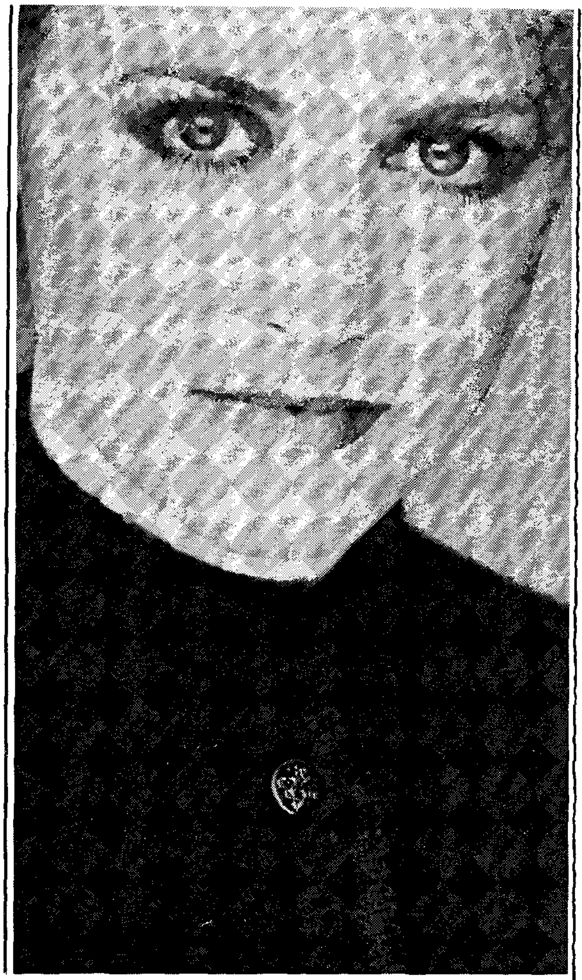

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from the road, into the cathedral. Seated in the Salina family pews, they're like corpses—petrified, deadwood figures.

The movie is about the betrayal of Garibaldi's democratic revolution, and about the wiliness of opportunists like Tancredi. ("Black and slim as an adder" was how Lampedusa described him.) Tancredi makes his reputation as a heroic fighter while he's an officer with Garibaldi's Redshirts, but as soon as power shifts to the Mafia-dominated, middle-class landgrabbers, he changes into the uniform of the new king—*their* king, Victor Emmanuel II, from the House of Savoy. He doesn't so much as blink when he hears the gunshots that mark the execution of the last of Garibaldi's loyal troops. The young Delon is perhaps too airy for the role. With his even features, small teeth, and smooth cheeks, he's a very pretty art object, perfectly carved. He'd make a fine, spry figure in an operetta, but he doesn't have the excitement or force to give Tancredi's actions the weight they might have had. (This Tancredi is as shallow as that other opportunist—Scarlett.) But the film is essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes.

Lancaster provides the film's center of consciousness. We see everything that happens through Visconti's eyes, of course, but we feel we're seeing it through the Prince's eyes. We couldn't be any closer to him if we were inside his skin—in a way, we are. We see what he sees, feel what he feels; we know what's in his mind. He's fond of—and a little envious of—Tancredi, with his youth and verve. The Prince—he's only forty-five, but forty-five was a ripe age in the mid-nineteenth century—has perceived what the result of the revolution will be: the most ruthless grabbers will come out on top. There's a despicable specimen of the breed close at hand—the rich and powerful mayor of Donnafugata, Don Calogero (Paolo Stoppa), who is eager to climb into society. The Prince has a daughter who is in love with Tancredi, but the Prince understands that this daughter—prim and repressed, like his wife—is too overprotected and overbred to be the wife Tancredi needs for the important public career he's going after. And Tancredi, who has nothing but his princely title and his rakish charm, requires a wife who will bring him a fortune. And so when Tancredi is

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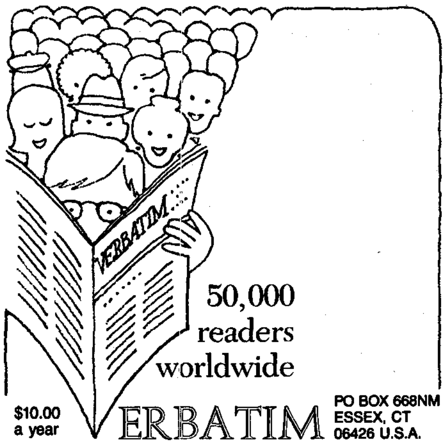

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smitten by Don Calogero's poised and strikingly sensual daughter, Angelica (the lush young Claudia Cardinale, doing a bit too much lip-licking), the Prince arranges the match. (All this is presented very convincingly, and it's probably silly to quibble with a masterpiece, yet I doubt if a warmhearted father—and especially one sensually deprived in his relationship with his wife—would be so free of illusions about his daughter. And it seemed to me that he was more cut off from his children—one of the striplings is played by the very young Pierre Clementi, who has the face of a passion-flower—than a man of his temperament would be, whatever his rank.)

Lighted by the justly celebrated cinematographer Giuseppe Rotunno, the movie is full of marvellous, fluid set-piece sequences: the dashing Tancredi's goodbyes to the Salina family when he goes off to join Garibaldi; the picnic; the church sequence. The original Italian prints may have had deeper brown tones and more lustrous golds—some of the scenes have a drained-out look—but there's always detail to exult in. Each time the Salina family assembles for Mass or for dinner, it's a big gathering. Some of the smaller, less opulent sequences are ongoing political arguments, like the ironic dialogue between the Prince and the timid worrywart family priest (Romolo Valli), or between the Prince and a family retainer who is his hunting companion (Serge Reggiani, overacting). This poverty-stricken snob, who's loyal to the Bourbons, is shocked that the Prince would approve of his nephew's marrying a girl whose mother is "an illiterate animal." The political issues that the film deals with are, of course, simplified, but they're presented with considerable cogency, and they're very enjoyable. Of the smaller sequences, perhaps the most dazzling is the conversation between the Prince and a petite, intelligent professorial gentleman (Leslie French) who has come with the official request that he stand for election to the Senate. (Victor Emmanuel II is a constitutional monarch.) Here, the Leopard—refusing the offer—shows his full pride. It's the most literary passage in the movie; it's the rationale of the script: the Prince explains the Sicilian arrogance and torpor, and how he and the land are intertwined. I doubt if any other director has got by even halfway with a fancy dialogue of this kind, yet it's stunningly successful here. Lancaster has held his energy in check

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through most of the performance; now he comes out blazing, and he's completely controlled. He has a wild, tragicomic scene, too, when the weasel-eyed Don Calogero comes to discuss Tancredi's proposal to his daughter. The sickened Prince listens to him, and then, in a startling move, picks up the little weasel, plants a quick, ceremonial kiss on each cheek to welcome him into the family, and plunks him down. It happens so fast we barely have time to laugh. Don Calogero's greed shines forth then in the satisfaction with which he enumerates each item of the dowry he will bestow upon Tancredi; it's as if he expected the Prince to cry "Hosanna!" for each acre, each piece of gold.

Probably the movie seems as intense as it does because the action isn't dispersed among several groups of characters, the way it usually is in an epic. We stay with the Prince almost all the time. Except for the fighting in the streets, there's only one major sequence that he isn't in—an episode in which Tancredi and Angelica wander about in unused parts of the rambling Salina palace in Donnafugata. The Prince's absence may not be the reason, but this episode doesn't seem to have any purpose or focal point, and it's also the only time the film's tempo seems off. Whenever the Prince is onscreen—whether in his study, where the telescopes indicate his interest in astronomy, or in the town hall, controlling his distaste while drinking a glass of cheap wine that Don Calogero has handed him—we're held, because we're always learning new things about him. And in the concluding hour, at the Ponteleone Ball—certainly the finest hour of film that Visconti ever shot (and the most influential, as "The Godfather" and "The Deer Hunter" testify)—it all comes together. At this ball, the Salinas introduce Angelica to society—to all the many Sicilian princes and aristocrats. Visconti's triumph here is that the ball serves the same function as the Prince's interior monologue in the novel: throughout this sequence, in which the Prince relives his life, experiences regret, and accepts the dying of his class and his own death, we feel we're inside the mind of the Leopard saying farewell to life.

Everything we've seen earlier, we now realize, was leading to this splendid ball, which marks the aristocrats' acceptance of the parvenus who are taking over their wealth and power. (The poor will stay at the bottom, and

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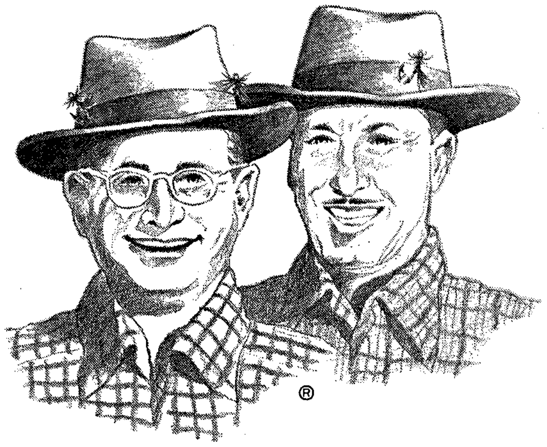

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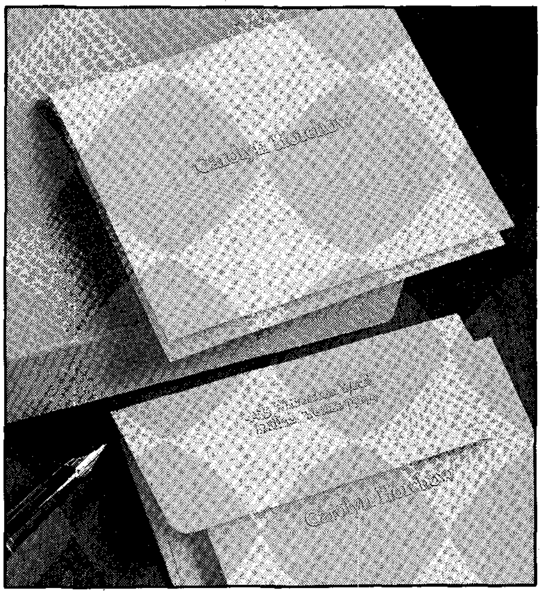

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—in the Prince's view, at least—will be worse off than before; the new ruling class will not be bound by the tradition of noblesse oblige.) The Prince, alone by choice, wanders from one mammoth ballroom to the next, observing all these people he knows. Tancredi and Angelica have their first dance, and the Nino Rota score gives way to a lilting waltz by Verdi, which had been discovered just before the film was shot; Visconti was giving it its first public performance, and a piece of music may never have been showcased more lavishly. Visconti (and perhaps his helpers) certainly knew how to stage dance sequences. (The movie was edited in a month, yet the rhythmic movement of the whole film is intoxicatingly smooth.) Soon the crowded rooms are stifling and, with the women fluttering their fans, look like cages of moths. The Prince, strolling away from these overheated rooms, sees a bevy of adolescent girls in their ruffles jumping up and down on a bed while chattering and screaming in delight—overbred, chalky-faced girls, like his daughters, all excited. In a room where people are seated at tables feasting, he glances in revulsion at a colonel covered with medals who is boasting of his actions against Garibaldi's men. He begins to feel fatigued—flushed and ill. He goes into the library, pours himself a glass of water, and stares at a big oil—a copy of a Greuze deathbed scene.

It's there, in front of the painting, that Tancredi and Angelica find him. She wants the Prince to dance with her, and as she pleads with him their bodies are very close, and for a few seconds the emotions he has been feeling change into something close to lust. He envies Tancredi for marrying for different reasons from his own; he envies Tancredi for Angelica's full-blown beauty, her heartiness, her coarseness. He escorts her to the big ballroom, and they waltz together. It's Angelica's moment of triumph: he is publicly welcoming her into his family. He is straight-backed and formal while they dance, but his thoughts are chaotic. He experiences acute regret for the sensual partnership he never had with his wife, and a nostalgia for the animal vitality of his youth. His intimations of his own mortality are fierce. After returning the shrewd, happy Angelica to Tancredi, he goes to a special small room to freshen up. Coming out, he sees into an anteroom—the floor is covered with chamber pots that need emptying. Eventually, the ball draws to a close, and people begin to leave, but a batch of young diehard dancers are still going strong: they're hopping and whirling about to livelier music now that the older people have left the floor. The Prince arranges for his family to be taken home, explaining that he will walk. When he passes down the narrow streets, he's an old man. The compromises he has had to make have more than sickened him—they've aged him. His vision of the jackals and sheep who are replacing the leopards and lions ages him even more. He is emotionally isolated from his wife and children; he no longer feels any affection for the sly-faced Tancredi. He's alone.

"The Leopard" is the only film I can think of that's about the aristocracy from the inside. Visconti, the Marxist count, is both pitiless and loving. His view from the inside is not very different from that of Max Ophuls in "The Earrings of Madame de . . ."—which was made from the outside (though it was based on the short novel by the aristocratic Louise de Vilmorin). Ophuls' imagination took him where Visconti's lineage (and imagination) had brought him, and he gave us a portrait of a French aristocrat by Charles Boyer which had similarities to Lancaster's performance. But we weren't taken inside that French aristocrat's value system with anything like the robust fullness of our involvement with Lancaster's Leopard. If it weren't for the Prince's wiry, strong, dark-red hair and his magisterial physique—his vigor—I doubt if we'd feel the same melancholy at the death of his class. The film makes us feel that his grace is part of his position. We're brought to respect values that are almost totally foreign to our society. That's not a small thing for a movie to accomplish.

—PAULINE KAEL

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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LONDON in August offered a feast of music. At the Albert Hall, the BBC's Proms were in full swing—the world's greatest music festival; fifty-seven concerts this year, with not a dull program among them. Across the Thames, in the second half of the month, South Bank Summer Music, a Greater London Council festival, directed by Simon Rattle, provided rival attractions—twenty-one delectable concerts and recitals. For ten days, Glyndebourne was still on, and at mid-month the English National Opera season opened. The BBC's year-round "festival" on Radio 3—music from the concert halls, opera houses, radio stations, and recording studios of the world, carefully chosen and presented, intelligently introduced and discussed—allowed ears, at least, to visit some of the out-of-London festivals. A broadcast from Edinburgh of the Zemlinsky operatic double bill there was thoughtfully delayed so as not to clash with an interesting Prom.

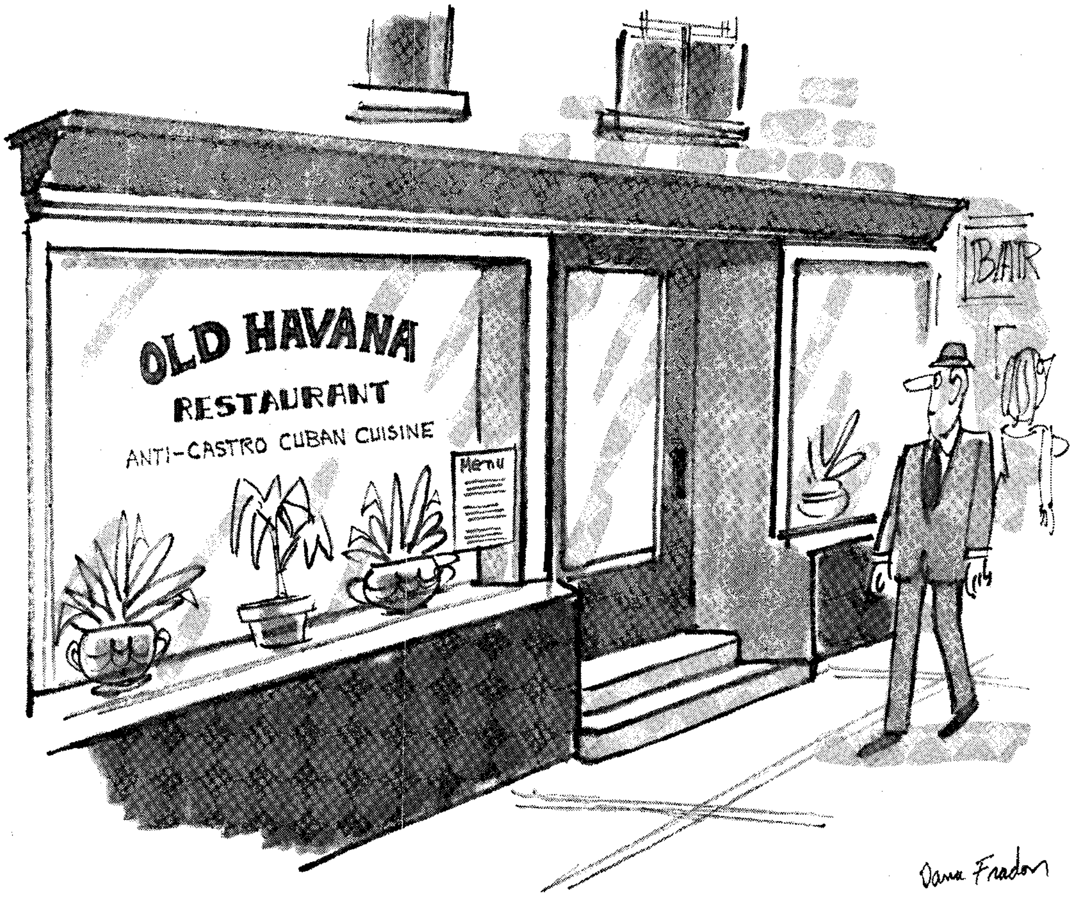
At the Proms, I heard the European première of Elliott Carter's Triple Duo, a BBC commission. The Fires of London played it still more brilliantly and buoyantly than they had at its première, at Symphony Space in April. A week later, there was another Fires performance of it, from a BBC studio, and I enjoyed Carter's glittering, urgent, yet amiable discourse even more while listening at home, in close-up, with a few rapt friends. The Albert Hall holds some six thousand people; in the better seats its acoustics are warm and clear; and to be one of the intent, enthusiastic Prom audience is a special and stimulating adventure. But over the air one often hears details in better balance. All the Proms are broadcast nationally, and many of them internationally. In my days as a London critic, I would set the tape recorder before leaving for the hall, and then come back to compare distant and intimate views of a new work. But separate, complementary performances—one projected to an audience and scaled to the hall, the other polished to studio precision—are even more revealing.

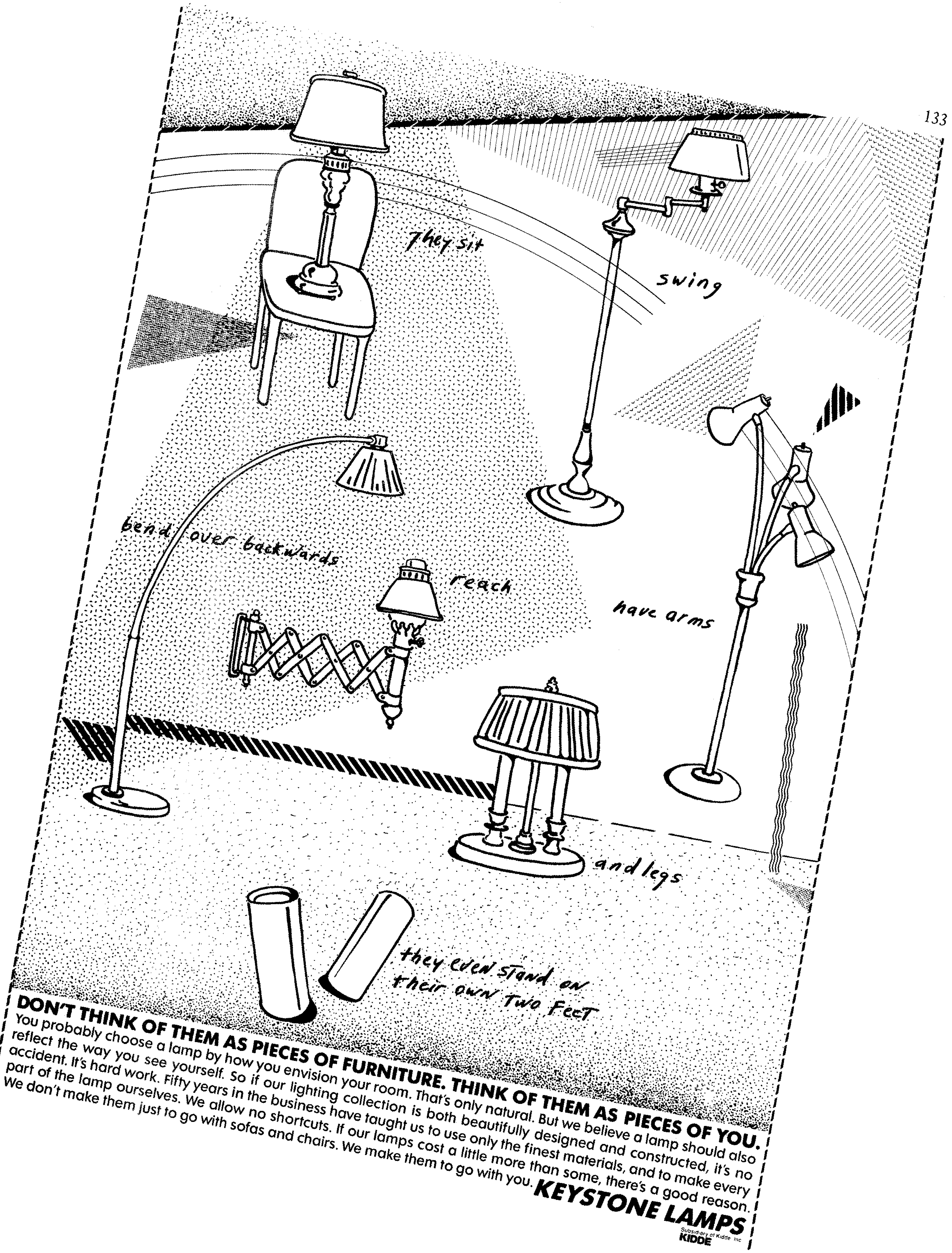
Peter Maxwell Davies' new Sinfonia Concertante had similar twinned performances—a Prom première and, two days later, a studio broadcast, both given by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, conducted by Neville Marriner. It's the first of three concertante works for chamber orchestra, steps toward a possible concerto. The second of them, "Into the Labyrinth," with solo tenor, a powerful and eventful piece, had its première at the St. Magnus Festival in June. (James Conlon conducted; I hope he introduces it soon to this country.) The third, a Sinfonia Accademica, is due next month in Edinburgh. The Sinfonia Concertante is a thirty-two-minute, three-movement "classical" composition, for wind quintet (flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn), strings, and timpani. The Sinfonia Concertante ascribed to Mozart, K. 297b, is a predecessor. The piece is audibly thematic, and it's audibly in—or at least "on"—F, or else in D minor. (I hear the former, but the composer's program note calls D minor the home tonality.) It's a lyrical, beautiful, and zestful composition, graceful in form, with virtuoso, often playful solo parts, which perhaps only the clarinettist, Antony Pay, did full justice to.

David Lumsdaine's "Hagoromo," another BBC commission, also had both Prom and studio performances, three days apart, given by the BBC Symphony, conducted by Elgar Howarth. Lumsdaine, born in 1931, is an Australian who has worked in Britain for thirty years. "Hagoromo," first done at IRCAM six years ago, takes its title from the Noh play about an angel who, having had her feathered robe restored to her by two fishermen, dances for them and in her dancing reveals to them the beauty of the world. It's a long (thirty-four minute) series of slowly developing dances. The composer's program note includes a catalogue, part of which is:

> a robe of feathers, definite, precise, shifting, blending, dense, transparent, a rainbow—
>
> a wilderness in the spring, a forest of wildflowers, birdsong, the flight of butterflies . . .
>
> pines by the sea, sunlight on water . . .
>
> the folds of time, the harmony of a single flute, the melody of a bell . . .

The music is sensuously beautiful, richly scored for a large orchestra. Each of the three movements starts from a slow, gentle "ges-

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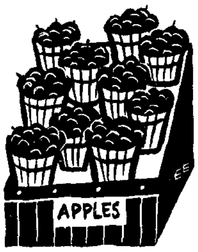
ture." Melodies spread gradually through the orchestra, moving against sheets of glinting color—shimmering, iridescent backgrounds. New, strong ideas interrupt their progress, and when they resume they are subtly altered.



It is rash to generalize about British contemporary music on the basis of a dozen new pieces heard in the space of three weeks. Yet several of them had things in common which set them apart from, on the one hand, the earlier British music on the programs—Holst, Vaughan Williams (his lovely "Lark Ascending" an apt prelude to Lumsdaine's larger hymning of beauty), Britten (his bold Opus 1, the Schoenberg-influenced Sinfonietta, composed when he was eighteen, and "Les Illuminations"), Tippett (the generously lyrical Second Symphony, Stravinsky-influenced), early Davies (the Expressionist "Revelation and Fall")—and, on the other hand, any of the modish international styles. And, after a New York season rich in rewarding new music, I'll venture the generalization that in London I heard more new compositions that were sustained, long-breathed, large in scale, not jittery, not fragmented in texture. (I'm talking about real new music, not the large-scale, nostalgic Simple Simonries of, in their different ways, Rochberg, Del Tredici, and the minimalists.) Messiaen seems to be a living influence in London, as he hardly is in New York. ("Des Canyons aux Étoiles" has been much played by the young orchestras.) There was a Messiaenic paean of joyous, clustered birdsong in "Hagoromo." Giles Swayne's "Cry," given at the Proms four days later, is dedicated to Messiaen.

"Cry," whatever one thinks of it, is a memorable composition. It's a ninety-minute piece, commissioned by the BBC for the BBC Singers—twenty-eight soloists, who in this work, standing in a wide arc, sing, unaccompanied, each into an individual microphone. Their voices are amplified, electronically mixed and at times modified, and fed into seven loudspeakers around the hall, so that the piece will (as the preface to the score directs) "completely envelop its listeners, creating a sound-world which surrounds them on all sides, and which sets the entire air-space and the building itself in vibration." There are seven movements: void, light, darkness; sky; sea, dry land, vegetation; sun, moon, stars; creatures of the air and water; creatures of the dry land; rest. Swayne has aimed at nothing less than creating a musical analogue of the world as God created it; he describes his piece as "a song of gratitude, praise, hope and (above all) love for the world which formed us and gives us life, and of which we are the temporary and doubtful guardians." Where "Cry" ends, one might say—on the first morning of the world—"Das Rheingold" begins (but a semitone higher). The composer, disclaiming "subjective impressions" and "expression" (" 'Cry' is, I hope, no more 'expressive' than a tree or tiger"), sought to create "a world of sound, constructed (like the real world) according to complex mathematical laws and processes." There is no text. The singers sing, cry, shout, patter, whisper syllables chosen for their sonic values, but in the sixth movement their "*a da me va*" shapes itself into the names of our first parents, and "*a ni ma*" at the start and end of the seventh adds another verbal element to the "pure" sound. Elsewhere—such is the potency of language—utterances of "*sa-me-la*," "*mana mala*," "*lalino*" begin to sound like words in an unknown tongue. African ritual chant, with its ability to stir European listeners, is one source of this deliberately eclectic and direct composition. Stockhausen must be another. Shining common chords, laid out across four octaves, represent light. There are passages of whalesong and birdsong. The "scoring," brilliant and inventive, amounts to not less than a new kind of orchestra. In 1980, "Cry" was broadcast and then publicly performed in St. John's, Smith Square, a resonant Baroque church, now a concert hall that sounds often to new music. Last year, the Netherlands Chamber Choir took it round Holland. The Prom audience cheered it. I confess that, while admiring its scope, ambition, and stunning array of new sounds—and the prowess of the BBC Singers, conducted by John Poole—I grew restive during stretches of what seemed like "minimalist" protraction.

Swayne, born in 1946, is one of several British composers who have come to prominence in the last decade. Another is Colin Matthews, also born in 1946, who was represented at the Proms by his eighteen-minute "Night

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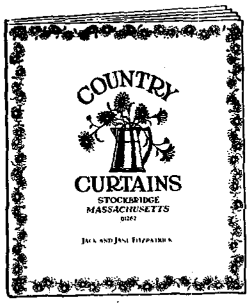

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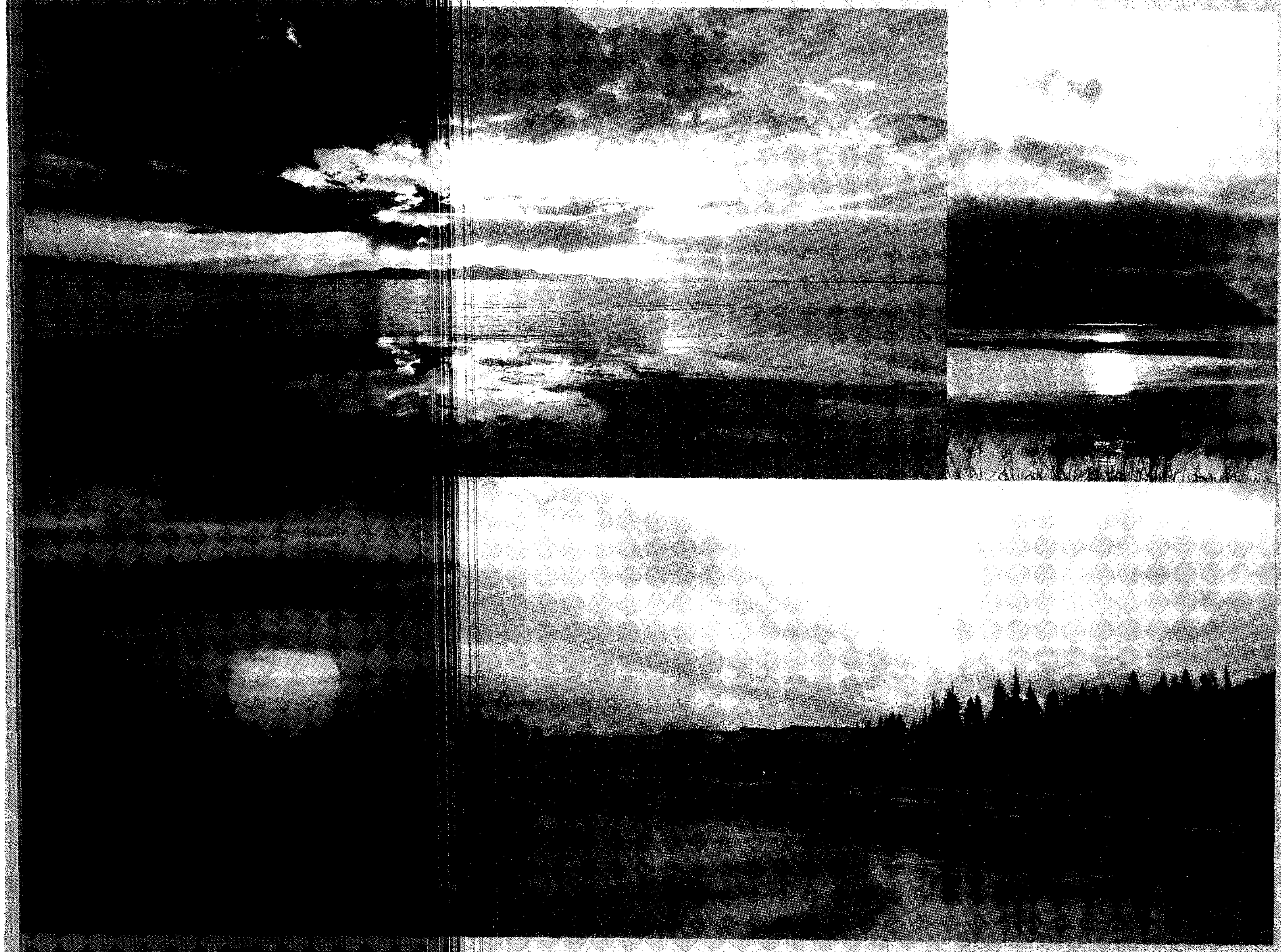

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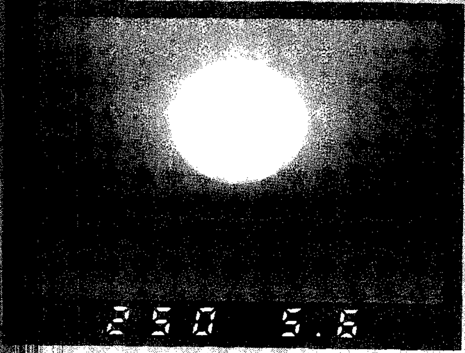

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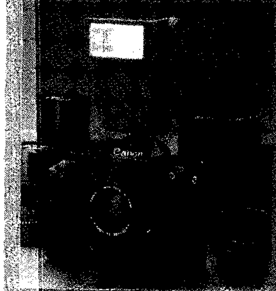

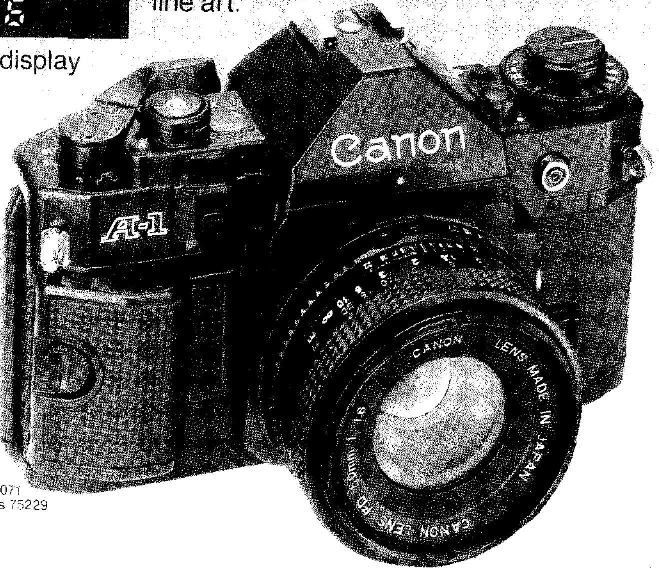

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Music," a dusky, questing, gravely satisfying composition. It was played by the City of London Sinfonia, conducted by Richard Hickox. Paul Griffiths, that fluent chronicler of twentieth-century music, wrote earlier this year that "the generation of English composers born around 1950 is rapidly becoming recognized as something quite exceptional," a "brilliant group." I missed the Piano Concerto of Dominic Muldowney (born in 1952), a Prom commission, but heard and enjoyed "Cimmerian Nocturne," by Philip Grange (born in 1956), and "The Ring of Eternity," by Robert Saxton (born in 1953). Each lasts about fifteen minutes. The Nocturne—a Fires commission, first played at the 1980 St. Magnus Festival—is a journey to the heart of darkness (Grange owns the Conrad influence) and an almost painfully keen piece of chamber music. Saxton's work starts from contemplation of Vaughan's metaphysical conceit:

> I saw Eternity the other night
> Like a great *Ring* of pure and
> endless light . . .
> And round beneath it, Time . . .
> Like a vast shadow mov'd, in
> which the world
> And all her train were hurl'd.

Saxton set the poem at the age of eleven (the next year his first opera was performed in London) and again five years later. His new tone poem skillfully forges and at length fuses opposed images of shining calm and shadowy turmoil. It was played by the Northern Sinfonia, conducted by the composer Oliver Knussen (born in 1952).

Let me punctuate this Dodo-like recital ("all must have prizes") with another generalization: that British composers, numerous and prolific, are now composing—constructing, scoring, handling the materials by which their visions can be shared—with exceptional confidence and skill. None of the pieces I heard was awkwardly made or gracelessly written. None was trendy, formulary, or arid. The reasons for that are probably linked: the number of performers (London alone has five full-time symphonies—against New York's one—and several chamber orchestras); the number of performances—not just premières—at which composers hear their own and one another's works; the BBC's bounteous commissions and propagation; education (for three years Swayne was composer-in-residence of the London borough of Hounslow, teaching not "music appreciation" but music-making in junior and secondary schools); and an evident public interest in living composers and their works. Every concert I went to was well attended; so were the pre-concert talks. In newspapers and magazines I read six introductory articles to Carter's Triple Duo and, later, a dozen intelligent reviews of it. New music gets published, and scores are readily on sale. The circumstances of concertgoing are agreeable. The Albert Hall, once its hellhole of a box office is passed, is a Victorian delight. The socialist Greater London Council, helped by glorious weather, has made the South Bank—three concert halls, three theatres, three cinemas, and an art gallery in full swing—a happy place. Its Thames-side terraces, gardens, restaurants, cafés, and bookshops were thronged all day long, and after the concerts people stayed on to discuss what they had heard and felt. (I don't know what it's like in winter, but next season's BBC/London Sinfonietta programs there are dazzling.) Moreover, there seems to be a happy realization that composing, performing, and listening to new music is an important human activity, and also that, while not all new works can be masterpieces, there's no call to dismiss those that aren't with brief, bored indifference or scorn.

Knussen is a composer with a remarkable ear for colors, spacing, and placing. His "Music for a Puppet Court," a small, exquisite suite for double chamber orchestra, had its première on the South Bank, at a London Sinfonietta concert conducted by Rattle. Three days later, I caught up with Robin Holloway's song cycle "Women in War," for two sopranos, two mezzos, and piano. It was composed last year—the year Mrs. Thatcher took Britain to war—to a commission from the Arts Council for a companion piece to Janáček's "Diary of One Who Disappeared," which is for tenor with four small parts for women. The Songmakers' Almanac—a pool of lieder singers, directed by the pianist Graham Johnson, from which song recitals have flowed back into the concert mainstream—took the double bill through the country on the Council's Contemporary Music Network. In the half-hour, three-movement cycle—its text an anthology of First World War writings—the mood changes from enthusiasm ("Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers") to mourning and then to bitterness and anger ("The young men of the world

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are condemned to death. They have been called up to die for the crimes of their fathers"). It's a powerful and disturbing piece, made with the compound of fluency, generous instinct, and precise musical inspiration which distinguishes Holloway's work. Under the general title "War and Peace," the Songmakers gave five recitals, including cycles by Poulenc, Britten, and Ned Rorem. In the Network's nine touring programs for next season, there's a new work by Colin Matthews and a piquant Sinfonietta double bill: Carter's "In Sleep, in Thunder" and H. K. Gruber's "Frankenstein!!"

I must not leave the impression that nothing but British music was played. At the Proms, Klaus Tennstedt conducted a searing Mahler Sixth, and Janet Baker and William Lewis sang a disappointing, earthbound "Song of the Earth." The festival included plenty of Mozart (five symphonies, five concertos), Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner. Abbado conducted the lustrous European Community Youth Orchestra in Wagner, Schumann, Webern, and Strauss. Andrew Litton conducted a bright Bernstein-Copland-Gershwin program. Philip Fowke, an excellent pianist, new to me, played Strauss's "Burleske" and Weber's Konzertstück with warmth and elegance—deputizing for Claudio Arrau, who'd been stung by a bee. Ligeti's "Clocks and Clouds" was winningly done by the London Sinfonietta, conducted by Howarth, and Shostakovich's Fourteenth Symphony had a superb soprano soloist in Felicity Palmer. Poles were prominent: music by Chopin, Szymanowski, and Tadeusz Baird; Penderecki, Lutosławski, and Andrzej Panufnik on hand to conduct their own works. On the South Bank, along with Mozart, Haydn, Brahms, Berg, an H. K. Gruber première, there was much Janáček; and all Sibelius's symphonies were conducted by Rattle, with the City of Birmingham Symphony. I heard the last Sibelius concert—Nos. 5, 6, and 7—and was spellbound. Sibelius seems new again, and what Constant Lambert wrote a half century ago, at the close of "Music Ho!," seems true again:

> The glamour of the anarchist and the mystery of the sphinx have begun to pall. . . .The modern composer has now to consolidate the reckless and fascinating experiments of the pre-war pioneers while avoiding the dog-Latin classicism of the post-war pasticheurs. He must make a synthesis of the present varied elements. . . . There is nothing in music which has really lost its meaning, no de-

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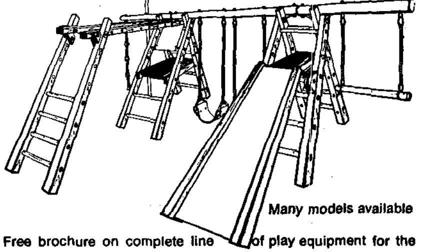

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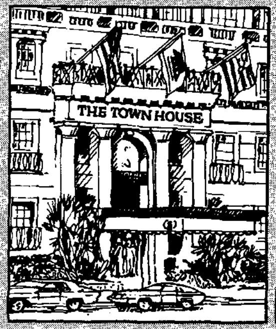

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vice of rhythm, no harmonic combination which the composer of vision cannot reanimate. The music of the future . . . will not be of the type that can be labelled "the new This" or "the new That." It will not truckle to topicality . . . nor will it lose itself in a dream world of forgotten loves and vanished days.

And Sibelius, Lambert declared, while offering no material for the plagiarist, pointed more surely than Schoenberg ("despite his powerful imagination and unique genius") toward "a world of thought which is free from the paralysing alternatives of escape or submission."

Rattle, who is now twenty-eight, goes from strength to strength. He must be the best thing that has happened in British conducting since Beecham. He inspires players and elates audiences, holding them intent on every line, every color, every turn of the argument. Summer Music began with a concert performance of Janáček's "Osud," which Rattle conducted with the Sinfonietta. It was an evening of blazing beauty and excitement. More of that later: amid such lively concert activity, opera—for once—took second place and must be left to a second report. —ANDREW PORTER

•

Starting in April, I made three overpayments to my insurance company. I've called my local insurance agency, J.J. Moose, about getting a refund, but I was told that the company with which I have my policy, Capital Premium Insurance, in Buffalo, N.Y., would have to refund the money. I've tried to get the money from Capital Premium, but they keep giving me the runaround. I did get the money from one check, but I haven't gotten the others. Can you find out why the other refunds have not been sent?

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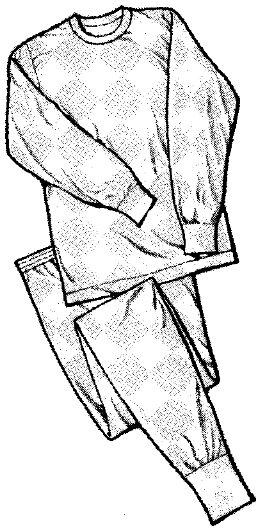

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BOOKS

Angle on the Ordinary

IT is no surprise that Doris Lessing is setting her latest novels in outer space. From the beginning a careful observer of herself and her immediate neighborhood, she has paced impatiently at the edges of her metaphors, looking for openings, for the way out of a room, a house, a marriage, a country, an idea, a dream, to a more distant vantage point, where she could finally see everything clearly. An exile, a philosophical hobo, temperamentally restless, she has, in her latest novels, carried an insatiable yearning for home out past the solar system to the *x*th-magnitude star Canopus, headquarters for benign agents of cosmic evolution. Claustrophobia is her demon.

Near the end of her first novel, "The Grass Is Singing" (1950), there is a memorable arrangement of images in which the sound of cicadas, drowning out singing birds, is made to represent the sound of the rising sun. The sun, in the early novels and stories, burns down on the towns and countryside of southern Africa, where Lessing grew up—expressing and determining moods and states of mind, an unavoidable symbol of both confinement and liberation:

> Now there were no birds to be heard, and that insistent low screaming seemed to her to be the noise of the sun, whirling on its hot core, the sound of the harsh brazen light, the sound of the gathering heat.

When she moved to London, in 1949, Lessing suffered at first from the change of climate. She describes the transition in "Going Home," her account of a return trip to Africa in 1956:

> During that first year in England, I had a vision of London . . . a nightmare city that I lived in for a year; endless miles of heavy, damp, dead building on a dead, sour earth, inhabited by pale, misshapen, sunless creatures under a low sky of grey vapor.

In "The Four-Gated City" (1969), Lessing's fictional counterpart, Martha Quest, observes of herself that "after a few weeks in England, she could say 'The sun shone today' and only by putting herself back on that other soil felt the truth that the sun never stopped shining":

> Even in the middle of the night, the sun blazed out, held it in its blaze all planets and the earth and the moon, the earth *having merely turned away its face*, on its journey around away from light and back.

The consolation of the heliocentric vision fades, however, and toward the end Martha faces a grim future with a recollection of her arrival in England: "I stepped into the dark then. I'll do it again now." Doomed, in a futuristic "Appendix," set between 1969 and 2000, Martha still senses "a bright promise"—"as if the veil between this world and another had worn so thin that earth people and people from the sun could walk together and be companions." In "The Memoirs of a Survivor" (1974), a woman with no name walks "from room to room through the unsubstantial walls" of a spectral house, escaping in thought, and soon in fact, from a deteriorating city "into another order of world altogether."

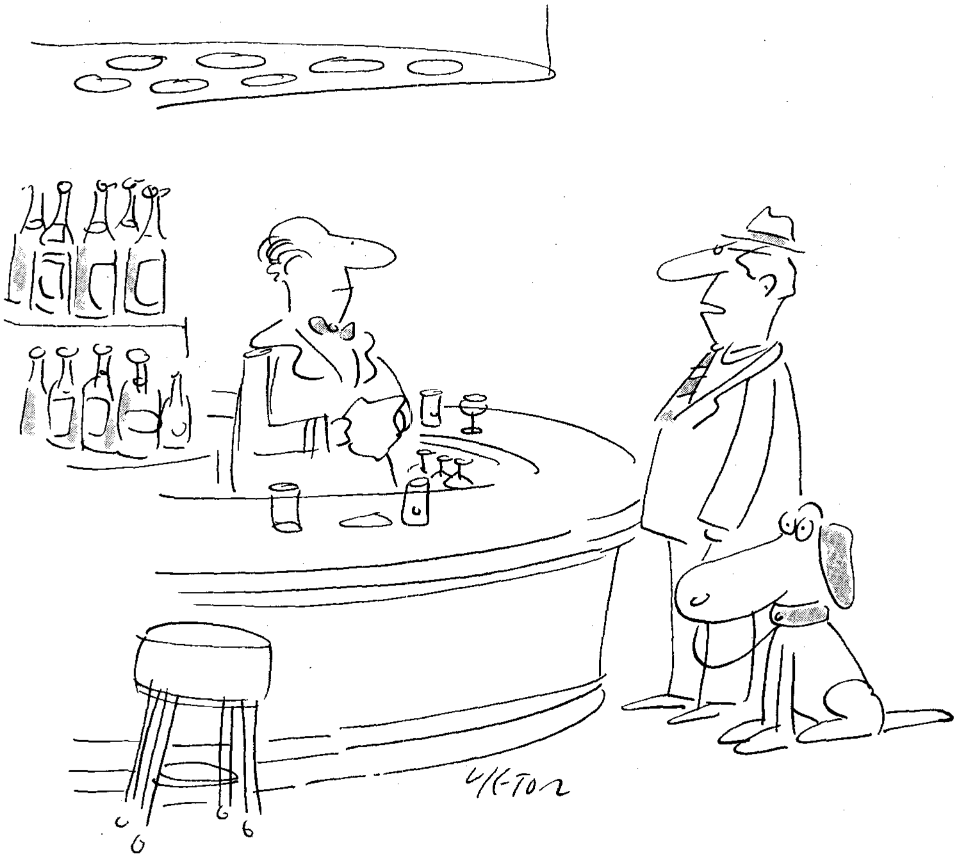
The next thing you know, in the five novels published between 1979 and 1983 we are getting reports from Canopus, dispatches from Sirius, elaborate wedding announcements from Zone Three, news of an apocalyptic ice age on Planet 8, and, most recently, "Documents Relating to the Sentimental Agents in the Volyen Empire." "We" meaning inhabitants of Earth, thinly fictionalized as the planet Rohanda or Shikasta—pre- and postlapsarian designations. Somewhere in the twenty-first century, Lessing is ahead of us. Of course, as she might say. The point is (to use another trademark locution), she has moved on. The ice age in "The Making of the Representative for Planet 8" (1982) dazzles the mind's eye like the African sun:

> There was so much of the snow-light in us we could not shut our lids, they would not stay shut, but flew open, as if we had the snow and ice inside us as well as out.

The dying narrator looks ahead, sees "our little planet . . . swinging there in space," and wonders "what new processes would begin, once the processes of freezing had been accomplished."

Processes. The eyelids that won't stay down. Detachment.

Doris Lessing was born in 1919 in Persia, now called Iran. Doris May Tayler. Her parents were British. In 1924, she moved with her family to Southern Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, when her father, a banker, de-



"One Martini on the rocks and one Martini in a bowl."

cided to try farming in Africa. She was married twice and had three children—experiences that she transferred fairly baldly to her fiction and then enlarged into images of obsolete social patterns, of "the old and cyclic, the recurring history" from which she is determined to escape. Since 1949, she has lived in London, rising from a virtual waif to something of a literary monument, but no less restless there than she was as a child and young woman in Rhodesia. Though she asserts in "Going Home" that she came to feel at home in London, to find it "the pleasantest of cities," she has stuck with her earliest impressions of darkness and instability, of people at odds with each other—children and parents, men and women, blacks and whites, political, national, and spiritual partisans—and struggling with contradictions within themselves, up to the point of madness and past it.

"A rather Martian point of view," someone has said of her outlook on England, and it does exceed routine detachment. Underlying the actual city of London, coolly and vividly described in "The Four-Gated City," for example, and in "In Pursuit of the English" (1960), are the golden city of Martha Quest's teen-age dreams—"the white-piled, broad-thoroughfared, tree-lined, four-gated, dignified city where white and black and brown lived as equals, and there was no hatred or violence"—and also the vision of the Catastrophe that turns the place into "Destroyed Area II (British Isles)." Margaret Drabble cast Lessing as a seer in a 1972 essay, "Doris Lessing: Cassandra in a World Under Siege," in which she celebrated the range of Lessing's social observation, stressing her precocious concern with politics, ecology, and sexual issues, and calling her "one of the very few novelists who have refused to believe that the world is too complicated to understand." Cassandra got her gift of prophecy from Apollo; Lessing is self-made, achieving foresight, when she does, by close attention to the world around her and to her own physical, mental, and emotional processes: "Here she was, watching the movements of her own mind as if she were observing a machine." And when she breaks out of her own mind—Martha Quest, that is—and goes into a trance, "her eyes stared, fixed like the eye of the sun." Lessing once said, "If you can train yourself to concentrate, you can travel great distances." Mental power enables her to entertain simultaneously visions of imminent cataclysm and a dream of a golden age, and makes possible escape from the past.

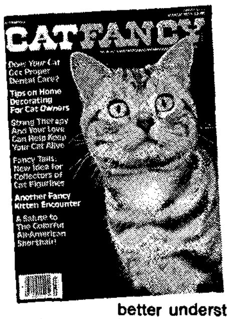
"Nostalgia made her angry," she wrote of Martha in the fifties. "She knew it to be a falsity; for it was a longing for something that had never existed." Twenty-five years or so later, speaking of Earth, or Shikasta, as an advanced outsider, she says, "The nature of this place is a strong emotion—'nostalgia' is their word for it—which means a longing for what has never been." Dispossessed of even the names of the places where she was born and bred, Lessing has cultivated the solitary and nonconformist aspects of her nature. When she was banned from entering South Africa from Rhodesia in the course of a visit in 1956, she recalled a previous occasion when her race and nationality had been questioned at that border. She wrote, "The fact is, I don't live anywhere; I never have since I left that first house on the kopje." She is almost sixty-four now, and has written, according to a biographical note, "more than twenty books—novels, stories, reportage, poems, and plays": the developing argument with destiny, as she thought of it at the start.

The three main characters in "The Grass Is Singing" are Mary Turner and her husband, Dick, an unsuccessful farmer—both white settlers—and Moses, a black house servant. The book opens with a newspaper report of Mary's murder by the servant ("No motive has been discovered"), and proceeds with a straight third-person account of her relationships with the two men. The narration centers on Mary, for whom "the word 'home' spoken nostalgically meant England, although both her parents were South Africans and had never been to England." She marries at thirty ("It might have been anybody"), abandoning a contented life as an office worker because of social pressure. The match is one in which the two people make "each other miserable in the way they need, in the way the pattern of their lives demands." The marriage revives memories of "the grayness and misery of her childhood," but to fight it "would have been like arguing with destiny." Mary abides by the local social and sexual patterns and gradually goes crazy. In her association with Moses, an enigmatic character, she passes from hysterical tyranny to total dependence. The murder appears to satisfy a mutual feeling of hopelessness.

"The Grass Is Singing" is a neat, realistic novel that flows with ease from a solid understanding of the characters and setting and from a passion for the landscape. Mary Turner is a negative version of Lessing's subsequent heroines, whose moral energy (a phrase Lessing has found handy through the years) falters under similar strains but never finally fails. Unlike Mary, the leading women in the subsequent novels—Martha Quest, Anna Wulf in "The Golden Notebook" (1962), Kate Brown in "The Summer Before the Dark" (1973), the anonymous narrator of "The Memoirs of a Survivor," and Ambien II of "The Sirian Experiments" (1980)—all survive bouts of moral exhaustion. No other characters in Lessing's analytical fiction are as real as these counterparts of her own self, summed up in the case history of Individual One in "Shikasta" (1979), which begins, "Although she was born in a country of ample skies and capacious landscapes, she was afflicted, and from her earliest years, with feelings of being confined." Increasing claustrophobia leads to a breakdown, after which "she struggled inwardly for a time, and then, exactly as a cornered hawk, sinks down among his fluffing and awkwardly extended feathers, bright eyes staring at [its] assailant, so she, too, learned to gaze steadily into what frightened her most."

Concentrate. Argue with destiny.

THE two or three male characters that come to life in Lessing's novels and stories are versions of a father figure. Dick Turner, for example, is a likeness of the impulsive, unlucky dreamer pictured in the first chapter of "In Pursuit of the English" and in a loving essay called "My Father." "I decided that my father was mad," she wrote in "In Pursuit," for several reasons, among them that "he believed that (a) One should only drink water that has stood long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enough in the direct sun to collect its invisible magic rays." Her father and mother were both "grail-chasers of a very highly developed sort," she says. "I cannot even imagine a country in which they would have been definitely ready to settle down without criticism." Recognizing herself, she adds, "I would, of course, be the first to blame my parents for my own grail-seeking propensities." The Canopus books are dedicated to Lessing's father. "He used to sit, hour after hour, night after night, outside our house in Africa, watching the stars," she writes. " 'Well,' he would say, 'if we blow ourselves up, there's plenty more where we came from!' "

The success of "The Grass Is Singing" made it possible for Lessing to pursue more freely questions of fate and free will bound up in the plot of that book. For Lessing herself, the question of what might become of a woman who did not refuse to argue with destiny meant an effort to escape the confinement of literary acclaim. In 1957, in an idealistic essay called "The Small Personal Voice," she spoke against the parochialism of contemporary English literature, mentioning John Osborne, John Braine, and Kingsley Amis. She argued that "the novel is the only popular art-form left where the artist speaks directly, in clear words, to his audience . . . as an individual to individuals, in a small personal voice," and she called for a grand vision to restore literature to nineteenth-century heights and to take account of the complication and confusion of the twentieth century: "We are living at a time which is so dangerous, violent, explosive, and precarious that it is in question whether soon there will be people left alive to write books and to read them." As a steady and prolific writer who believes that "the realist novel, the realist story, is the highest form of prose writing," she has worked to enlarge the definition of realism to incorporate in the record of life increasingly literal images of life beyond this confining planet.

Between "The Grass Is Singing" and "The Golden Notebook," which is a novel formed out of questions about the shape and substance of novels, Lessing wrote three of the five volumes of the "Children of Violence" series: "Martha Quest" (1952), "A Proper Marriage" (1954), and "A Ripple from the Storm" (1958). In addition, the two nonfictional books "Going Home" and "In Pursuit of the

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English" were published, and a collection of short stories. All her stories have since been collected in two anthologies, "African Stories" (1965) and "Stories" (1978). The first three "Children of Violence" novels are autobiographical, covering inner and outer developments in Martha's life in Africa from about 1935, when she is fifteen, to the end of the Second World War, by which time she has left her first husband and her child, married again, and joined the Communist Party. The books are more or less chronological, loosely constructed, and written in a plain, colloquial style. They are realistic.

"Two elderly women sat knitting on that part of the verandah which was screened from the sun by a golden shower creeper" is how "Martha Quest" begins. Martha is watching the women the way she watches herself, exercising the concentration that eventually makes possible her entry into a painful ecstatic experience she calls "the moment":

> During that space of time (which was timeless) she understood quite finally her smallness, the unimportance of humanity . . . she knew futility; that is, what was futile was her own idea of herself and her place in the chaos of matter.

Close attention, hard thought, and inverted nostalgia can lead to this conclusion, although it isn't inevitable; other writers have headed in other directions. Tolstoy stands at the head of Lessing's list of great writers, though, and Martha's moment echoes the finale of "War and Peace," where it is said to be necessary to renounce the impression of individual independence of the "laws of space, time, and causality," the impression of "a freedom that does not exist and to recognize a dependence of which we are not personally conscious."

Lessing has stayed on the trail of the idea of individual insignificance for thirty years, tracking it through the thickets of Marxism, probing for it in the depths of Jungian dreams and in R. D. Laing's theory of the propriety of madness. For several years, she has studied Sufism, a syncretic offshoot of Islam which Robert Graves has compared to Freemasonry, "at home in all religions," and which Lessing has described, in an essay called "In the World, Not of It," as a perennially persecuted, antiauthoritarian blend of Eastern and Western philosophical attitudes, with a special interest in "man's evolution to a higher level." A Sufi fable called "The Islanders," in-

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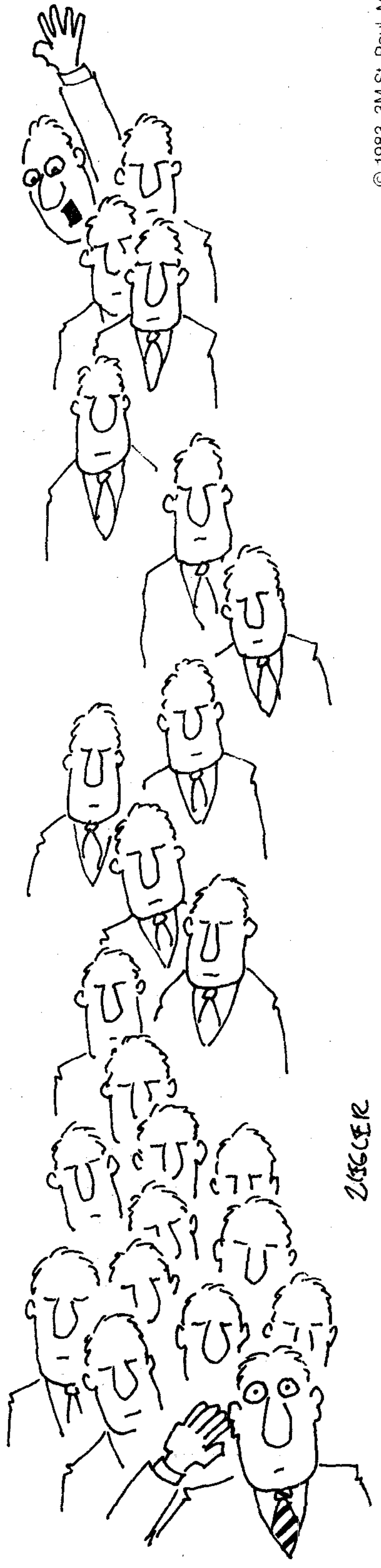
cluded in "The Sufis," by Idries Shah, brings to mind the various images throughout Lessing's work of beleaguered survivors endowed with special insight into the nature of things. Lessing is fortified for this self-imposed quest by a kind of double vision that combines an intimate view of herself and her surroundings with an unemotional distance. Considering Martha's social and political effectiveness, she writes—interrupting a stretch of ordinary description and dialogue—"And it was no quality to be admired in herself that had made her a focus. She was, at this time, available. That was all. If not her, it would be someone else. . . . It seemed that for this period of her life, her role was to . . ."

Quality. Focus. At this time. For this period. Her role. It could have been anyone.

THERE is hardly a trace in Lessing of the narcissism that Orwell said was a "normal motive of novelists," and to the extent that a reader finds pleasure in identifying with the novelist's narcissism reading her is a labor of something other than love. Emotional fulfillment is the last thing to look for, although her detachment sometimes provides traditional satisfaction, as in the scenes from a marriage in "Landlocked," where Martha's self-consciousness adds to the drama: "This was the moment when Martha should go to him, naked as she nearly was, and put her arms around him. That was what he was waiting for, and why he tied his pyjama cord so slowly." A more familiar move is the undercut, as when Lessing comments on a complicated romantic moment later in the book: "This scene, occurring as often as it does in life, is too often overlooked in fiction." The effect of her thoroughness and habitual discontent is tension and inevitable anticlimax. The absence of sentimentality has hardly troubled those assigned to the exterior decoration of Lessing's books, which are adorned with especially misleading blurbs. "Spellbinding saga of a young woman drawn into a web of drama and passion," for example, on "In Pursuit of the English," a paradigm of cool curiosity which includes this line: "Any fool can learn to bite a man's ear and moan like a high wind." And, on the back cover of "Particularly Cats," notable among cat books for the predominance of clinical observation over emotion, "The unabashed confessions of a cat lover." In fact, no writer has carried equanimity so far. Overlooked scenes and motions of the mind, scrupulously recorded in her blunt, personal voice, account for the strenuous fascination of her better books, in spite of the emotional severity and generally clumsy prose.

In a lumbering preface to "Shikasta," dated November 7, 1978, Lessing plugs science fiction and "the sacred literatures of all races and nations." But the sacred text for most of her admirers is probably "The Golden Notebook," a palimpsest composed of five notebooks of different colors in which Anna Wulf, a blocked writer, wrestles with ideas about writing, politics, and personal life. Or, rather, in the alchemical course of the book Lessing wrestles with various ideas through Anna and her associates, friends, and lovers, and through *their* fictional stand-ins, creating, with this version of her first ten years in England, a portrait of the social and political life of the fifties, and a definitive self-portrait—idealistic, dogged, and fairly humorless. When it came out, "The Golden Notebook" was interpreted as a sociological tract, a feminist gospel, a representation of Modern Woman—which, unavoidably, it is, with its attention to psychoanalysis, Communism, and orgasms, among other topics. Lessing felt that her main point had been overlooked—"the point is"—and composed a retrospective introduction to the novel, dated June, 1971, which opens curtly: "The shape of this novel is as follows." Impatiently, and sarcastically at times, she tackles what she considers to be certain misunderstandings of her purpose—mainly that, while she had tried to construct a case against partisanship and narrow points of view, the book had been treated as special pleading. "To get the subject of Women's liberation over with—I support it, of course," she writes, defending her precedence and expressing irritation at being pinned to a movement. "My major aim," she explains, "was to shape a book which would make its own comment, a wordless statement: to talk through the way it was shaped." The book represented for her, she says, a synthesis of "thoughts and themes I had been holding in my mind for years. . . . All sorts of ideas and experiences I didn't recognize as mine emerged when writing. The actual time of writing, then, and not only the experiences that had gone into the writing, was really traumatic:



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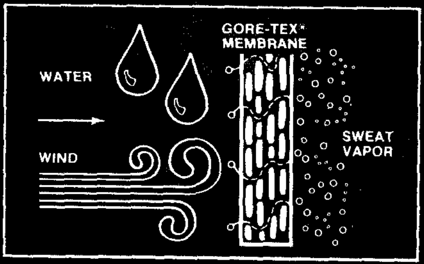

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it changed me." Describing a struggle against specific patterns of living and thinking, she had been confronted as a polemicist on one issue or another.

Today, twenty-one years since "The Golden Notebook" first appeared, it seems likely to be the book Lessing will be remembered for, and for her own good reasons. Anna Wulf writes about *her* first novel in one of the notebooks:

> If I had been asked to review it in 1951, when it came out, this is what I should have said: "A first novel which shows a genuine minor talent. . . . The simplicity of Anna Wulf's style is her strength; but it is too soon to say whether this is the conscious simplicity of artistic control, or the often deceptive sharpness of form which is sometimes arbitrarily achieved by allowing the shape of a novel to be dictated by a strong emotion."

She continues:

> Yet I am incapable of writing the only kind of novel which interests me: a book powered with an intellectual or moral passion strong enough to create order, to create a new way of looking at life.

What interests her, she says, "is precisely this—why did I not write an account of what had happened, instead of shaping a 'story' which had nothing to do with the material that fuelled it." Unable to figure out her next move as a writer, Anna experiments with different ways of recording her experience, filling four notebooks (black, red, yellow, and blue) with a fictional romance, diary entries (including notes on sessions with her psychoanalyst), self-analysis, autobiography, confessions, stories, theories, newspaper clippings, and comments on developments in the notebooks themselves. In this way, she advances toward the climactic fifth notebook, the golden notebook—a would-be philosopher's stone of a section, in which a mystical collaboration between Anna and an American lover, baring souls and sharing a bottle of Scotch, results in an exchange of opening sentences for their next novels. Lessing opens "The Golden Notebook" with the sentence Anna has been given: "The two women were alone in the London flat." It's a useful lead, a variation on the opening of "Martha Quest"—"Two elderly women sat knitting"—and it serves again at the beginning of "The Summer Before the Dark," where "A woman stood on her back step, arms folded, waiting." In the second line of "A Proper Marriage," "Two young women were loitering . . ."

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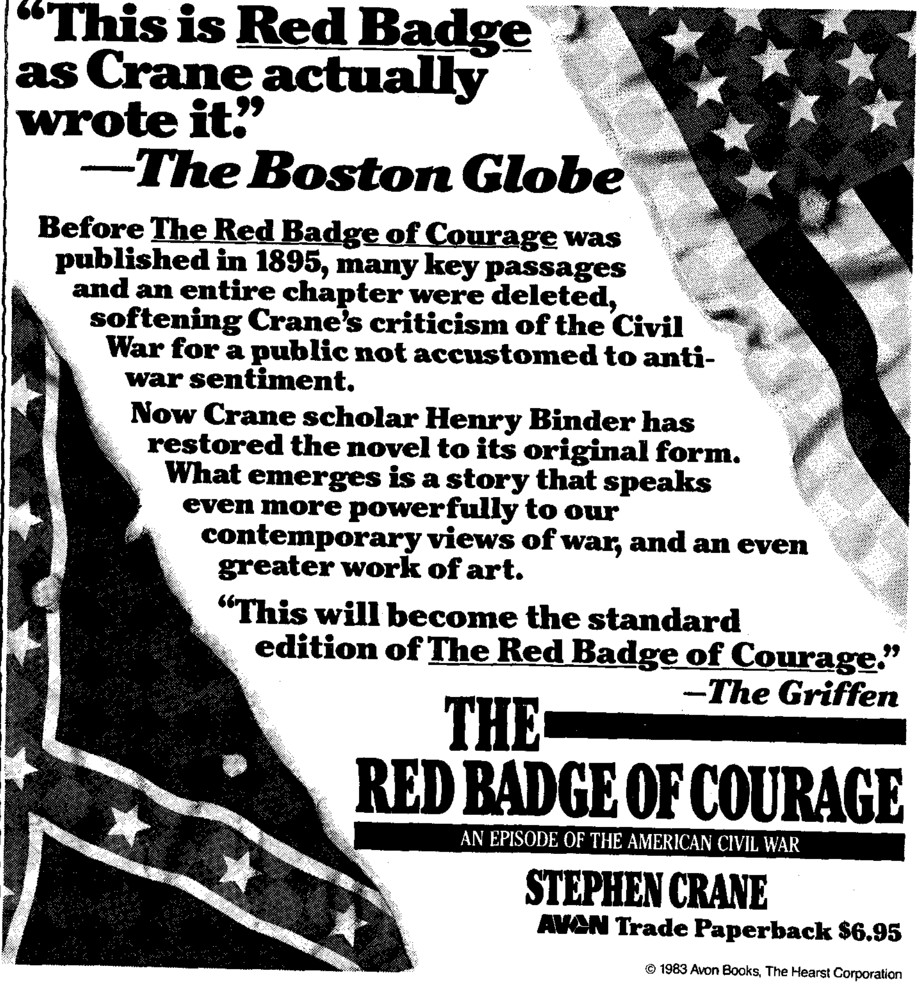

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about themselves," Lessing once said, "but now almost every novelist writes about himself. People are much more interested in the artist as a personality than in the works he creates." She isn't complaining. What sets Lessing apart from others who have reconciled themselves to the confessional spirit of the age is her observance of the distinction between "strong emotion" and "intellectual or moral passion." And her doggedness. To adapt a metaphor from "The Golden Notebook," Lessing was born beside a boulder at the foot of the black mountain of human stupidity, the way some are said to have been born sucking on a silver spoon. The boulder "always manages to end a few inches higher than when it started. So a group of people put their shoulders to the boulder and start pushing again."

Near the end of "Landlocked," still in Africa, Martha takes a look at her friends:

> They were all, already, in their late twenties, early thirties, middle-aged women neurotic with dissatisfaction. . . . And the terrible thing was, they could never forget it: they watched their own deterioration like merciless onlookers. These days, all over the world, there are people like these, mostly women: the states of mind that once only afflicted people on deathbeds or at moments of acute crisis are their permanent condition.

Martha faces her middle-age crisis in England, in "The Four-Gated City," where she survives by making an alliance with her lover's mad wife. In a book called "A Literature of Their Own: British Women Novelists from Brontë to Lessing," Elaine Showalter points out the parallel between Lynda Coldridge, who lives by choice in the basement of her husband's house, and Mrs. Rochester in the attic in "Jane Eyre." She offers as an example of Lessing's distance from nineteenth-century fictional conventions the ending of "The Four-Gated City," in which Martha "liberates the mad wife, and together they leave and take an apartment. Can we imagine an ending to 'Jane Eyre' in which Jane and Bertha leave Rochester and go off together?"

Compared with the four previous installments of Martha's story, "The Four-Gated City," the final volume of the "Children of Violence" set, published in 1969 and covering a time from 1950 into the future, is long and difficult reading. Early in the book, Martha declares her independence of "a sort of giant conspiracy" to prevent people from speaking truthfully be-

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cause what they might say would be "obvious":

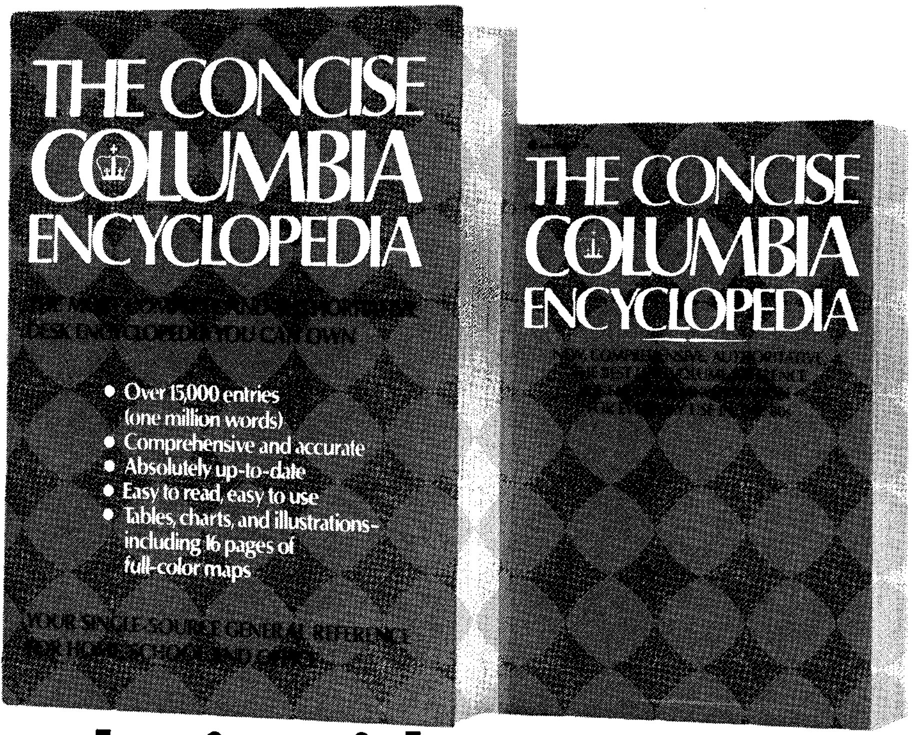
> There's a pressure on us all the time to go on to something that seems new because there are new words attached to it. But I want to take words as ordinary as bread. Or life. Or death. Clichés. I want to have my nose rubbed in clichés.

This brainstorm heralds an unshapely saga of analogous breakdowns, personal and intercontinental—a mixture of dreams and visions; painstaking descriptions of streets, sex, and daily routines; Martha's thoughts; full quotation of a housekeeper's written record of her efforts to get hold of a plumber; italicized excerpts from textbooks, newspapers, and spiritual and scientific works; *and*, in the "Appendix," from "various documents"—in and out of italics—"private and official, dated between 1995 and 2000, in the possession of Amanda, Francis Coldridge's stepdaughter, destroyed by her before the Northern National Area (formerly North China) was overrun by the Mongolian National Area." Bread is mentioned. Life. And death, of course.

One of the chief themes is middle age, which Lessing comes to regard as a privilege of sorts, a lease on sibylline freedom and insight. "Oh how hard it is," Martha thinks. "How very extraordinary . . . being the person who ran and managed and kept going . . . it was as if more than ever one was forced back into that place in oneself where one watched." In "The Summer Before the Dark," Kate Brown, a veteran wife and mother on vacation from her family for a few months, considers a woman's roles at different stages of her life and the possibility of uncovering the "self kept burning behind so many different phantasms." The image of Kate as an actress studying her face in the dressing-room mirror is a natural. "Had she really spent so many years of her life—it would almost certainly add up to years!—in front of a looking glass?" In psychic upheaval, she sees that "the future would continue from where she had left off as a child," because the intervening years, with sex intruding, have been like "a spell of madness." Recounting a symbolic dream, she considers the implications of pronouns:

> There was a falseness. It was because she was evading something by putting in the third person. She was trying to protect herself from the force of the dream by *A woman who . . . she . . .*

Lessing took this cue and wrote her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next novel as "I," the narrator of "The Memoirs of a Survivor," who, past her physical prime, shares extrasensory powers with children and a mysterious mongrel.

Kate Brown speaks of her dream as a fetus, "feeding off my daytime life." In "The Memoirs," the dream or vision is said to "invade my real life." Doris Lessing herself is a deliberate dreamer. "Dreams have always been important to me," she said in 1969. "The hidden domain of our mind communicates with us through dreams. I dream a great deal and I scrutinize my dreams. . . . I fill my brain with material for a new book, go to sleep, and I usually come up with a dream which resolves the dilemma." In "The Four-Gated City," middle-aged Martha, depressed and "fighting against the dark," gets to know herself better: "She had wrestled herself out of the dark because she had had to, and had entered places in herself she had not known were there." She emerges with certain convictions, diffidently expressed:

> Perhaps it was because if society is so organized, or rather has so grown, that it will not admit what one knows to be true, will not admit it, that is, except as it comes out perverted, through madness, then it is through madness and its variants it must be sought after.

She becomes convinced that the aging of an individual, the deterioration of a house, and the progressive decline of the world (war, famine, riots, poverty, prisons) are related in more than a metaphorical way; that "one could never be told what one did not already know, though of course the 'knowing' might be hidden from oneself;" and that she, among others, is in receipt of messages from an "invisible mentor." As a survivor of the Catastrophe, she notes traces of hope, such as doctors "on the edge of truth," no longer handicapped by strict scientific method, and telepathic children and encounters with "people who were not of our company, nor like any people we had known—though some of us had dreamed of them."

"Briefing for a Descent Into Hell" (1971) takes place mainly in the mind of a mental patient, Charles Watkins, whose crackup is presented as a period of revelation, separating him from those "living like zombies." The moral of the book is likely to separate the esoteric swans among Lessing's readers from the exoteric geese, although it is no different from what she has been saying since Mary Turner

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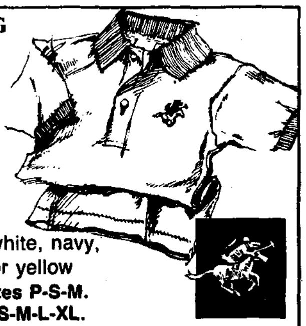

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fell asleep "bent against the wall as if listening to a keyhole," and was "visited by dreams." "There are lots of things in our ordinary life that are—shadows," Watkins declares:

> Like coincidences, or dreaming, the kinds of things that are an angle to ordinary life . . . The important thing is this—to remember that some things reach out to us from that level of living, to here. Anxiety is one. The sense of urgency . . . they are reflections from that other part of ourselves [that] knows things we don't know.

"CANOPUS IN ARGOS: ARCHIVES," Lessing's latest series of novels, has run to five volumes so far. Introducing Volume I, "Shikasta," she describes herself as setting out to write a single book but being "invaded by ideas" for others and exhilarated by the sense of "being set free into a larger scope, with more capacious possibilities and themes." Freedom, scope, and "grail-chasing propensities" have led her to a scheme in which familiar earthly struggles are viewed as skirmishes in a grand contest between competing galactic empires. Four of the five books concern Canopean efforts to steer life in the immediate universe along the path of "the Purpose"—a.k.a. "the Master Plan," "the Necessity," "the Laws"—in opposition to the disruptive influence of the feckless Sirians and the vicious machinations of Shammat (never "able to comprehend that other empires may be based on higher motives"). Volume II, "The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four, and Five (As Narrated by the Chroniclers of Zone Three)," tackles the notion of cosmic evolution from another angle, with a romantic myth. The longest title in the series is the first—"Re: Colonised Planet 5, Shikasta, Personal, Psychological, Historical Documents Relating to Visit by Johor (George Sherban), Emissary (Grade 9), 87th of the Period of the Last Days."

A stranger to the works of Lessing, attracted by the publisher's proclamation of a visionary cycle, and seduced by the author's epiphanic posture, may revel in the pragmatic mysticism of these books, may happily embrace the metaphysics and snuggle in the consoling teleology. A hardened reader may balk, stupefied by the impersonality of the small personal voice and suspecting, on the basis of prefaces and afterwords, that the earnest grail-chaser has become something of a crackpot. Qualms develop with the announcement that the "new world" is "a realm where the petty fates of plan-

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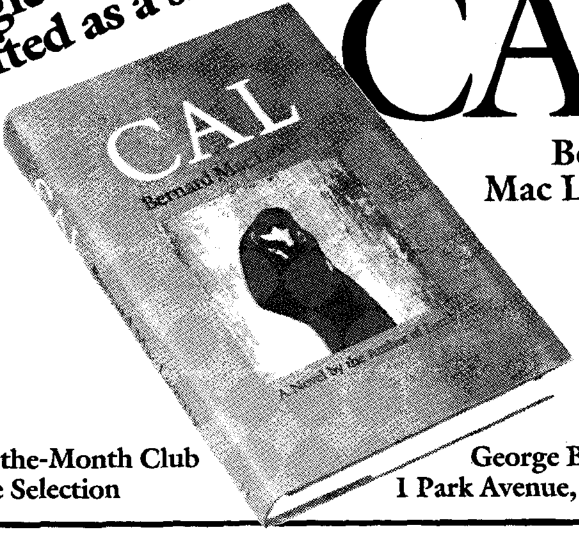

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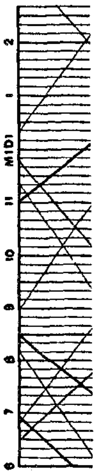

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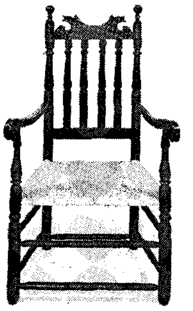

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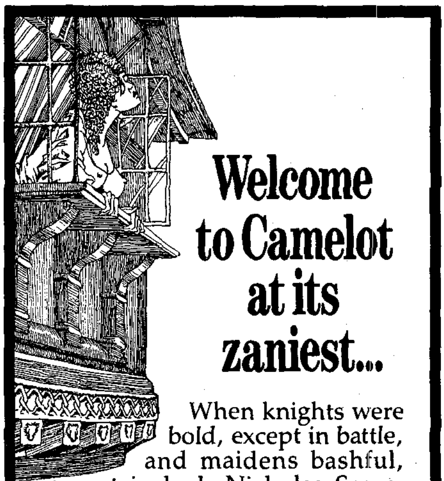

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ets, let alone individuals, are only aspects of cosmic evolution." Comic-book language. The preface to "The Sirian Experiments, The Report by Ambien II, of the Five" raises the question of what "our ideas of 'good' and 'bad' reflect," and answers it. "I would not be at all surprised," Lessing writes, "to find out that this earth had been used for the purposes of experiment by more advanced creatures . . . that the dimensions of buildings affect us in ways we don't guess." Nor would she be surprised if the fact "that we are always taken by surprise by 'ageing,' may be an indication of a different lifespan, in the past." In this preface, as elsewhere, Lessing hovers in a demilitarized zone between literal and figurative meanings. Here reassurance for skeptics—"No, no, I do not 'believe' that there is a planet called Shammat full of low-grade space pirates"—is combined with whimsical dogma: "As for UFOs, we may hardly disbelieve in what is so plentifully vouched for by so many sound, responsible, sensible people, scientific and secular."

To some extent, the style is the problem. Here is a sample from "Shikasta":

> On the scale of the electron Shikasta appears as empty space where tinily vibrate shaped mists—the faintest possible smears of substance, the minutest impulses separated by vast spaces.

Ambien II, the bureaucratic replica of Lessing's inquiring selves, speaks like this:

> Throughout these times Canopus and ourselves conferred, when it seemed to either or both that this was necessary. Sometimes we, and sometimes Canopus, initiated discussions.

And this:

> This was period (3), from which both Canopus and ourselves hoped so much, when conditions were as perfect as can be expected on any planet—and which was to last rather less than twenty thousand R-years.

The Canopus series is a hotbed of gawky prose, a model of unreadability. Lessing has never been an elegant writer. At her better and best, she is cranky, hyperexplicit, pleonastic, defensive, and verbally self-indulgent. But although she has never been able to match her mental ambition with equivalent diction and is generally insensitive to the connotations of the words she does come up with, diligent reading of her earthly works pays off more often than not. Even a dutiful reader of the Canopean Archives may

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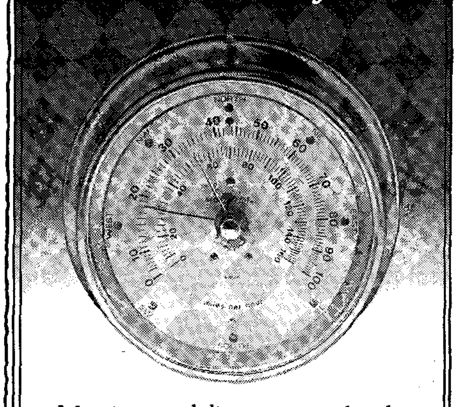

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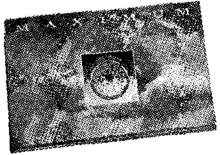

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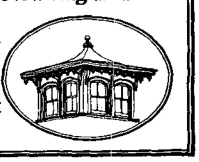

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feel, however, that she should have thought twice before naming characters Johor, Klorathy, Ambien II, and Incent; about inventing a hostile force called the Empire Puttiora; before writing of the heroine of "The Marriages," "And so rode Al • Ith, all seethe and conflict. . . . Meanwhile, Ben Ata, Ben Ata rang in her blood and in the pounding of her horse's hooves." The horse, by the way, is named Yori and has "mild and intelligent eyes," and Al • Ith speaks to him thus: "Yori, Yori, am I wicked, then?" When Al • Ith and Ben Ata get together, "the smell of their coupling was a small rank reminder of lust."

The power of prophetic vision—or of science fiction, for that matter—depends perhaps more than it should on rhetorical virtuosity. The account of the ice age, "The Making of the Representative for Planet 8," is the best of these recent books—a powerful allegory, despite grandiosities. Volume V, "Documents Relating to the Sentimental Agents in the Volyen Empire," is an inept satire of Earthlike political rhetoric and has a plot that recalls the good old hymn "Throw out the lifeline, Throw out the lifeline, A sinner is drifting away." The overemotional sinner, Incent, is in retreat from salvation at the end of the book, and maybe that can be taken as a promising sign for Lessing's future. Her new world, constructed of restlessness and premonitions, is flimsy compared with the "pole-and-dagga" house she wonderfully brings to mind in the second chapter of "Going Home"—built of trees, mud, and "long, pale grass"—where the morning sun "came glittering through the [mosquito] gauze and set the curtains glowing like fire." In flight from the earth that she has destroyed in imagination, she may turn back in her dreams, as she did to "that first house on the kopje": "For a long time I used to dream of the collapse and decay of that house, and of the fire sweeping over it; and then I set myself to dream the other way."

—SUSAN LARDNER

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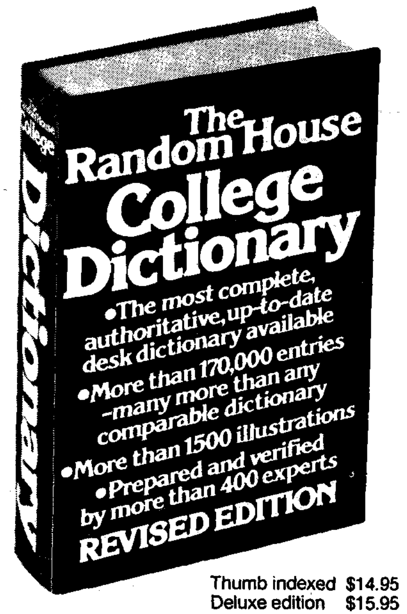

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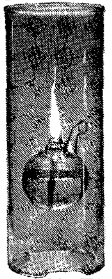

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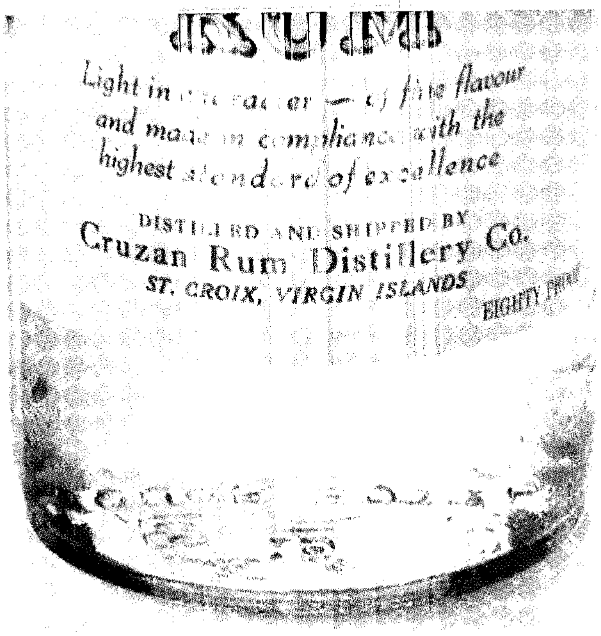
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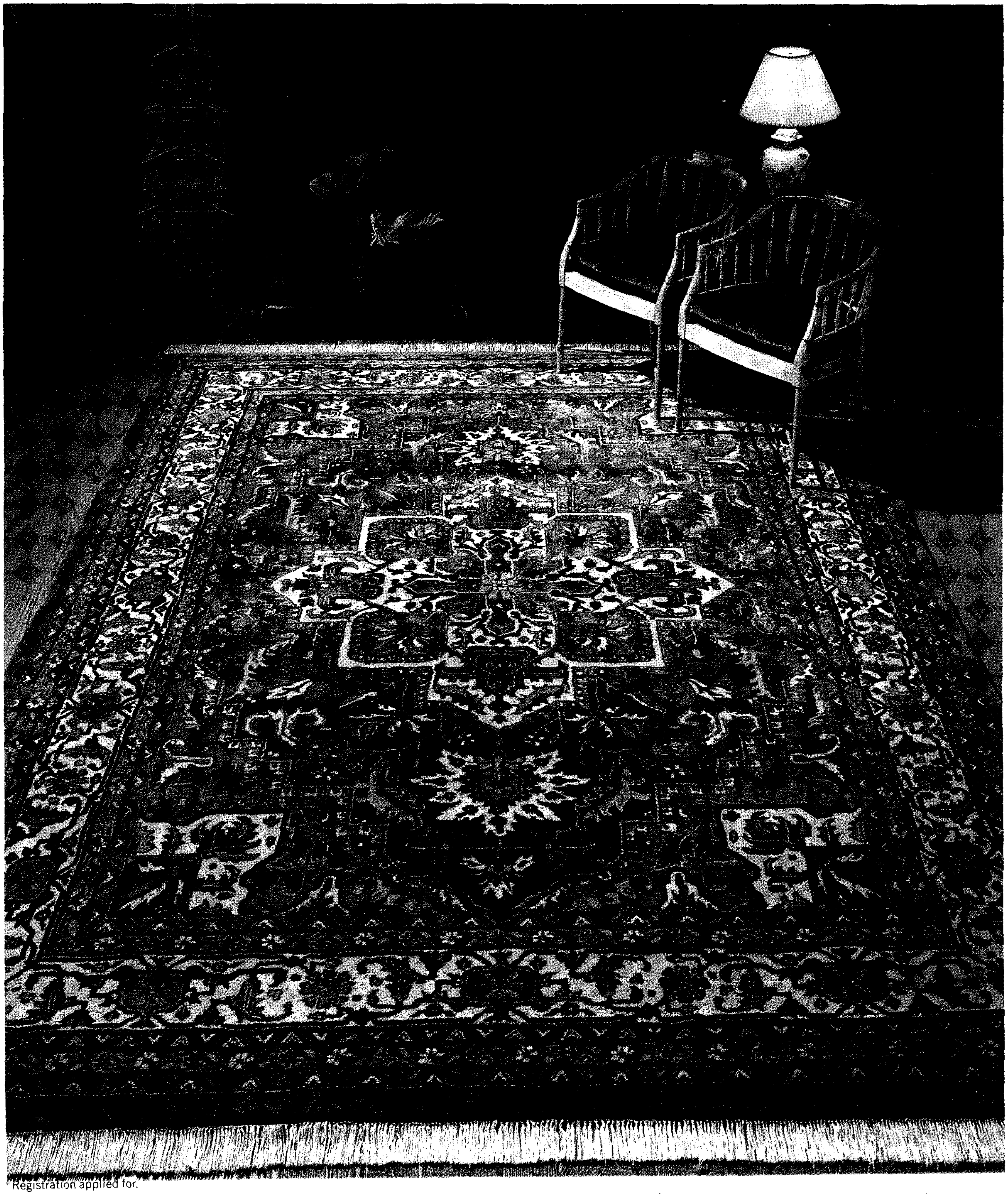

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